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Benj. Franklin

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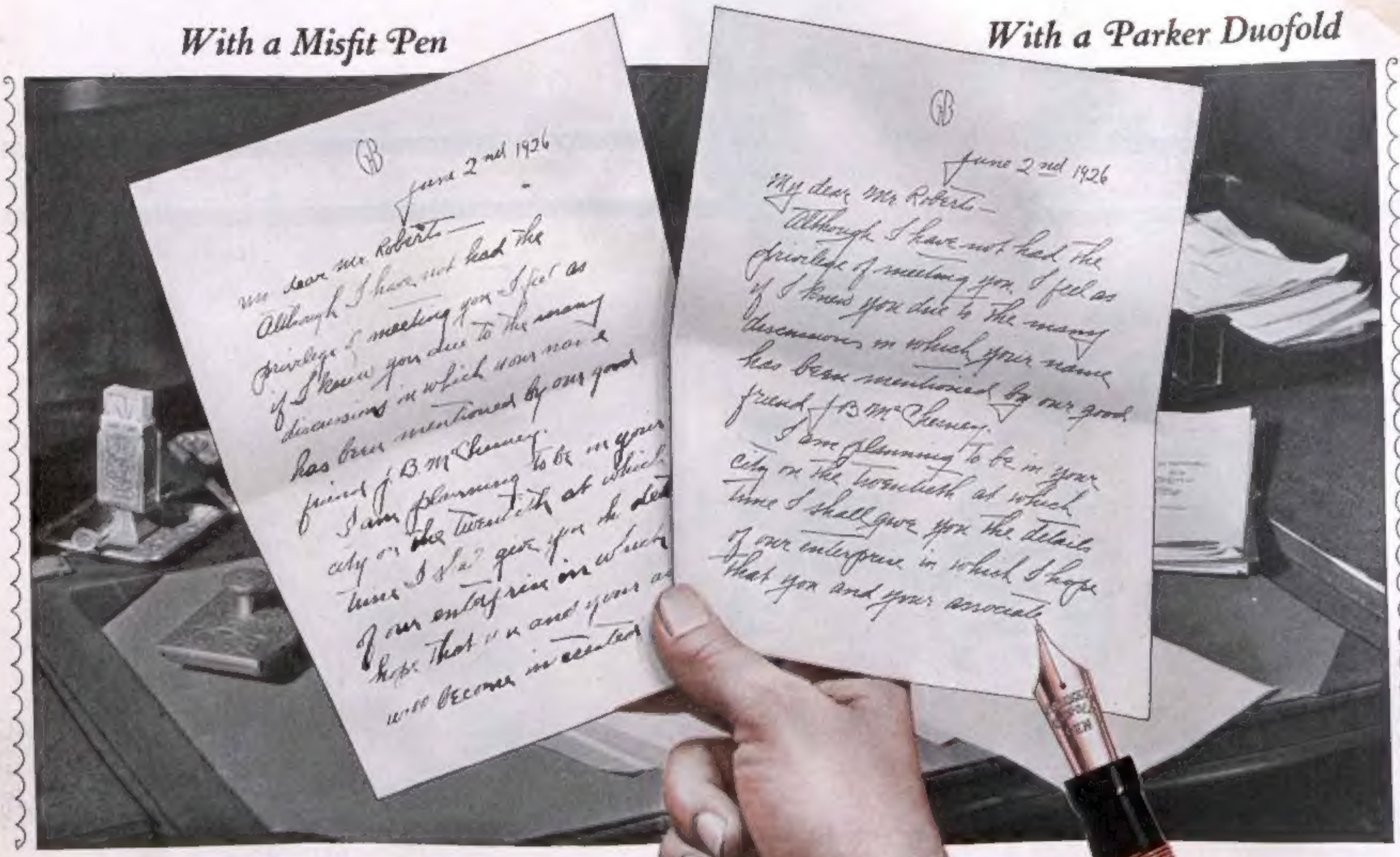
Joseph Hergesheimer—Sam Hellman—Isaac F. Marcosson—Sec. James J. Davis
Henry C. Rowland—Leonard H. Nason—Louise Dutton—Thomas McMorrow

One Hand Wrote Both

With a Misfit Pen

With a Parker Duofold


June 2nd 1926
My dear Mr Roberts—
Although I have not had the
privilege of meeting you, I feel as
if I knew you due to the many
discussions in which your name
has been mentioned by our good
friend J B McChesney.
I am planning to be in your
city on the twentieth at which
time I shall give you the details
of our enterprise in which I hope
that you and your associates

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REPLICAS FOR REALITY

She Grasped One of His Hands in Both of Hers, Held It Tightly for an Instant, and Then, Disappearing, Called Back, "Wait!"

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IN ANY other circumstance, Willie Gerald told himself, he would have been annoyed at the room to which, with his bag, the servant had conveyed him. It was obviously one of the least important possible rooms in the house, overlooking an inclosure of grass where clothes were hanging up to dry. There was no visible evidence, except for the matchless scarlet of some distant maple trees, that he was at Bar Harbor. It might as well have been a suburb of Philadelphia. But nothing now could spoil his high good humor; and tipping the man in keeping with the limitations of the room assigned him, he cheerfully asked if some chairs had lately come by express from Virginia. They had, he was briefly informed; they were uncrated and in the storage room above the garage. No, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Carlin had seen them yet—and Mr. Carlin had been heard to say that he didn't know where they could put eight more dining-room chairs.

This additional information was distinctly out of place, and Gerald dismissed the man with a hard stare. However, lighting a cigarette, his entire sense of peace and well-being returned. Still he was glad that this—his gaze comprehensively included the undesirable room—was at an end. It was time he was bringing his connection with Jasper and Ann Carlin to an end—for the fundamental reason that they were clearly losing their interest in early American antiques. Their interest, while it had lasted, had been enormously profitable, vastly comfortable, for Willie Gerald; it had, the truth was, provided his living. But for more than a month now it had been growing precarious; the Carlins were increasingly critical. The happy period—it had lasted, he discovered, for more than three years—when they had blindly accepted, and paid for, whatever he brought them, had faded, together with the other golden ages. Now they argued with him about the dates of historical flasks; they waved aside his comments on transitional chair backs; and they had even made purchases independent of his presence or advice.

Fortunately his affairs were such that he could afford to smile at all this. Fortunately. And during the course of his connection with the Carlins, in addition to everything else, he had gathered for himself a very high reputation as an expert in early Americana. Gerald was admitted to be one of the three known individuals who could identify authentic Jersey glass from a present flood of imitations; he had discovered and identified the Windsor candle stand; and his privately printed check list of American silversmiths was the last reference on that ingratiating trade. Even if things had turned out differently, less miraculously, he would still have been splendidly situated; and there his wisdom showed itself. Instead of selecting a mere millionaire for the patronage of antiques, he had chosen the Carlins. Jasper Carlin not only had an unguessable amount of money, he had married Ann Mitchell; and together they very much moved and had their being within the sacred walls of society. Society in the absolute sense. And—a result of this—if the Carlins had become difficult, there was anyhow a score of the mere millionaires who would attach Willie Gerald to themselves at the first opportunity. Yes, and pay him more than Jasper would for the privilege of his taste and knowledge and collections.

They could, however, all of them, go to hell! Gerald left such considerations for the absorbing thought of Rose. Rose alone, waiting for him, here in Bar Harbor. Tomorrow he would be with her, and then he need never leave her again. For the rest of their lives! God, he was glad that he had waited. How long had it been? Fourteen years. It was now October, and October fourteen years ago she had turned away from him and married Jim Brincker. And he—as a consequence, he had told her—never married. Ten years back they had had that talk, and Rose had cried and kissed him. But she wouldn't admit she had made a mistake and she wouldn't see him again, not that way. He could hear her voice; it rang clear and undiminished in his memory: "We won't have an affair, Willie. I don't know why, but I have a feeling we must be patient."

That much and no more; if he kissed her again, she had said, it would be the end. And so he had waited. Fourteen years. And now Brincker was dead and Rose had sent for him. Her message had reached him in Virginia, where, in one of Carlin's cars, he was buying eighteenth-century walnut furniture for one of Carlin's houses. This consummation, this eventual and incredible joy, must have been hidden all the while in Rose's mind. No one, it seemed, could even guess at the secret thoughts of a woman.

Gerald moved about the room, running a bath and laying out his clothes for the evening. The servant he had had virtually to dismiss for impertinence should have done all that. However! He began, in view of what was before him, to go over his material resources and discover how much—if Rose had had nothing at all—they would have to live on. In 1925, he found, he had made better than thirty thousand dollars; the year before not quite so much; and the first year with the Carlins had brought him at least eighteen thousand dollars. Not at all bad when he reflected that most of it was safely and beautifully invested. He doubted if, in those three years, he had spent twelve thousand dollars; a sum in itself more than supplied by his bridge. His rooms in New York, in spite of their polite location east of Fifth Avenue, cost him very little; he was continually out to dinner, living with the Carlins and their friends.

He had, for example, been three weeks south at Jasper's expense; the week before, he had stayed at Darkharbor with Al Simonds; he'd come to Darkharbor from a month at Islesboro. Before that a trip to England for Liverpool punch bowls and Chinese armorial porcelain had consumed a month. He hadn't spent a week through July at his own expense and June had seen him supposedly tarpon fishing in Charlotte Harbor on the Watrous house boat. Palm Beach, Aiken and White Sulphur Springs had taken care of the late winter and early spring. Except for his clothes, and railroad fares, he had spent practically nothing. And now, at necessity, he could attach himself to any one of twenty sources of income. But it wouldn't be necessary.

He was fastening the single black pearl Ann Carlin had given him last Christmas in the single buttonhole of his dress shirt when his fingers stopped performing that office, and he sat lost in the realization that Rose was rich. Not like Jasper, or the Crenshaws, who were, he understood, then staying with the Carlins, but very solidly situated. He knew Brincker's position very nearly and realized that he could not have left Rose less than two million dollars. With that they'd be more than comfortable, almost—but not quite—luxurious. Yet, in command of her resources, he would very soon increase Rose's small fortune: Willie Gerald had, and knew that he had, an ability with money. The reverse of extravagant, he had been more than once directly characterized as mean. But that wasn't a charge, a fault, that he resented. He had calmly replied that with him such meanness was a necessity.

Besides the Crenshaws and himself, Gerald found that Fairman Lane was staying with the Carlins. He first saw Lane in the act of declining both the hors d'œuvres and a cocktail, a very characteristic act; and he wondered how Lane, who was notably disagreeable, got around so much. He made no attempt at the ordinary pleasantries of existence; he spoke, even answered direct questions, mostly when he felt inclined; and generally, Willie Gerald thought, he was a nuisance. He had, however, one positive quality that Gerald would have been the very last to deny—he knew everything that was discoverable about the furniture of Thomas Chippendale. For example, a hundred times more than he, Gerald, was aware of.

However, Fairman Lane, as an authority on Chippendale, a London cabinetmaker, had little or no interest in the American counterparts, early or late, of English originals. He found American furniture crude, and said so; it had no place, he asserted further, in the elaborate houses of the present; Windsor chairs, he declared, belonged to the kitchen; and the furthest he would depart from Waterford glass was Cork. Gerald had had more than one argument with him; and it pleased him to reflect that the sympathy of any chance hearers of those discussions had been with him and with early America.

He was seated now, at the dinner table, on Mrs. Crenshaw's left, Lane was at her right, and she was turned squarely toward Gerald.

"I have just been looking at the walnut hunting board you found for Jasper in South Carolina," she proceeded. "I'd give anything to have it for my breakfast room. Now, Mr. Gerald, if you do see another even remotely like it, won't you give me a chance? I'll buy just anything that has your stamp of approval. You really ought to mark the furniture you like, 'Genuine, William Gerald.' I think it's too bad Jasper and Ann have the opportunity to keep all you discover."

"I'll tell you, Olive," Jasper Carlin called from the end of the table; "I'll lend Willie to you for three months. You may make what terms with him you like and have what he finds down to the last millefiori paper weight."

Ann Carlin objected to that. "My dear Jasper, wouldn't it be better if she asked Willie first? Aren't you rather taking a lot for granted, disposing of him that way?"

Her husband replied that he had been intent on doing Willie Gerald a service. "I'll admit I can't keep up with him, and it'll need all Sam Crenshaw's money. He's just sent me up eight more Chippendale dining-room chairs from Virginia. And that, if I bought them, would mean six sets. All important, as Willie says."

"English?" Fairman Lane demanded.

(Continued on Page 84)

"Really, Willie, You Sound Like a Successful Criminal. I Can Imagine One Would Talk Just Like That. If He Was Well Enough Bred"

TWIN PROPELLERS

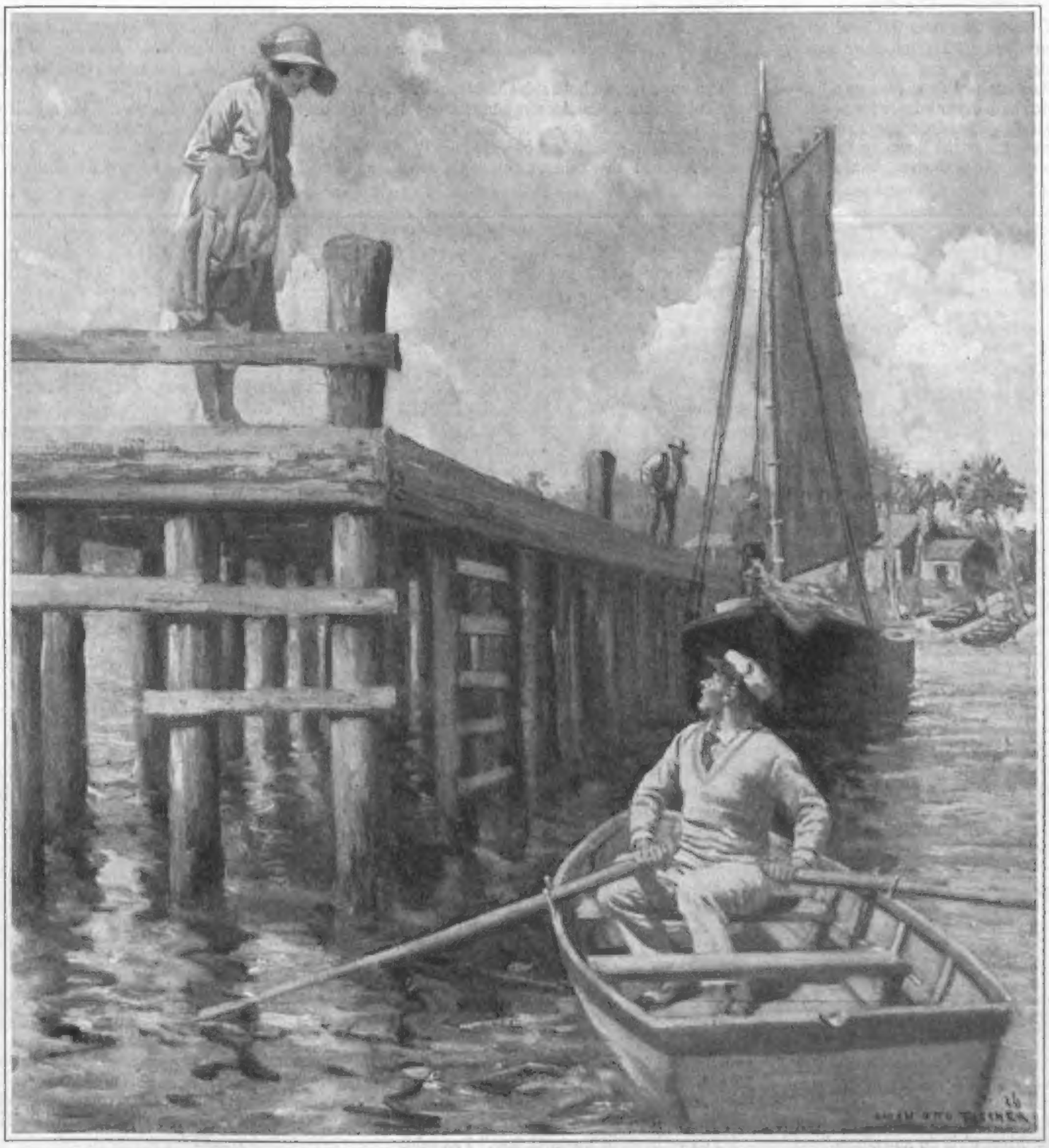
By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

PACIFICA HULL finished her work of hemming the frayed end of the yacht ensign she had washed out the night before. A martinet might have criticized first scrubbing the national emblem with a nail brush, then shortening its long dimension by a couple of inches. But the girl's intention was patriotically sound.

Pacifica adored her country's flag, though she had not lived under it for many of her twenty-three years. She now held it at arm's length for a critical inspection. The white stars with the fouled anchor, the yacht insignia, and the stripes were again immaculate.

Several times while voyaging down the coast inside, Pacifica had resented the unkempt condition of some flags she had seen, especially when flown by yachts that were not slovenly as to hull and topsides. "They ought to burn them, with all due respect, and buy new ones," Pacifica had said. "Tattered, grimy battle flags are all right, but in peacetimes it won't do." She now reflected that the flag of her country, more than that of any other great power, required to be kept fresh and spotless. Patriotism aside, its beauty of color and design demanded that there be no dimming of its brightness. Signs of neglect are more perceptible in the Stars and Stripes than in, for instance, the British Union Jack with its field of solid red, or the French Tricolor, of which the outer end is said to be dipped in blood.



Lanty Looked Straight Up Some Distance to See an Alluring Face Stamped Against the Azure Sky Like a Medallion

Pacifica was catching the last stitch when her brother appeared, hurrying down the fish wharf. He came to the rickety ladder, slipped down it and into the small squat dinghy with what looked to Pacifica like reckless haste. Watching him more closely as he rowed off to their cruiser, she saw that the same hectic hurry was manifested.

"Any mail, Lanty?" Pacifica asked as he came aboard and caught a turn with the painter, then hurried below.

"Nothing but money. A registered letter. I say, Pax, have you got the grime washed out of that ensign?"

"It's spotless."

"Hope the colors didn't run."

"Those colors don't know how to run," Pax said proudly.

"Well, h'ist 'em up again. This crate looks like a bumboat." Pax held up the flag for his inspection. "That's fine," Lanty said. "Some of these darned yachtsmen seem to think a badly worn ensign looks sporty. As if it had been through a lot. That's the wrong idea. Let anything else get weathered, but keep your colors bright."

"Like your honor," Pax agreed.

"That's what they stand for." Lanty's voice was muffled.

Glancing into the cabin then, Pax discovered with surprise that her twin was taking out time for a quick shave, and this without bothering to slip off his silk shirt. Lanty, in fact, had merely dabbed on a little shaving cream and was making a very sketchy job of it.

Pax's smooth brow furrowed in thought. "Why the sudden need of dolling up? Those cat swipes at your figgerhead this time of the morning?" For it was ten o'clock.

Lanty did not answer. He swabbed his face with a damp towel, blotted a nick or two, then, stuffing the towel into the laundry bag, began hurriedly to tidy up the cabin.

Pax hoisted the flag, neglecting to observe in her preoccupation that she had tugged on the wrong halyard first, thus making belated colors with the ensign capsized. Lanty, glancing out, discovered this portentous error with a gasp of disgust.

"Sacred blue! Why the signal of distress?"

"Gosh," Pax cried, hurriedly taking the halyards off the little cleat. "Let's hope it's not a sign." She corrected the mistake, still wondering at what had happened to Lanty, who was not at most times so zealous in the policing of the cabin and of himself. "Why the frantic redding up? Why don't we go? We're all filled up with ice and gas and water."

"Nothing but eggs and air tights for lunch. I want some shrimps. Just been reminded by that sky-blue-marigold-tangerine shrimp tub coming in. Soon as she docks I'll go over and get a mess."

Pax eyed him with suspicion. "Why the sudden hunger for sea food? There's something fishy about this, and it isn't shrimps. If we weren't strangers here in Fernandina I'd say you'd run into a girl."

"Well," Lanty said defiantly, "what's to keep a perfect stranger from a head-on collision with a girl?"

"Ah, so that's it. But don't dare tell me you've asked her aboard. It's time to go."

"She asked herself aboard and she's going to help us go."

Pax gave him a look of exasperation. "Well, of all the copper-riveted cheek. Don't try to tell me you've asked an unknown female, who's picked you up, to ride down with us merely on her looks!"

"Why should I have asked her on her looks?"

"I know you well enough to get that part of it."

"Don't get shirty, Pax. We were formally presented to each other by the courtly postmaster, who embodied all the hospitable spirit of the old South. I'd shown him my passport and the letter of introduction to Mr. Dade in Jacksonville when he gave me the registered letter. So he knows all about us and that my sister is aboard."

"What did he know about her?"

"Everything. An old family friend. Dandled her on his knee. Just think of it ——"

"I see where I've got to pilot this packet the next hitch," Pax said bitterly.

"No. That's to be her job. She grew up on these waterways, like a dabchick. Knows every bar and sunken log by name. I'd trust her to pilot me through life."

"Then you'd soon be hard aground, I'll say. If we've managed to come all the way from New York without a pilot we can manage the rest of it."

"Wait," Lanty said. "She knows everybody in Florida. Native and invader."

"Then her acquaintanceship is mixed ——"

"No. Everybody does not know her. But she's got the numbers of most of the big tin horns down here."

"Are you trying to intimate that in the course of her ramblings up and down these ditches and the Dixie Highway she's ever fallen foul of our dear trustee."

"Didn't have time to ask her, but she must have. Give me credit for method in my mixing."

"Well," said Pax, "let's hope that soon we twain shall meet. How do you know this girl is to be trusted as a pilot?"

"Our mutual friend, the postmaster, told me that she often ran back and forth in her own launch, or at least her uncle's."

"What's he?"

"Owner of the Jax Comet. She runs the local society page." He looked shoreward. "I think she's coming. That looks like the postmaster."

"Well, go get her. She may be able to give us a line on Twining. He's been down here every winter for years."

Lanty rowed over to a dilapidated wharf. The courtly postmaster, having escorted the girl down to the front, bowed and returned to his official duties. Lanty looked straight up some distance to see an alluring face stamped against the azure sky like a medallion. The rest of his new friend was eclipsed by the girder of the wharf.

"My sister Pax is impatient for you to come aboard, Miss Jekyll. One minute, please. I can help you from above better than from this melon pip. But first I've got to get some shrimps."

"I brought some, Mr. Hull. They are the local boast in food, like *pâte de foie gras* in Angoulême."

Lanty was surprised at this traveled simile. He swarmed up the rickety ladder and eased the girl over the edge, then dropped down into the boat and picked up his oars. His guest watched him with curiosity as he pulled off to the boat.

"I suppose you look just like your sister," she said. "Twins are apt to be that way."

"Not in our case. Pax looks like me."

"I stand corrected. Of course it would scarcely do for you to look like a girl, while at your age it's all right for the girl to look like the boy. Most girls do nowadays."

"Fortunately," said Lanty, "you are an exception."

"My nearest relative, an uncle, threatened to beat me if I got a beauty chop. We compromised with this nondescript dock."

"That's all right when it curls," Lanty approved.

"Why are twins invariably good-looking?" Miss Jekyll asked.

"Are they?"

"All I've known. I suppose when there are two they average up irregularities. What might make a funny face in one is piquant when shared by two. Also they're apt to rub down the rough temperamental salients."

Lanty nodded. "Wear them smooth by friction, so to speak."

"That's it. Selfishness when there are two would be a paradox, or if shared, less noticeable." She glanced toward the thirty-five-foot cruiser. "If I hadn't been warned I'd think I was seeing double."

She could scarcely have been blamed for this. Pax, standing by to welcome their guest, was in face and form and even costume a perfect replica of Lanty. They had the same trim well-set athletic figures, ruddy chestnut hair with its natural wave—Lanty's a little straighter—the same squarely oval faces, light gray eyes that were black lashed, and the same straight well-bridged noses. But in a year or two her brother's clothes could not possibly have disguised Pax as a boy.

Lanty made a brief presentation. "My sister Pacifica, Miss Jekyll."

Pax offered a firm little hand in greeting and in assistance. "Miss Jekyll—kin to the doctor, or to the fashionable island we passed back there?"

"The latter directly. The former when I want to hide. Aren't you two English?"

"Not by three hundred years and three thousand miles."

"Boston, then."

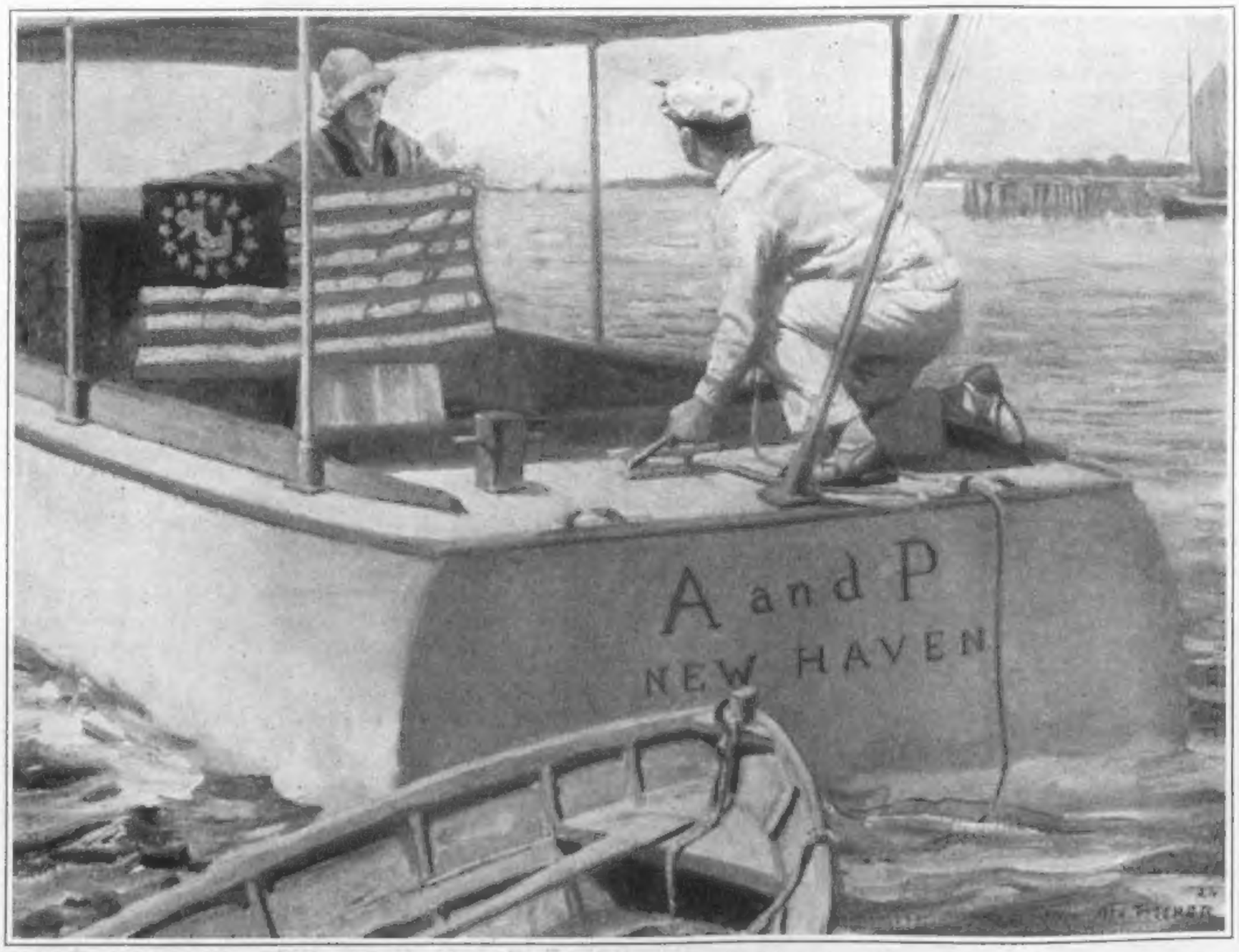
"That's warmer."

"I know. Portland, Maine. It's got to be one of the three."

"Our ancestors on both sides hail from Portland, and we were born in Boston, and we've gone to school in England."

"But you can't be pure Floridian," Lanty said.

"What about me strikes you as impure?" She looked at Pax. "Your brother told me you could do with a pilot. I go back and forth all the time. My beat is Savannah to Miami. Hope you don't think me a cheeky pest. But society reporters all come from the Buttinsky tribe. Only way to get the tosh we print."



"These Colors Don't Know How to Run," Pax Said Proudly

"You've lived in England, too," Pax said.

"Guilty. Went to school in Malvern. It's a tradition in my family for the youngsters to finish their educations abroad."

Lanty started the motor, then came up to get the anchor aboard. Miss Jekyll's violet eyes followed him with interest.

"What's his real name?" she asked.

"Atlanticus."

"And you're Pacifica. Jolly. So your boat's A and P."

"Men call me Pax. The whole of it is more than I can bear."

"Who gave you such big names when you were so little?"

"A seafaring ancestor with a seagoing sense of humor. He built up the family fortunes in ships and felt he owed something to the two oceans that let him put it over. Mother couldn't balk, as we were due to inherit."

"And did you?"

"We hope so, but just now it's somewhere in Florida. That's the fountain of youth we've come down here to hunt for."

"What fun! Perhaps I can put you on the scent. I know all the dirt trails. And men call me J. J.—when let."

"Have your close contacts ever fetched you foul of a man named Roseberry Twining?" Pax asked.

"Not so close as to read the secrets of his heart, but I've bumped against that bird quite often. A big pouter pigeon strutting up and down the roof, bubbling. Only the other night I assisted at a party he threw until it ran wild. Is he a friend of yours?"

"That's what we want to find out. He's our trustee."

Lanty interrupted to say, "He was mother's trustee until she died suddenly about a year ago."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"So are we," Lanty said grimly. "He's in arrears with his accounting. We're wondering why the statement has been delayed."

"Perhaps he has invested it down here and needs a little time to liquidate," J. J. suggested.

"Liquidate may be right," Lanty said, "with a foot or two of water over it."

J. J. looked grave. "I'm a traitor to my state in saying so, but it does look like a washout all down the line."

"That's what worries us," Lanty said. "This bird is known for a plunger, a hell-diver. As I see it, the only difference between the wise investment of trust funds and the abuse of them is whether you put it across or get stung."

"Twining's party the other night didn't look like poverty."

"Why should it?" Lanty asked. "And I can't help wondering who's been paying for that party you mention and others like it."

"Go slow, Lanty," Pax warned.

"Well, he's brought it on himself, and J. J. knows him and she's our guest, so of course all this stops here aboard."

"Of course," J. J. repeated. "If we reporters printed everything we were told we'd be treated as the whale treated Jonah, and properly. Strikes me that you two are Babes in the Florida Wood. Fancy trying to find out what Rosey's up to. None of his playmates have ever been able to do that. Are you acting under legal advice?"

"We have a letter to a Jacksonville lawyer who is junior partner of an old family friend. Name of Horace Dade."

"What?"

"I see you know this jurist."

"Not so well as I did some years ago, when I was sixteen. At that remote epoch I was engaged to him."

"I'm glad you're not still," Lanty said.

"Of course not. How could I be, since I'm now twenty-two? Some of our old Southern customs still prevail."

"What's the matter with him?" Pax asked.

"Oh, nothing. We just outgrew each other."

"Which is to say," said Pax with sophistication, "that one of you outgrew the other. Which was it and who's leading now?"

"J. J., of course," Lanty said. "I can see the workings of it. This Dade blight is a lop-eared law student when J. J. is a leggy schoolgirl. They run neck and neck until he forges ahead as a full-blown lawyer. Then J. J. goes to Malvern and comes back with English luggage and an English accent to take the lead over Dade, who has lost a bit of his new glitter as a struggling young barrister. But Dade hits up the pace for another two lengths' lead by incorporating a few realty companies around himself. Then J. J. gets in the running again as a brilliant journalist whom everybody loves."

J. J.'s eyes sparkled. "Just like *petits chevaux*, isn't it? Each pony giving the other a punch ahead as it spins round past. But you've stopped too soon. Dade's ahead right now. He's got ghastly rich."

"On paper," Lanty amended. "He probably thinks that he's amassed a fortune and will presently look round to find he's got everything he wants but love. By that

time you'll be running the whole paper and too busy to bother with him. Then his boom will blow up and everything go blooey ——"

"Stop! Are you trying to make me scream?"

"The worst is yet to come," Lanty said gloomily. "Dade will be a broken vessel, a *panier percé*, flat in the Florida mud, a retaining wall that's burst to let out the ooze of a subdivision. By that time you'll be sick of fame and see the hollowness of a loveless life ——"

"Stop talking rot," Pax said. "The chances are this Dade guy is taking entirely too much for granted. He thinks fatuously, 'J. J.'s always there, and when I get good and ready I'll grab her off.' But somebody's apt to beat him to getting ready."

"Bless you, twinny—I bless you," Lanty said fervently. "My vision is dimmed with thoughts of self."

J. J. laughed. "Then you'd better get your vision in focus, because just now Horry is pretty thick with that gorgeous trustee of yours. Their ideas of getting rich pleasantly have much in common—speed—but Dade is up against the old conservative crowd and that is gaining force and volume. It's drying up the state and trying to spin cocoons around the bathing belles and generally shortening sail for the squall that's not so very far away. Where did you learn to run a boat?"

"Nowhere. At least I haven't," Pax said. "I can't even hold fast to all my good shrimps when we're out in the great open places. We've done some boating in England, Norfolk Broads. You can drop the whole of them in one of these big marshes. Mother lugged us to France when we were little. Twining was mostly standing by. When the war broke, Lanty tried to enlist; lied like a little man, but they told him to go back to the nursery. Then we were sent over here."

"We never saw much of mother," Lanty said. "She was always too busy, first with society and then hospitals and things."

"I see. That accounts for your being so well fledged. But this place is full of buzzards, so I think I'll have to brood you a little. We'd better make a start to catch the tide up the St. John's River. Yank up the hook."

"Aye-aye, sir." Lanty went forward and got the anchor. Pax took the wheel, working the controls with practiced hands.

"It's easy going until we get down about six miles to the ruins of an old Oglethorpe fort," J. J. said. "Then the channel narrows up with some quick turns. Follow the ebb-tide bends."

"You take her, J. J.," Pax said. "I'll get some lunch. Do you really like shrimps? Those were beauties in Fernandina."

"Grew up on them. No, let me get the lunch."

Without waiting for permission J. J. went below. Lanty came aft.

"Just when a feller needs a friend we've found one."

"Looks like it. But I don't think we'll use our letter to Horace Dade, Esq."

"No. I seem to feel my horns locking with that bright young legal luminary, and it looks like we were right about Roseberry. J. J.'s got his number. What's that coming up astern?"

"One of those pestiferous sea sleds."

A gleaming scow-shaped mahogany boat was overhauling rapidly, a welter of pale amber foam under a shelving bow, while a sort of snowy geyser was thrown high in air astern from the thresh of its shoal twin screws. The deep-toned thrumming of the speed boat's powerful engines reached J. J. below.

She thrust her sleek black head up through the hatch, then reached for the binoculars in the rack beside the cabin door.

"Speaking of gliders, here come those two new chums, Dade and your dear trustee. I heard Horry was in Savannah. That's Rosey with him. Do you want to hail him?"

"Anything but—now that we've got you," Lanty said.

"Then we must act quick. The channel's narrow and they've got to skim us close. They're sure to fetch up if they recognize any of us."

"I've got to steer the boat," Pax said.

"Let Lanty do it."

"But he saw Lanty in London only a year ago. He can't help but spot him."

J. J. proved her swift resource. She opened her vanity box and took out her eyebrow pencil.

"Shove your face in here, Lanty."

He did so. J. J. seized him by one ear, smeared the pencil across his upper lip with swift deft strokes. Served his eyebrows likewise and the prolongation of his hair on either side in front of his ears.

"There. Now you'll pass in a pinch for a South American fox. Take the wheel. Duck down here, Pax."

The twins obeyed these masterful orders. The speed boat foamed alongside at a distance of thirty yards. Lanty saluted gracefully in a fashion of fellow yachtsmen. Pax, looking through the cabin porthole, saw a trim handsome young man with a clear olive skin and small black mustache, and beside him a man of heavier frame, very much dressed in yachting costume of blue serge coat, white flannel trousers and white yachting cap with its insignia. She recognized her distrusted trustee.

The sea sled foamed past, to rock the cabin cruiser in its heavy swell. Lanty laughed. Pax sang softly:

"I'm sorry for Mr. Bluebeard,
I 'ates for to cause him pain.
But a hell of a spree there's bound to be
When we three meet again."

II

"THIS," said J. J. as she deftly skinned a fat pink shrimp, "has all the makings of a lark."

"A roasted lark, if that bird's been up to any dirt," Lanty said.

"Well, he looks like a mud lark to me. Some of his jokes the other night were fairly turbid. All the same, he's got some class."

"No question of that. He's always traveled with the best and never seemed to lack for spending money."

"Other people's maybe. It's not so hard with a power of attorney. And I'd say that he was keen enough a bird."

"It's going to take some doing to put salt on his tail," Pax opined. "Perhaps the best we can do is to start our show with all the cards on the table."

"How are you off for frocks?" J. J. asked.

"I've got a rag or two. Why?"

"Because you're apt to find yourself plunged into a mad giddy whirl. As Lanty says, Rosey travels with the best. He's in demand with the high steppers down here, house and house-boat and casino parties, and the least he can do is to drag you round a bit. I'd like to do that myself."

"Thanks, J. J. What's the first J. for?"

"Jasmine. Silly name, but a family one."

"I find it apt," Lanty said. "Old-fashioned and sweet."

"Everything is different now, not only in Florida but the world over. No more localisms. Everything standardized. No more of the quaint mannerisms of courtliness or figures of speech or accent or customs or costumes or ways of thought. 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new.'" She spoke a little wistfully. "That's why you two are so refreshing."

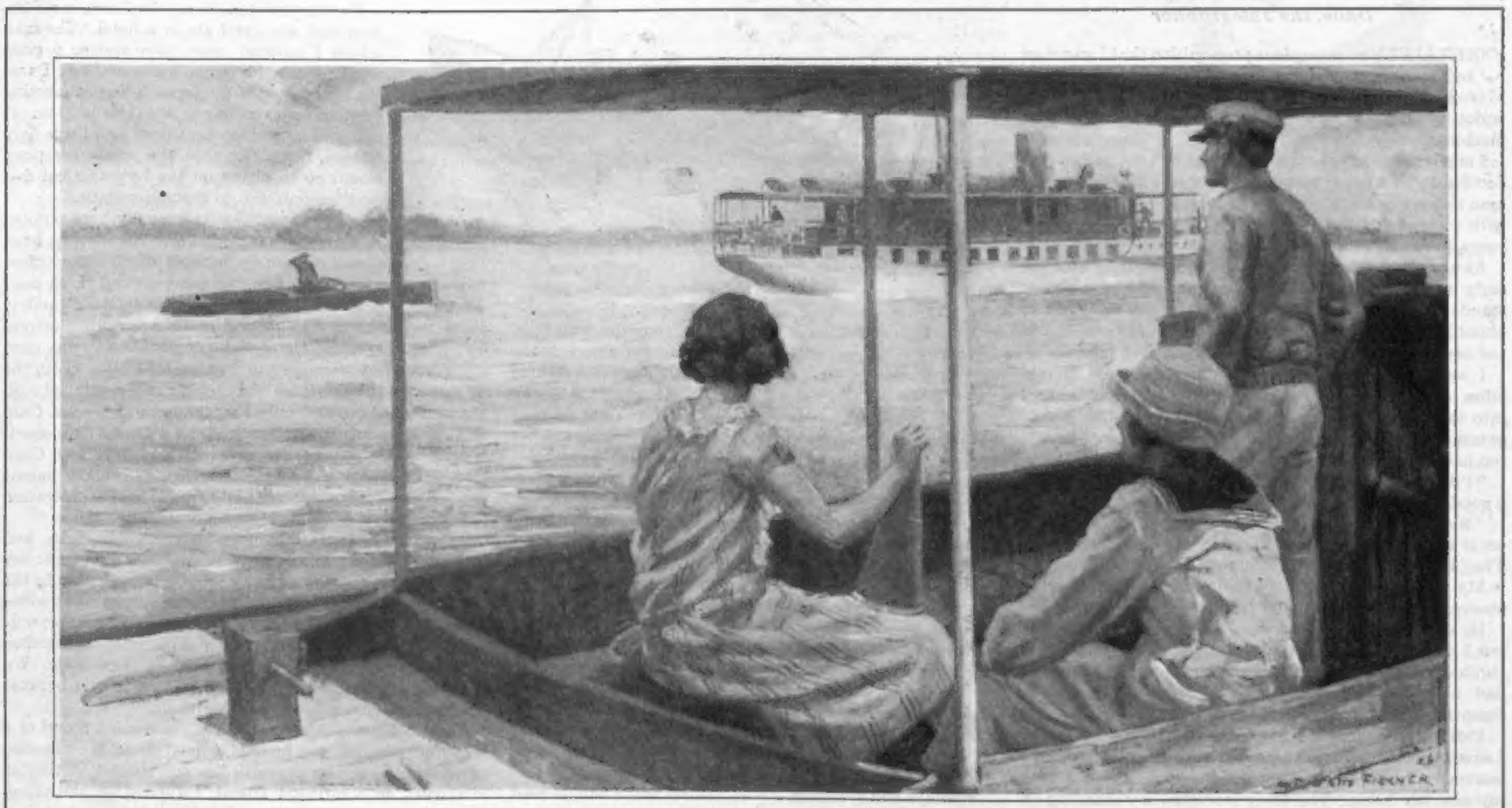
"You think we're quaint?" Pax asked.

"Yes, in the sense of being well-bred, and I love the way you mix the modernisms of two hemispheres. Especially Lanty. Eton one second, and Yale the next."

"Well, you're a bit that way yourself," Lanty said. "'Tosh' and 'frocks' as applied to your society column."

"Yes, we're all getting mongrel mouthed. Influence of British writers in the American magazines. They've given us 'washout' and 'old egg' and 'nark' and 'spoof' and a lot of others. Oh, raw-ther!"

(Continued on Page 104)



"A Boat Like That Needs a Tender. Be Lenient With the Poor Little Rich Boys"

RADIO

By DAVID SARNOFF—AS TOLD TO MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

ON A STEAMING day in the summer of 1906, a chubby, excited boy sleuthed down lower Broadway in New York City behind a slim young man, who darted amid the traffic at real peril to life and limb.

Although the young man was obviously too absorbed in his own thoughts to notice anybody, the boy took care to hide himself well in the crowd. Being a romantic youth, he believed that the man wished to keep his destination a deep, dark secret.

"He's got a den somewhere and he makes lightnin' out of nothin' at all," a fellow office boy had volunteered zestfully that very morning. "Prob'ly he's figgerin' how he'll make thunder next."

This hint of mystery was all I needed—for it was I—to be straightway turned into a detective. I had more than my share of curiosity—and I simply had to see that den. Call it fate, or what you like, that very afternoon I was let off just as the reputed manufacturer of lightning, who was none other than Guglielmo Marconi, went out the office door.

Red and perspiring after sundry escapes from being run over by dray horses, I finally tracked the inventor to a little place on Front Street where there was no forge of Vulcan at all, but only a small, not very well equipped laboratory, where he spent most of his time in New York.

That day's adventure was the dawn of radio for me. It was little past the real dawn of radio, for that matter, since it was only six years after Marconi had thrilled the world with his announcement that, by means of a wireless apparatus, he had received signals on two successive days over a distance of 1800 miles, and had begun to make history that hasn't stopped growing yet.

The signals consisted of three dots—the famous Morse letter S—repeated twenty times and were sent on December 13 and 14, 1901, from Poldhu, Great Britain, to St. John's, Newfoundland.

I say the world was thrilled by this announcement. I doubt if this was precisely true. The innovation probably sounded too outlandish and unreasonable to be believed by most folks. The newspapers featured it for one day on the front page, and scientists were interested. I imagine that was about all, for who could suppose that in less than twenty years people would be getting pictures and voices out of the air and regard it all as commonplace?

Dave, the Telegrapher

CERTAINLY no precocious premonition that I was close to history in the making entered my head as I tracked Marconi to his little laboratory. All I felt was a boy's curiosity about a man who could work miracles with machines.

I might never have seen Marconi if I had not early in life decided to be a newspaper man. This ambition is as common to boys as the stage fever is to girls. My connection with wireless and radio, which has now lasted for twenty years, grew out of it.

As a matter of fact, I went into the newspaper business early in life. That is, I had a paper route and later a news stand on the West Side, so I thought I knew a thing or two about journalism. Then ambition stirred and I abandoned the news stand to search for a real newspaper job.

I went down to James Gordon Bennett's old Herald office at Broadway and Thirty-fifth Street and walked into the first door I saw. It happened to be the entrance to the Commercial Cable Company. A red-haired man was there.

"I'd like a job on the Herald," I announced with a good deal more boldness than I felt.

"We need a messenger here at five dollars a week, ten cents an hour for overtime," the man answered doubtfully. They had been advertising that very day for a boy.

My heart was going like a pile driver, but I managed to stammer, "All right, am I hired?"

He said yes. Of course it wasn't really a newspaper job, but I did carry messages to the Herald office and was duly thrilled by my slight contribution to the printed page. I had only one ambition then—to become one of Mr. Bennett's bright young men.

Pretty soon, though, I got interested in the telegraph. I saved up two dollars and bought an instrument, which I learned to work by watching the operators. Then I took my new toy home. The thing increased my standing on the block tremendously. Everybody wanted to see the queer contraption, and for several days, whenever I was there, our flat was filled with an awe-struck group of neighbors "watching Dave telegraph." Seeing that I didn't get on very fast with such an audience, my mother locked the other children away for a certain period each day while I practiced my Morse code.

I worked eight months with the cable company, and then, because I was genuinely interested in wireless and in Marconi, I got a job with the Marconi Company of America.

It still wasn't exactly what I wanted. I aspired to be an operator and was only an office boy, but at least my wages were increased fifty cents a week. Furthermore, I now felt privileged to hang around the laboratory on Front Street whenever I had a spare moment. James Round, known to me as Jimmy when I got over my first bashfulness, was boss there; and since there was a good deal of dirty work a boy could do to help about the place, he let me mess to my heart's content. I blew out hundreds of fuses and have calluses on my fingers to this day where I burned them.

Sundays and evenings, it was natural that I should read about Samuel Morse and his feat on May 24, 1844, of transmitting the famous message, "What God hath wrought," over an experimental telegraph line from Washington to Baltimore and of his early attempts to send wireless messages across a canal at Washington, using the slight conducting power of the water to carry the electric-telegraph current from one side to the other.

The history of the decade which followed, when others tried the same plan, some succeeding but none getting beyond the experimental stage, interested me, too, as did the story of Alexander Bell, who, in 1882, used his telephone receiver connected to plugs below the water's surface to send messages from the land about a mile and a half to a boat on the Potomac River. My reading skipped as agilely from one country to another as did the progress of invention itself.

A Swivel-Chair Sea Captain

I READ that Thomas Edison and his associates, in 1885, were proposing to support, high above the earth's surface and at some distance from each other, two metallic plates, which should be a sending and a receiving machine between which electric rays were supposed to extend, and that Heinrich Hertz, working at Karlsruhe, Germany, was at the same time creating and detecting electromagnetic waves, confirming the theory of Professor James Clerk Maxwell, of Edinburgh, and laying the foundation for radio as it is today.

As I read, my head was filled with dreams of high accomplishment. I watched Jimmy Round working what seemed to me wonders in his laboratory, and saw the operators coming into the Marconi office from their ships, browned by exposure and so full of tales of adventure that you had only to tap them craftily with appropriate questions to enjoy an Arabian Nights feast.

I resolved then and there that I would never be an official—a dullard in a swivel chair, issuing orders to better men. Alas for boyish dreams! Today I am an official, tilted back in a swivel chair, giving orders to men who go down to the sea in ships. Yet I had my little adventurous fling first, as you shall see.

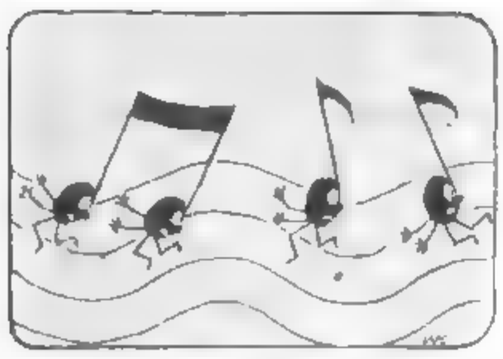
One day I heard that we were to send two operators to an electrical show in Louisville, Kentucky. I happened to know that the company was short of operators, so I begged to be taken as assistant to an experienced man.

For the first time in my life I rode in a Pullman and slept and ate in a hotel. The man whom I assisted must have spoken a good word for me, for when we came back I was made operator of a telegraph line connecting the main office with our Sea Gate station. It wasn't a very important post, and I was only sixteen, but I felt that the whole company would go to pieces on the hypothetical day that I should fail to report for duty.

As I look back now, I realize that it wouldn't have taken a great deal to blow up that company. The wireless business was not making money in those days. Sometimes, indeed, when Saturday pay day came around, I, as head office boy, would be sent out to friends of John Bottomley, our general manager, to borrow funds to pay off. Bottomley, poor fellow, did the best he could; but it was hard going, for there were only four ships—the New York, the St. Louis, the Philadelphia and the St. Paul—equipped with Marconi wireless, and only four land stations—Sea Gate at Coney Island; Sagaponack, Long Island; Siasconset, Nantucket, Massachusetts, and South Wellfleet, on Cape Cod, Massachusetts. There were, too, all sorts of patent tangles, and the courts were never free of wireless litigation that dragged on and on, eating up profits.

The public had at that time no particular stake, and therefore no great interest, in wireless. It is difficult to say just how far away present-day broadcasting was from the average mind then. True, there were a few amateur wireless-telegraph sets in existence, and some embryonic attempts had been made with experimental wireless telephony. Of this, however, the public knew little. We heard a good deal of it at the Marconi Company's, because wireless was naturally shop talk with us.

I heard enough, at least, to make the routine round of a city office irksome, and in 1908, when I found they needed an assistant wireless operator for the coastal station at Siasconset on Nantucket Island, I applied for the place. Not only that, I pleaded for it. I didn't have a great deal of opposition, for it was a dreary station, except for a few



weeks in summer, and men hated to stay there. That did not discourage me, nor did the fact that I had never been away from home before.

I got the job chiefly because it was only for a month, to relieve Jack Irwin, later to become famous in the history of wireless when he went up in 1910 as an operator in Wellman's airship. That party consisted of six men who tried to cross the ocean in a ship equipped with an equilibrator. They fell into difficulties off the Bermudas and Jack had to sound the CQD signal. They were all picked up by the steamship Trent.

Jack's roving spirit, or perhaps the prospect of some similar enterprise, had caused him to apply for a month's leave of absence, and so I got my chance. My reception at that station was something to remember. The other men greeted me with exaggerated politeness, pretending to defer to my opinion about this and that. They were all twice as old as I was, and our most experienced operators.

Since I was accredited by the main office, the manager finally decided that I might be allowed to stand the regular eight-hour trick. He was not convinced about my ability, however, and stood at my elbow most of the time.

When the month was up I went back to New York, and Irwin being still away, was promptly ordered to Siasconset again; this time for eighteen months. It was winter then and not a bit of fun. We had to generate our electricity and look after our own equipment. There was no steam heat, electric lights or running water. I lived alone in a barnlike two-story house and ate at a near-by farm. My only social life came from romps with Alma, four-year-old daughter of the station's manager, A. H. Ginman. She was a gay, pretty little thing whose frolicsome ways made life half bearable.

There was one other compensation—I had plenty of time to read. It is astonishing how much a boy can learn about things he is interested in, and conversely, of course, how little about things that bore him. By that time I had forgotten my itch for newspaper work and was resolved to follow wireless as a profession. I read with eager absorption such meager accounts as I could get of experimental demonstrations of the wireless telephone made here and there. These tests showed that speech carried through a wireless station could be broadcast on the wings of the electromagnetic wave, to be received with ordinary wireless receivers and heard through head sets.

A Big Day in Wireless History

I LEARNED a lot about practical engineering in the Siasconset period, too, for when the dynamos and motors went wrong I was allowed to fix them up. At this time, also, although it may be an irrelevant detail, I met Abraham Lincoln in my reading and took him for my model of the ideal American.

After a while, though, I grew restless again and had just been transferred to Sea Gate, which offered less salary but more adventure, when on January 22, 1909, came an event that stirred and thrilled every man in wireless work.

Just before dawn of that cold, foggy morning the Steamship Republic, of the White Star Line, bound from New York to the Mediterranean, and the steamship Florida, of Italy, crashed into each other twenty-five miles south of Nantucket Light. The steel bow of the Florida crumpled like paper, and water began to rush into the Republic through a great gash in her side.

Panic-stricken passengers of the two vessels, nearly 2000 in all, rushed on deck. The Republic was sinking. Women and children sobbed and prayed. Men stood by the rail, cursing their helplessness. So unaccustomed was the public to the wireless that few on the Republic remembered that the vessel carried equipment and an operator.

There was a call for the lifeboats. Yet if the passengers took to the lifeboats they must perish of cold and exposure, unless help came. Then word was passed that the operator in his little wireless room on the upper deck was trying to reach the outside world with tidings of the disaster.

Like condemned prisoners granted a reprieve, the passengers cheered wildly and crowded in that direction. The roof and three sides of the wireless cabin had been splintered to matchwood by the collision, and two bodies lay crushed, half buried beneath débris; but the operator, Jack Binns, went steadily on sending the CQD distress call over and over. For five minutes he sent in vain, for the current was cut off by the flooding of the dynamo room. He connected with a weaker current from the storage batteries and tried again. At last from Siasconset came an answering signal, "All right. Who are you?"

Back went Binns' reply, "This is the Republic. We are shipwrecked."

The Siasconset operator began to call revenue cutters and liners such as the City of Everett, the New York, the Lusitania and the Baltic. All the same, it looked as if the Republic would sink before help could come, and the passengers were taken aboard the Florida. Binns, however, stayed at his post to direct the course of the rescuers. Not until cables were made fast to the wreck did he leave the ship. His last message was, "Current going. Wireless now closed."

In the general relief over the happy ending to what might have been a terrible tragedy, the world awoke to the need for radio on shipboard, and today all seagoing vessels carrying fifty persons or more are required by international law to include radio equipment and competent operators.

Jack Binns' feat excited all my hero worship and my ambition too. I became manager of the Sea Gate station, but the desire for travel smote me with a violence that could no longer be resisted. I reached the limit of my endurance on the day that a notice was posted asking for wireless operators in the Arctic ice fields. When I answered the call and sped northward I had the feeling that at last I was off to seek adventure.

The steamship Beothic, to which I was assigned, had never carried wireless equipment before, and so my apparatus and I were the objects of a rather skeptical curiosity. In the days when we were getting ready to set off I heard many tales of the perils of seal fishing, of starvation, of freezing, and the like. It was a disappointment and yet a thrill to discover that wireless was able to a great extent to strip the frozen wastes of their dangers. For the fishing it was valuable too. Seals travel together in great numbers, and it is not unusual for a vessel to miss the main group and return home empty-handed or with but a light load. Vessels of the same line equipped with wireless can communicate news of a good location and save the catch for the company.

The fishermen on the Beothic called me the Coni Man and were always anxious to know the latest news from their neighbors, chiefly whether anybody had made a better catch than they had. I think they never really believed at first that I was in communication with those other ships out over the ice, but the idea amused them and they were willing to humor my imagination. So they accosted me daily with the question: "Any bit of fresh news this marnin', Coni Man?"

One day I gave them a real surprise. Word came from the sealing company that a boy had been born to the wife of one of the men, who was standing by my side at the very moment. A wild yell went up from the new father when I told him, and another from the other men when he passed the glad tidings on. That night a celebration was held on board in honor of the wireless and the new baby.

Another dramatic message was brought by the air that day. A few hours later the operator of a vessel 100 miles away called frantically for help for a member of the crew suffering from a serious internal injury. The symptoms were described in detail and I wrote them out for our physician. He prescribed a course of treatment, which I relayed. Another ship picked up the message, and from all parts of the ocean we were bombarded with requests for medical aid for every complaint from bunions to bald spots.

A Call on the Ship's Doctor

ON ANOTHER day, out of the icy ether came a worried plaint from my friend Jack Daw, operator at Belle Isle, Newfoundland. "I am up against it," he wirelessed. "My assistant is terribly ill and seems to be getting worse instead of better. His cheeks are swollen, his temperature is high, and he can eat nothing. He has a bad toothache, too, and hasn't been able to get out of bed for nearly a week.

"Our only neighbors are the head lighthouse keeper, his assistant and the assistant's wife. There are two lighthouse keepers on the other side of the island, but we are

(Continued on Page 141)

The American Boy Discovered a New Toy

STATION STYX

By LOUISE DUTTON

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

A Lovely Face, White as a Wasted Flower, Tired as a Forwandered Child's, But Beautiful; for it Was Very Young. Nineteen, Perhaps

THIS happened to Heminway. Which is perhaps the strangest thing about it. Heminway can explain all that happened, except for a few details which have always puzzled him. He has a very scientific and quite clear explanation. You can take it or leave it. But you cannot explain why all this should happen to Heminway.

Heminway was a New Yorker, a bachelor, a Rotarian and the captain of his soul. He was a competent captain. Nothing that he did not himself select, invite and control had ever happened to his soul or to him. He had always acquired by his own well-regulated, personal efforts everything that he wanted. As he had wanted few things, the list of them is not long, though Heminway was forty.

A good job—efficiency expert—with a select clientele. A good apartment, not too far from his favorite club and his favorite park, or too near them—the top floor of an old brownstone house, where the rent was low, as he had paid for all the improvements himself—knocking out partitions, putting in elaborate systems of plumbing and wiring and heating. Below him in a rabbit warren of unimproved cubby-holes clerks, stenographers and lesser creatures cooked over gas, but he did not smell or feel their presence.

A priceless and only slightly underpaid houseman, Ming Toy by name. Friends enough, not too many, not too intimate. Girls enough to take out. They were never the same girls for long, but there were always three. One to dance with—a flapper from the outer fringe of the smart set, or a show girl perhaps. One to talk to—one with a studio in Greenwich Village preferred, if the studio was not too ratty. And one really nice girl—the kind of girl you could marry. Though until his annuity was paid for, Heminway did not intend to marry.

Heminway had once been engaged to be married—very much, too much engaged. To a girl in that fresh-water college through which he had worked his way, back near his old home town. He was young and the girl was younger, and they were both quite absurdly, quite painfully in love. That was a mistake, an indiscretion; but even that had not been a setback to Heminway, but a safeguard, a help in his career. For through his first years in New York he had written her perfunctory letters, fewer and farther between, and been true to her and kept out of messes for her sake until he learned his way around. And then the girl had died suddenly, making no fuss about it, and very far away.

He kept her letters and even sometimes looked at them, and a tress of hair too. Girls had hair in her time. Hers was long and soft and straight and of a pale, silver-gold. He had called her Lily, which was short for Lily Maid of Astolat, and she had called him Jacky.

He was J. Burgess Heminway now; one of those big blond men with good shoulders and better tailors, and pink, unlined, ingenuous faces and tired eyes. Heminway's were green, with little amber lights in them sometimes which did not seem to belong there. This is really all you can say about Heminway, or for Heminway. Which brings us the more quickly to an evening in May.

Heminway had an engagement later that evening with the girl he danced with. Rather a special engagement—to play at Shandy's. It was not a very safe place to visit or at all a safe place to play at, and he always lost at roulette. But he had figured that he could afford to play once more at Shandy's; also that for one month more he could afford this girl. A lovely, quite mad and rather cruel thing with black, wild hair, blacker and wilder eyes, an uncharted past and no future, and no heart. He had met her at a shady but amusing dance place. A young Greek, Helena Patakopolus—Patsy.

Heminway was preparing for his engagement, as he did for all his engagements with Patsy, much as a fighter trains for a fight, with temperance, abstinence and calm. He had dined at his club on an English mutton chop, declined a good cocktail, walked briskly twice round the park, had a tepid bath and cold shower, laid out his dinner coat with the synthetic pearl set—he did not wear his real pearls at night clubs—and now, in his new Chinese lounging suit, he lay on his Louis Quinze day bed with his head flat and a pneumatic pillow under his knees. He was not asleep, but in four minutes he would be; for his method of relaxing the nerves for sleep required just four minutes. It was a simple method.

You first counted one hundred out loud, timing the count with your breathing.

"One, two, three," counted Heminway. He stopped counting and frowned. His frown changed to a smile, his smile to a self-conscious smirk. It vanished. He rose and began to walk fast up and down the room, kicking various objects out of his way without observing them closely, though all deserved his attention.

"Devil! Little devil!" said Heminway; and then, "Zoe Mou—my soul"—and then, "Mrs. Heminway—Helena Heminway—Patsy."

Even a captain of his soul has battles to fight, and he was fighting one. They came on suddenly, just like this, all of them, and of late they had come very often. He had not fallen for Patsy. He was not going to. Not a chance, for he had her number and his own; he was strong, hard-boiled. It was only that sometimes it was a little hard not to fall for her, and this was one of the times.

A vase crashed to the floor and his foot crushed flowers. He picked them up. They were cool and his hands were hot. Perfume came from them, but with it, drowning it, he smelled another perfume, warm on a white throat, stale in the heat of a close-curtained room. Or a taxi—a pirate taxi driven crazily late at night, tumbling someone almost—almost into your arms; with a light, challenging laugh in your ears; with rouged lips that you had not kissed, that you must not kiss ——

"No," said Heminway very firmly; and then, "Suppose ——"

Suppose he let himself fall for Patsy; gave up his winning fight, stopped fighting. It occurred to him sometimes that it would be a colossal joke to do this. The joke would be all on him, J. Burgess Heminway, but he could take it. He would walk straight to whatever hell fate and Patsy had prepared for him, with his head up and laughing.

"It is after all my own affair," said Heminway.

He stood still before the last object he had kicked, and stared at it defiantly. It was his radio.

Between two casement windows open to the May wind, it stood on a low red-lacquered stool, with a tall twisted-stemmed floor lamp above it, shaded in purple—all tints from mauve to the black purple of Parma violets. It did not deserve this setting; for it was only an old portable set of a discontinued make. Only Ming Toy ever touched it. He loved it and had few loves, so it remained there. Tonight he had left the power on. Heminway put out a hand to switch it off, touched the dials instead. Sitting

cross-legged on his Kurdistan rug he began absently, idly, to shift and turn them.

Heminway stopped abruptly. Rather a queer thing had happened. The knobs, moving so smoothly, so easily, had suddenly ceased to turn. They would not move at all. He pushed and tugged at them. They were as still as if other hands, holding his own, controlled and checked them.

"Power gone, batteries dead," said Heminway.

But he knew that this was not true; for the knobs felt warm, vibrant, alive, seemed to cling to his hands. And from his hands, up his arms, all over him, shot a queer little pulsing thrill. Drawing his hands away he still felt it. All at once, quite surely, he understood that he was getting a new station, one quite far distant, and that this was going to be good.

Heminway bent close and noted the position of the dials carefully. The power and volume control were both low. The hands of the finders pointed, oddly enough, one to sixty and one to zero.

"That is important," Heminway said gravely. "Very important." Then he sat still on the Kurdistan rug and waited.

The first sounds that Heminway heard were discordant, loud, menacing. There were mutterings, whines, little groans, sudden laughs, shrieks like stormwind in a gale, and the sullen murmur of rushing water, very cold, very deep. All this stopped abruptly with one great crescendo of chaos, and silence followed. Heminway nodded, well pleased.

"Interference. There would be. There always has been. But I've got it! I've got it!"

The silence somehow grew deeper. It was so heavy, so vast, that it hurt like a pain. Then into it, healing it, filling it, flowing quietly, gently, all through it, like water brimming into an empty cup, came a voice.

"The announcer," Heminway whispered. That was obvious; for this voice had the curious, impersonal bleakness and strangeness that they always have. It had also a bigness and richness that they do not have. Yet it was very quiet, very low, and the words flowed into each other so smoothly that it was an effort to separate them, to listen.

"Station —— broadcasting . . . program of music . . . by special request of ——"

Heminway had not caught the name of the station and he liked to be accurate. But already the great voice was mute; interrupted, blotted out by the music an orchestral number. The orchestra was tuning up.

"But this is not the full orchestra," he said. There should be a harp—harps."

He could hear no harps, no one instrument at all; only a blend of many, so rich, so perfect, that they were all one.

It had the sob of violins, the divine laughter of wind instruments, the menace of brasses, the gallantry of drums, the thrill of a saxophone. One great golden instrument which all this time had held one golden note; caught it quickly and lightly, with no discord, no fumbling, then deepened and stressed and played with it in sure and splendid mastery; shading and changing, through a whole gamut of moods, and ever into a richer beauty, a thing which was already faultlessly beautiful. Strangely, Heminway could not say which note of the scale it was—this golden note. Suddenly he laughed out loud.

"That's a joke on me," he said. "The drinks are sure on me!"

For the golden voice came from no instrument at all, no orchestra. It was only a woman's voice, a girl's voice, singing. A contralto, very warm, very true, but with a little throaty husk in the lower registers, which was a flaw, though charming. Why, it was not even a trained voice, and it was accompanied on —— Could it be? He had not heard one for years, yet that silver tinkle and patter were quite unmistakable—an old-fashioned, square piano.

Heminway was not quite sure what song the voice was singing. It seemed to be singing more than one song—many songs—all at once, and with a lovely and poignant clearness that blended but did not blur them. The Berceuse from Jocelyn? Funiculi Funicula? Sweet Adeline? He was not sure, but he knew it. He knew them all, or had known them once and forgotten them. And now one song was drowning the rest. Heminway heard it alone and quite clearly. Heminway's hand, trembling, reached for a switch and turned it, and Heminway was alone in the dark with this voice, with this song.

Narcissus. A boy was climbing a hill. Dwarf pines cluttered the path. Tall pines slapped at his face, caught at his old gray sweater. May wind lifted his hair. His head was bare. His cap was filled with Mayflowers. Ahead a red ball of sun had just dipped out of sight. He climbed fast, but he was not winded. The girl behind him was not; he could hear her steps, quick and light, following.

"Hustle," he called without looking back. They were late. On the other side of the hill campus practice was beginning already. The class of 1904 was trying out a new marching song. The tune was the old chestnut Narcissus, but the words were new. He had written them himself. He could hear them now:

"The golden tie we forged in four golden years,
Though time divide us and foes deride us, shall keep us true.
It will not sever. I shall forever
Love you—you—you."

They were good words—darn good words. Mushy, but for a class song they had to be. He climbed faster, in time with the tune. It carried you with it to the top of the hill, to the top of the world, with that lilt, that swing, that hurry of eager feet, young feet. It was good to be young, to stand here on the crest of the hill; to hear this song, his song, alone with this girl, his girl. He reached back a hand to her ——

She did not take it. He could no longer hear her steps behind him. He stood on the crest of the hill and waited. He swung round and stared in sudden unreasoning panic into the woods behind him, quite dark now. He could not see the winding path he had come by, and he could not see the girl. Where was she? He began to run blindly, stumbling down the hill path, down the hill, calling. He could not hear her voice, and he could not hear the song. It was ending—ended. "Don't stop," begged Heminway. "Can't you understand that he wants to find her? He has got to find her. Sing it again."

But even from this station the radio could give no encores. The key of the old piano was changing, the

(Continued on Page 133)

"Lady Jay You Save Her Last Night, But She Never Forgive You"

Ming Toy's Diagnosis Had Been Quite Correct. He Called in a Doctor Who Corroborated It

THE FOUNDLING

By W. A. FRASER

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

ON THE twelfth of May James Emerson Bankes was no more than Jimmy the clocker, turf expert, ex-jockey; on the thirteenth he was proprietor of a racing stable, his string consisting of Nellie Bly, six years old. Sam Cusick had unloaded Nellie Bly on Jimmy Bankes. Sam considered the two hundred dollars Jimmy paid for the mare as found money. Nellie Bly had wonderful speed until, as a three-year-old, she became wind-broken. This wasn't due to racing; it was a taint in the blood, for Ormonde was her grandsire; and Ormonde, though called the horse of the century in England, had been sold to America because he had a weak throat, and some of his get were showing the same inheritance. Cusick had an imported horse, Mugger, and he would have bred Nellie Bly to this sire if he hadn't been afraid of injuring Mugger's reputation by producing youngsters that would develop this weakness.

"I'll Get Even With You! You're Nothin' But a Dishcloth Tout! I'll Get You the Gate for This!"

Jimmy Bankes didn't know these things; and having won a few hundred over a race, he listened to Cusick's advice that he buy Nellie Bly and make a killing with her in a cheap selling race. When he went to take the mare away he was accosted by Slim Neely, who acted as a jackal to Cusick, putting the latter's bets down at times, spying out the secrets of other stables, and the like. Neely was a bad actor, known to be crooked; even Cusick knew he was crooked; but for some of his transactions Sam needed a lieutenant who was unprincipled.

As Bankes stood beside Cusick, holding the shank of the halter attached to Nellie Bly, Neely, rounding the stable end, asked, "What's up, Sam? Where's Jimmy takin' the mare?"

"He's bought her." And Cusick winked at Neely.

"You sold her, Sam—sold my mare?"

"Your mare—how d'you get that way?"

"You promised her to me the time I—I ——"

Cusick took a threatening step toward Neely. "You'd better button your lip or I'll rivet it down to your teeth, Slim." He pushed aggressively against Neely, carrying him backward, and whispered, "Keep still! I'll square you."

But Neely circled around Cusick and, closing his fist, said to Bankes, "You blasted shrimp! I'll get even with you! You're nothin' but a dishcloth tout! You've looted some better, strung him with a tip, got a few dollars and sneaked in here to get a mare that belongs to me. I'll get you the gate for this!"

Bankes laughed. "You've been ruled off once, Slim; there isn't a racin' official would believe you on oath. You interfere with me an' I'll hand you the best lacin' you ever had." Then he led Nellie Bly away.

"Look here, Slim," Cusick said, "I wouldn't give you that mare because she's no good; she'd only break you. She can't go over a half mile, an' she can't be cured. I had Doc Raymond pipe her—put a tube in her throat, but it didn't do a bit of good."

"I was goin' to breed her, Sam."

"An' get a wind-broken colt. It's a taint. That's why I wouldn't breed her to Mugger. It costs real money to keep a youngster till he's ready to race as a two-year-old; an' then p'raps find he's no good." Cusick drew a roll of bills from his pocket. "I sold her to that boob Jimmy for two hundred bones; here's a hundred for you—we'll split—found money. An' if you want Nellie Bly bad 'nough to burn up the mazuma, you'll be able to buy her back for twenty-five from Bankes the first time he runs her."

Jimmy Bankes led Nellie Bly over to his friend Dicky Sproat's barn, asking Sproat to train the mare for him.

Dicky laughed. "So Cusick planted that broken-winded skate on you, eh?"

"I took his word for the mare. He said she could run a half better than forty-nine, and hadn't a pimple on her legs."

"That's true enough, Jimmy—for the half; but she couldn't get three-quarters in an hour, because she's thick in the throatlatch, gone in the wind. Sprintin' is no good. There ain't no half-mile purses, only for juveniles."

"Then Sam's stuck me for a dead un, has he?"

"Sure thing, Jimmy. He'd sell his mother a ghost an' promise to deliver the goods. Have you paid for the mare? . . . You have, eh? Well, you ain't got no chance in the world in gettin' off this deal. Sam's graftin' for the ready these days. He's clearin' out his old dub horses to get the long green to pay for that imported sire Mugger. How much did you contribute—what did you give for the asthmatic little mare?"

"Two hundred."

"Well, you've just got to stand for it, that's all. You can send her to my stable till you find a chance to give her away. Cusick waited a year for a sucker; it would take you longer to catch a buyer; Sam's a better liar than you, Jimmy."

"Ain't she worth trainin', Dicky? Cusick gave me his word that she'd be a pipe in sellin' races."

"She was a good horse once, but now she's a rank bad un."

That evening as Sproat and Bankes sat on upturned buckets in front of the stalls, Jimmy exclaimed, "Here comes that slimy cuss Slim Neely. If he's lookin' for trouble, I'm goin' to paste him, Dick—don't interfere."

"I won't; anybody can paste that crook for all I care. What's the trouble?"

Bankes related what had occurred at Cusick's barn.

"That's funny. Neely'd know the mare was no good," Sproat said meditatively.

"Guess he wanted the two hundred—thought he could sell her to some sucker for that money."

Neely had turned into the stable. There was no trace of warfare in his face; he wore, rather, a grin of friendliness.

"Good evenin', Mr. Sproat—hello, Jimmy!" he greeted. "I got kinder sorry over gettin' fresh with you up at the barn, but Cusick promised me that mare fair and square. I was goin' to use her gettin' about—ride her. I guess Sam didn't tell you that she wasn't worth a hoot in Hades for racin' 'cause she's broken-winded. Sam'd put his own brother away for a dime. Mr. Sproat'll tell you, it's the trut' about the mare; he knows her."

"Dick's told me," Bankes answered curtly.

"If you'd asked Mr. Sproat first, you wouldn't 've been stung for two hundred. I'll tell you what I'll do, Jimmy; I'll give you fifty dollars for the mare. She'll only run you into a feed bill an' nothin' doin'."

"She ain't for sale," Bankes declared.

"The feedin' won't cost Jimmy nothin'," Sproat added.

"Cusick split that two hundred with me, 'cause the mare was as good as mine," Neely continued; "it was a steal to take her away from me. I'll give you the hundred, Jimmy; throw in the halter an' I'll lead the old mare away."

"She ain't for sale. An' if you mean, Slim, that it was a steal on my part, I'll kick you out of the yard," Jimmy said angrily.

"You'd better go anyway, Slim," Sproat suggested. "I don't want any of the racin' men to see you round my barn; they might think I was gettin' you to dope one of my horses."

Neely's face went white with passion; his thin lips drew back from the hyenalike teeth, and he cursed.

"You don't need nobody else to dope your horses, Dicky Sproat! An' as for you, tout Jimmy, I'll get even with you if it takes a leg! I'll make you curse the day you sneaked into Cusick's barn and led away my mare."

Jimmy sprang to his feet and his little slim hand crashed on Neely's jaw, sending the latter sprawling.

Sproat seized Jimmy by the collar and said, "You get out of here, Slim—an' stay out! Get now!"

Neely went, a string of oaths, like a kite's tail, floating backward.

"Kinder funny, Jimmy, that crook's craze for Nellie Bly. She ain't no good," Sproat said, "an' he don't want to

ride her about; he'd rather sit in a street car an' pick somebody's pocket. Dang funny! I've got to think it out."

Sproat pondered for a couple of days over the mystery—the fictitious value of the useless mare in Neely's eyes.

When Bankes asked him what they would do with Nellie Bly—perhaps give her away to save feed bills—Sproat said, "Leave her here. There's no hurry. It costs dang little to feed her, an' nothin' to train her, for she ain't worth it."

One day Jimmy saw Nellie Bly wandering around Sproat's paddock, and in the paddock was also Sproat's horse Dander, a well-bred but unsuccessful race horse—a cheap selling plater, with no hope for the future, because he was ten years old.

Sproat explained this shift: "I think I can win a cheap race with Dander; he's got his speed still, but he's an excitable devil. Half the fellers think I've doped him when he goes to the post. He's a crazy-headed brute. I thought p'raps the old mare would kinder steady him, keep him company, quiet him down; she's as quiet as a mess of boiled cabbage. I got me a goat as a playmate for Dander once, but he killed the goat."

"I've got to get rid of her," Bankes declared despondently. "I hate to give her away—two hundred bucks gone blooey!"

"Only a hundred, Jimmy. I'll give you a hundred for a half interest in the mare, just as a lead pony for Dander; they're great chums now, an' the keep won't cost you anything."

"You can have the whole interest for a hundred, Dick." "Don't want it; the feed bill'll offset that. Later on I'll turn her out on my little farm an' let her run round the haystack all winter. Can't tell—that might cure her of her throat trouble; can't tell. I've known that treatment to bring a horse back." It was settled that way.

One day Sproat said to Bankes, "Hop into my lizzie, Jimmy. I'm goin' up to ask Cusick to breed Nellie Bly to Mugger."

"Sam said he wouldn't do that."

"I want to hear him say it, Jimmy, an' I want you along to hear him say it, too," Sproat answered enigmatically.

When Cusick was approached on this matter he cursed. "D'you think I want to take a chance on ruinin' the reputation of a horse that's worth ten thousand a year to me as a sire?" he snarled; adding, "D'you think I'd 've sold a well-bred mare like Nellie Bly for two hundred if it wasn't for that?"

Months later, the following March, Sproat astounded Bankes by the announcement that Nellie Bly had foaled a chestnut colt.

"But who's the sire?" Jimmy gasped.

"It isn't Mugger, Cusick's horse, is it, Jimmy?"

"No, or he wouldn't 've sold her."

"Dander is the sire, an' he was bred in the purple. If Nellie Bly's foal turns out a good one, Dander'll be worth twenty thousand dollars as a sire. Think of that, boy!"

"Holy smoke! P'raps I didn't get stung after all. Dick"—and Jimmy held out his hand—"you're a good friend, I'll tell the world!"

"You see, Jimmy, there ain't no foundlings in the Stud Book. They've got to have parents to register, an' if this colt isn't by Mugger—which he ain't—he's by Dander. You tell Cusick casual that Nellie Bly's got a colt at heel, an' if Sam asks who's the colt by, tell him by Dander. If Sam don't make a kick, you'll know we're in right—see?"

When Jimmy told Cusick of the colt, the latter, as Sproat had forecast, asked for the sire. "Dander!" he exclaimed derisively. "Dicky Sproat's old plater? You've got a Futurity winner, Jimmy, sure." Then he laughed and walked away.

Then the chestnut babe was registered in the book of equine peerage as Passion, by Dander, out of Nellie Bly by Ormonvale.

Passion was a chestnut, as was his dam; but the sire, Dander, was a blood-bay. In all other respects, too, the weanling favored his mother. Babe horses are apt to look like young moose, all legs and ears, but the experienced eye of Sproat could see that the colt had the conformation of his dam—that is, would have it when he filled out. A long barrel, strong bone and grand quarters; all the topsy-turvyism of breeding, for the Ormondes were generally high-up horses, and bays.

Jimmy and Sproat sat many an evening in the latter's cottage, discussing the possibilities that were ahead of the colt. Sproat declared that if Passion did not inherit the throat taint he would be a wonder, for his dam would have been had she kept right. And the sire had been a wonder, all right.

"A wonder!" Jimmy stared. "Dander a wonder! When was that, Dicky?"

Sproat coughed, knocked the smoked-out tobacco from his pipe on the hearth, refilled it deliberately, and off to a puffing start, said: "Dander was a wonder of speed as a two-year-old. A jock broke his heart with a whip in his first race. He was a 'prentice boy I had and he lost his head tryin' to make his first win."

Jimmy pondered over this; it was a rare thing to get a stake animal sired by a selling plater. Sproat, through the smoke curling up from his pipe, furtively eyed Jimmy's face.

"A dang funny thing happened last night, Dick," Bankes said presently. "Slim Neely wanted to buy the colt."

"I don't understand that cuss at all."

"I don't, I'll tell the world! He gives me the creeps. I was down in Snider's pool room when Neely sits down beside me, says he hears I got a colt at heel to Nellie Bly. Finally he says he'll give me five hundred dollars for the weanlin', 'cause he still considers the mare ought to've been his. When I gets up from the bench an' tells him to cut out botherin' me, he flies off the handle. He says, 'You an' Dicky Sproat's startin' a breedin' stud, eh? Goin' to show the world what a great sire that old skate Dander is, breedin' wind-suckers! You think you're goin' strong, but when I get you shown the gate, get you ruled off, you won't think it was so clever to sneak that mare away from me.'"

"Slim's just like a broken window that whines when the wind blows. Don't pay no attention to him, Jimmy."

"I shouldn't, Dick, I know, but I've got a feelin', a hunch, that he's got somethin' on us—somethin' about the mare."

"He ain't got nothin', Jimmy, unless it's wind on his stomach. Forget it. The mare was bought an' paid for, an' she's ours, she's registered as ours; the colt's registered as ours—forget it!"

The boy sat for a time in moody silence, a worried look on his face. Sproat put a hand on his knee and said, "Jimmy, even if you're right, even if Neely has got somethin' the matter with him, I think I can cure him when he springs it. Slim talks too much—see, Jimmy?"

When Passion was eighteen months old he was broken—put in apprenticeship to his future profession, racing; he was bitted and lunged and line-driven. He had filled out wonderfully.

The week before Christmas, Sproat said to Bankes, "I've been workin' the youngster with a light boy up, an' he's got speed to burn. The boy hit him with the whip this mornin'—he was goin' sluggish ——"

"The hell he did!" Jimmy interrupted angrily. "I'd rather've taken it myself. That's one dead sure way to spoil a willin' youngster."

"Don't know 'bout that," Dicky objected. "If they crack up for a bit of the bud in their work, they'll do it in the real thing—the race—when you've got the ash pan an' your funeral money down. Best to find out, I think—survival of the fittest; let the quitters quit an' the stayers stay."

"All the same, if that pinhead Leary knocks him about any more I'll —— What did the colt do?" Jimmy added, breaking off. *(Continued on Page 125)*

When the Barrier Shot Skyward the Chestnut Colt Was in the Van

THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S

By George Rector

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

THE first man actually to come through our famous revolving door was George Kessler, the man who had advised us to come on from Chicago. We did not know whether we were glad to see him. We feared that he had some more advice. My father had left Chicago known as the man who had run an oyster stew into a million. But right at this moment it looked as if we would run the million back into the stew.

Kessler was astounded at the beauty of the place. There were 100 tables downstairs and 75 tables on the second floor, exclusive of the four private dining rooms which were later to be the scene of many famous dinners given by Reginald Vanderbilt, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Freddy Gebhard, John Jacob Astor, Jesse Lewisohn, Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Harry Lehr, Lillian Russell, David Belasco, Charles Frohman, Larry Waterbury, Joseph Jefferson and Sir Henry Irving.

The walls of the main dining room were lined with mirrors reaching to the ceiling. The decorations, in green and gold, were of the period of Louis XIV, whose main idea in life must have been to overshadow the glories of the other Louis'. The table linen was imported from Belfast, with the famous Rector griffin interwoven in the fabric. The silverware was made to order by the most famous of American silversmiths. In spite of the fact that it was stenciled with the Rector griffin, it became very popular among our patrons. Our loss among souvenir hunters was about 2000 pieces of silverware a year, including demi-tasse spoons, bouillon spoons, sugar tongs, graduating in size up to a coffee percolator. In figuring wear and tear by the year, we always allowed $20,000 for evaporation in silverware. This is a conservative estimate.

If a patron asked for a spoon or a knife as a memento of a pleasant evening, we gladly gave it to him, and also made him a present of an imported ash tray bearing a picture showing the exterior of our place.

But if we detected a customer stuffing tableware into his or her pockets like a traveling man packing a trunkful of samples, we added the cost of the articles to the dinner check

A Hot Time in the Old Town

THE highest figure we ever assessed any dinner party for violation of the ethics of hospitality was exactly seventy-eight dollars. The check was not disputed. Even though there was no explanatory item with the additional seventy-eight dollars, the host paid it willingly, although the entire check amounted to only ninety-one dollars. At that, I think he made a good bargain, as his party, when walking out, sounded like Kriss Kringle's reindeer in full jingle on a frosty night. This was one time when the clink of my outgoing silverware was music to my ears. The host proved that evening that the greatest after-dinner speech ever made was "Bring me the check."

I think the climax in souvenir collecting was reached one pleasant evening in winter when a lady carried out an eight-pound coffee percolator under her ermine evening wrap. The wrap was worth about $8000. The percolator cost about $75. Broadway was amazed that evening by seeing a lady and gentleman leap out of a blazing two-wheeler hansom cab. The lady had forgotten to extinguish the motive power of the percolator, which was alcohol. I think the lady was using the same motive power. The cabman sued her for a blistered hansom cab and a scorched horse. We got the percolator back, but it was melted down to a thimble. The lady lost $7025 by the transaction. She was half cooked when she took the percolator, but was fortunate that she didn't finish well broiled. Her ermine coat was done to a crisp.

Hansom cabs were very popular in those days as a means of locomotion. You could hire them around three dollars an hour or strike a bargain by haggling with the cabby over the rate per trip. It was cheaper by the hour. The old hansom cab possessed a romance not associated with the modern taxicab. In the first place, the driver of the hansom was on top the cab and his horse wore blinkers. Two sweethearts could spoon in the cab even though their chaperon was following them on a bicycle.

The modern taxi is different, and a kiss in one is somewhat similar to an embrace in a show window. Good soldiers never look back. Neither do good chauffeurs. Still, though you could put blinkers on the horse, you cannot put them on a driver. I still chuckle over Nat Wills' story of being driven with his girl over to Brooklyn. The chauffeur stopped his car in the middle of the bridge.

Nat ordered the driver to continue, but he retorted, "The girl hollered 'Stop!'"

The girl said, "I wasn't talking to you."

All Rabit's Luxury

OUTSIDE of the hansom cab that was eliminated in the tournament with the blazing percolator, the cab which suffered the most was the one that tried to wrestle with Ham Fish. Ham, whose full name was Hamilton Fish, was credited with having picked up a complete hansom cab, equipped with one horse, pedigree unknown, one dozing driver and a broken whip, and turning the whole outfit completely over with its sunny side up like an egg on a skillet. He was very powerful.

I did not see this feat of strength, as the name of Ham Fish is emblazoned forever on the golden scroll of those who died at Guantánamo in '98.

Everybody traveled in hansom cabs in those days. John Kendrick Bangs was the hero of probably the only parade of these peculiar vehicles ever held. He left Rector's one morning, when this twentieth century was still new, in a cab and was jaunting along merrily when he spied an ordinary cat belonging to the genus known as alley rabbit. John was possessed of a very warm heart and he ordered his cabby to stop while he petted the hungry and gaunt junior feline. It was as scrawny and as mangy as its more famous brother which Brian G. Hughes was to enter in an aristocratic show of Maltese and Persian mousers. It failed to win first prize only because it meowed an octave too low. This was a mild prank by Hughes, who was the greatest practical joker in history. He won a blue ribbon in a Madison Square Garden Show with a noble horse whose name was Puldekar Orphan.

Puldekar Orphan was easily the finest stepper in the show, but Brian had his blue ribbon well exhibited about town before the judges deciphered Puldekar Orphan and discovered that it meant "pulled a car often."

Hughes had picked the cat and the horse up at the same auction. The horse, true to his name, had often pulled a crosstown car, and not always willingly. Hughes took both the horse and the cat, fattened them up and made blue ribbons the laughingstock of the town.

Broadway Was Amazed That Evening by Seeing a Lady and Gentleman Leap Out of a Blazing Two-Wheeler Hansom Cab

Bangs' cat was not destined for a show, but it did figure in the parade. A salty tear dribbled down Bangs' cheek as he stroked the rough fur of the ill-fed fence wolf. He decided to adopt it and give it a good home. But the cabby objected to the presence of such a creature in his freshly upholstered hansom. An argument which followed, and in which the cat took no part, was stopped by the fortunate appearance of a second hansom, whose driver was about to take sides with his brother charioteer until he learned that Bangs was anxious to hire his vehicle for the accommodation of a distinguished foreigner, said foreigner being the cat.

Fare per mile was fixed without the aid of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the cat became the sole occupant of the second hansom. The journey was resumed with Bangs in the lead, and the cat, stroking his whiskers, in second place. They proceeded merrily past monuments, parks and important buildings. The betting at this stage was Bangs to win and the cat for the runner-up.

My, 'Twas a Hansom Parade!

BANGS was rolling along easily, musing on man's ingratitude to man, and especially to cats, when he suddenly thought that his new friend might be hungry. So he ordered a stop at an all-night delicatessen store, and going inside, purchased one adult herring. His first step outside the store was greeted by a royal salute of twenty-one meows by the cat, which was hungry enough to have smelled a sardine in the Seven Seas, and furthermore to have named the sea. In fact, its intense eagerness to get at the herring caused Bangs to think that overeating was even more of a breach of cab etiquette than overstarving. He decided to feed the kitty when he got home and started to climb into his cab. He was stopped by his jehu, who objected to the presence of a herring in his tumbril, owing to its effect on future patronage.

This was a stumper, as it was impossible to trust the herring in the second cab with the cat, which might kill itself through its natural anxiety to catch up on many delayed meals for its nine thin lives.

Once again good fortune came to the rescue in the form of a third hansom, which rumbled up empty but not forlorn. Bangs requisitioned this seagoing hack after bargaining for the accommodation of one passenger, name unknown. The passenger turned out to be the herring, and with Bangs in the van, the three carts swung into the line of march, with the cat a good second and the herring a poor third.

That's the way they finished. Bangs first, the cat second and the herring just nosing in for show money. A little later, I think the cat was entitled to both second and third places, as he was purring dreamily on Bangs' hearth with the added starter reposing in his stomach. It required three hansom cabs to give that cat a square meal in a roundabout way. I never found out whether kitty appreciated its foster guardian's interest in its welfare. But Bangs had the consolation of knowing that it was a herring well spent.

Like all philosophers, Bangs hated to see dumb animals suffer. He was a natural humorist and was probably the only man who ever rode under an arch of triumph with an escort consisting of a cat and a herring. This is one story which gets funnier with each repetition. I defy any man to think up a more laughable sequence of charitable foolishness than the one I have just related, which is positively true—at least, Bangs said it was true. It is his statement, and I stick to it.

But I started to tell you about the interior furnishings of Rector's and find myself drifting from the subject. Still, I would rather speak of the people who patronized us than of the place itself. They were real, they were human and they were lovable. The edifice itself means nothing without associations, and I think the finest line ever written is Edgar Guest's, "It takes a heap of living in a house to make it home." There was a heap of living in Rector's and it was heaped high.

As I said before, George Kessler was the first patron, but was followed closely by James J. Corbett and his wife. I was speaking to Mr. Corbett just the other day and he has always claimed to have been the first. But the honor, if any, belongs to Mr. Kessler.

Couple followed couple until our entire lower dining room was filled. There was no gradual budding of our establishment. Once we actually got started, we burst into full bloom.

The Divine Sarah in an Earthly Rôle

CAN you imagine anybody being actually paid to drink champagne? But that was in the dim and dewy past. I almost said dim and dusty. The idea of the professional wine drinkers was to stimulate competition among the diners. And in wine drinking, just as in polo, golf and yachting, the Simon-pure amateurs not only learned the sport but often defeated the professionals in fair and square competition.

The first onslaught on our kitchens almost overwhelmed us, but the harder our chefs breathed, the easier the Rectors exhaled and inhaled. We soon ran out of lobster and crab meat. Particularly the latter, because of the heavy demand for canapé of crab meat Rector.

This became a favorite dish of Sarah Bernhardt when that illustrious star toured this country. The divine Sarah would order one canapé after another, and would eat so much crab meat that we half expected her to scuttle sideways into the nearest pond. It might interest some readers to learn the recipe for the favorite dish of

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There Was No Gradual Budding of Our Establishment. Once We Actually Got Started, We Burst Into Full Bloom

THE THREE SALLIES

"If You'll Wait a Second Until I Get a Hat, I'll Go Out With You," Said Miss Brown. "Maybe, if I Went Around and Shook a Few Hands and Spoke to the Men, it Might Encourage Them"

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

WHAT does it say?"

"Well, sir, I can't quite make out. It looks like it begins with a B and then again it might be a D. Ain't there anyone got a flashlight that'll give a little light?"

There was a deep, hoarse groan. "Snap out uv it!" pleaded a muffled voice. "I can't hold yuh up here all night! My back's near broke now!"

"Whatta yuh got in your hip pocket?" grunted a similar voice. "Uh-h! You're cuttin' the arm off me. C'mon, read it or git down! I'm movin' out from under!"

"Here!" cried a voice. "Here's a light! Quick!"

A tongue of flame from a twisted piece of paper suddenly flickered, then it flared widely, lighting up a circle of several feet. It showed a man clothed as a warrior, in steel helmet, trench coat, gas mask, map case and pistol. Another one, similarly clothed, held aloft the improvised torch, shielding it from the streaming rain with his helmet. This man moved a few feet and extended the light as far as he could into the air, reaching it toward another man there, some distance above the ground—a man who seemed to be sitting in a curious form of armchair with enormous knobs, on one of which he rested his hands.

"Put your helmet over it!" cried the man with the light. "Quick! If you let it go out, I'll polish your nose!"

"Um-m-m!" said the man in the armchair, taking the light. "It might be a B an' then it might be a D—or maybe a R."

He leaned forward and the light showed the rusty cross arms of an iron guidepost. The guidepost had not been painted for four years, for this was in the zone of the armies in Northern France, and the names on the post were well-nigh illegible. Then it was black night, rain fell in torrents, and he who read was no French scholar. The man in the armchair craned his neck and moved the light from side to side. There was another groan, a cry from the man with the light, and he suddenly descended. The light went out abruptly.

"What's the matter with you?" asked someone plaintively. It was probably the man who had descended, and from the sound he had landed with considerable force.

"We ain't no derrick nor no morris chair neither!" replied someone angrily. "'Maybe it's a D or maybe it's a R,' says you. D'yuh have to read letter by letter like a kid? An' you sittin' on our shoulders so comfortable!"

"A good crack in the nose would do you a lotta good!" said another angry voice.

"Enough of that, men! Who let him fall? What's your name, you two? Ah, Duff and Barker—I might know. Sergeant, take their names. See that any unpleasant duty that comes along is assigned to them. Have you any idea at all of what was on that sign, Kelly?"

"Yes-sir, it was somethin' about 'Villers,' but I couldn't just make out the first part of it. There was an O there, an' a N."

"Good! Ansauvillers! That's our town. This must be the Chepoix crossroads. We aren't a kilometer from billets. Get up, men. Forwa-a-ard!"

From the darkness came a very feeble stir.

"C'mon, git up!" said a few faint voices.

"Forwa-a-ard!" This time the voice was stern and ringing. "Get those men up and start them walking! Corporals! Sergeants! Mr. Blake, go down there and help start those men!"

Another stir; the sound of kicks and blows.

"Git up! Come on, guys, on your feet. We only got a little farther to go! Git up, now! Gwan, git up or I'll kick your backbone out through your skull!" Protests and rage and threats and recriminations, but the company was finally hoisted and kicked to its feet and the march was resumed.

"This is the last," muttered the captain. "If they once get down again it'll be the end!"

A regiment of American infantry had been relieved from the front lines at dawn the day before. They had been a part of a brigade serving with the British, and their period of front-line duty over, they were being marched back to rest billets. The command had passed at daybreak—that is to say, the relief had been completed—but afternoon of the same day found the regiment still on the march. It separated after a while into battalions and then into companies, as the final destination drew nearer. Night fell and still the march continued.

It was difficult enough in daytime for an officer to guide his men, what with signs being damaged by shellfire, roads suddenly closed because of bombardment or traffic congestion, and all in a sector where every landmark had been destroyed by years of battle. But once night fell the task became extremely difficult. Men and officers both were weary with weeks of fighting, their food had been exhausted even before the relief, and as it was the custom for the American infantryman in battle to throw away everything he could detach from his person, most of the marchers were without slickers or overcoats, and the rain soaked them to the bone.

One of the companies was directed to march to a town called Ansauvillers, where the town major would be expecting them and provide them with quarters. The captain had received directions to turn to the left at the first road after Chepoix. First find Chepoix. For an hour or so this captain had turned his flashlight on sign after sign, inspected kilometer post after kilometer post, and no word of Chepoix. What juice was left in his flashlight battery had been expended; his *briquet*, or cigarette lighter, had burned out all its alcohol; and the cold horrible thought began to creep upon the captain that he was lost. Then he had run headlong into something with considerable force, and as he swore and blindly tried to see whether he had run into a tree or a truck, he discovered that it was a signpost that he had struck.

The company was at once halted and the men flung themselves down, just as they were, in the center of the road, while two privates hoisted a third on their shoulders that he might read the names of the towns on the signpost.

It was these two men that had groaned under the weight of their comrade and it was their helmets on either side that had made him look as if he were sitting in an armchair. Finally their patience had given out and they had let him fall bodily to earth

"Blake, if we halt again before we get to town it will be the end of us," remarked the captain to the only other surviving officer—a second lieutenant. "I'd never get 'em started again."

"They've been marching light too," remarked the lieutenant. "There isn't a pack in the outfit; their ammunition was shot off long ago and they've got no emergency rations, either, to load 'em down."

"Their stomachs haven't packed anything for a day or so either. That's where the rub comes. Well, I was told that within twenty minutes to half an hour after I turned off the main road I'd be in the town. If we don't hit the town within that time there's nothing to do but spend the night in the ditch. I hope we're out of range here."

The company staggered along the muddy road. A march at night always seems much longer than one in the daytime, because by day the changing landscape shortens the distance, but by night a man simply moves his legs up and down without being able to notice any progress. There is always a thick black wall before him, against which collision seems imminent at every step. The men had long since passed the limit of their strength, but a certain blind sense of obedience, added to the determination of the captain and the vigor of the sergeants, kept them going. Also they had a vague hope in their minds that for the first time in weeks they might have a dry bed.

The captain's feet suddenly stopped the sucking, squdging noise they were making and he felt his hobnails grind on stone. He pounded them for a few steps. At last! He felt paving under his feet and he knew that in another minute he would see ruins of houses bulking raggedly in the dark. It was so. The tramp of the column suddenly became louder, the shuffling of feet and the grunts and sighs resounded from the walls on either side. A town! The captain, crouching, could see the jagged outlines of tumbled roofs and broken beams, blacker than the sky behind them

"Ha-a-a-alt!" The company crashed to the pavement as one man.

"Hear that?" asked the captain, turning toward where he thought the lieutenant was. "Well, be this town Ansauvillers, or Badonvillers, or Goodonvillers, or Villers on the Jersey side, this outfit spends the night in it. Come on, Blake, let's find someone in authority. Sergeant Thorp! Oh, sergeant! Look after things for a minute, will you? Watch out for trucks coming through here. The men are all over the road and I don't want any of them ironed out."

The two officers found a house by the simple expedient of walking at right angles to the line of march until they felt a wall. The captain felt along this wall to the door, upon which he hammered with his fist. No response.

"Hello, in there!" yelled the captain. Silence. Somewhere they could hear water running and the rapid pattering of rain.

"Here's a window!" called Lieutenant Blake suddenly. The captain hurried to his side.

"The window's open," said the lieutenant, "but I think the house is a shell. Look."

Again a twisted piece of paper was lighted and thrust through the window. It burned long enough to show a pile of rubbish, the remnant of a rear wall, and stones half hidden by weeds. A gust of wind blew rain from the interior of the house into the officers' faces.

"Man, if I've let my men lay down in an abandoned town ——" muttered the captain. He moved along the wall to the next house. The window there was shuttered with a great sheet of corrugated iron, upon which the captain beat with his fist until the place rang with the sound. The house was occupied, it seemed, by British allies. They were instantly aroused, and their comment was sanguinary

"Hello, in there!" called the captain. "Where's the town major?"

"Down the street!" answered a strong London accent. "In the big house on the square." The voice added his views of those who beat on windows in the dead of night.

The town major was not hard to find after that. They came to the square, they found the big house, and a sleepy sentinel accosted them. When they had identified themselves, the sentry produced a flashlight and conducted them into the house and down the hall to a room in which a fire glowed in a tiny stove. An officer asleep in a chair awoke, picked up a lantern, and then, seeing that his callers were also officers, he lighted an oil lamp that illuminated the room very well.

"Name's Cunningham!" said the late occupant of the chair. "What's the matter—lost? Car in the ditch?" His accent and the turndown collar of his blouse showed that he was British

"I'm Captain Mathews, American," said the captain, "and this is Lieutenant Blake. We've got a company here of the ——th, and we were to have billets ready for us when we got here."

"Eh? Billets here? You have an order, of course?"

"I have," said the captain, and he produced it from the interior of his trench coat.

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"What Bothers Me," Observed Duff Suddenly, "is How We're Gonna Square Ourselves With the Old Man"

GENTLEMEN PREFER BONDS

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"I'm Afraid," Says He, "That I Got Some Bad News for You"

WHY is it that a conservative Seth with one-way pockets, who's used to counting the change for a dime two or three times, will let himself be glibbed into pulling the hand-sweated simoleons out of the family sock and slapping them on the nose of a stock that he's never heard of? Of course the yen for parking a dollar sign and a one in front of a row of zeros without working for 'em has a lot to do with it, but it doesn't explain everything. The woods are full of crap games, tips from the horse himself, and other business opportunities for staging a farewell scene with your dough; but Wall Street gets the big play, though its slogan is the same: Never Give a Sucker an Even Break.

I suppose it's the inside-info itch that starts the comeons to scratching. At any rate, that's what got us. If it hadn't been for Paul Parmerlee and the habit J. P. Morgan had of talking in his sleep when he was around, the chances are I'd have gone through life without knowing what a world of weeps lies between Abitibi P and P and Youngstown S and T.

Parmerlee's a cousin of Lizzie Magruder, and it's at her house that the Ritters and I meet the toast of Trinity churchyard. He's a lad in the closing-hour twenties with a way they have at old Harvard and a line of sauce that makes every platter of words he deals off the tongue sound tasty. The boy knows his apples, take it from him.

"Apropos the market," says he in connection with a remark I'd made about a scheme for cheating at solitaire without catching yourself at it, "we're all set for a big bull market in the industrials."

"Who makes you think so?" asks Hank Ritter.

"The technical position of eight selected specialties," comes back Paul. "Take Eczema Products, for example. The common's selling at 50 with a dividend rate of five dollars. That's 10 per cent on your money."

"Not on my money," I assures him hastily. "This gentleman prefers bonds when it comes to trading in iron men for paper promises."

"Bonds!" sneers Parmerlee. "What are you—a widow or an orphan? What bonds have you?"

"None at present but those of holy matrimony," says I; "but just as soon as I give the air to a couple of mortgages and catch up with the butcher, the baker and the lip-stick maker I'm going in with a syndicate that's planning to buy an option on a Liberty Bond."

"It's none of my business," picks up Hank, "and I wouldn't for worlds pry into the home life of Eczema Products, but why is its 10 per cent stock selling at 50?"

"It was just an innocent bystander in a bear raid," explains Paul. "You know how it is—when people start throwing things out of the window during a fire they don't stop to figure what'll burn and what won't. Everything goes, and Eczema P went with the rest of the list."

"Nobody threw any first mortgages out of the window," shrugs Ritter, "and they weren't even singed. You sure the fire's out?"

"The ashes have even been hauled away," returns the young margineer. "Within thirty days Eczema will be tickling the tape around 85. But I can let you in on a better one than that if you're interested."

"Thanks for the buggy ride," says I, grateful, "but I'm much more interested in last week's weather forecast."

"You would be!" flares the frau. "It seems that everybody can make money in the market but you. Even that lummox Joe Flint made a young fortune last month. You should see the car he bought his wife."

"I saw it yesterday," I returns, "and loaned Joe enough gas to drive it to the secondhand dealer. He's so broke now a pickpocket could go through him and get nothing but practice."

"That so?" remarks Jim Magruder. "I heard he'd hit the street for ten thousand berries."

"He did," says I, "but he never got a chance to pick 'em. When he went down to cash his paper profits he found himself being paged for more margins."

"What are margins?" inquires Lizzie, who wears her brains bobbed.

"It's just an expression," explains Hank, "that brokers use every time they call you up."

"You mean," asks the Magruder moron, "like the Englishmen say—are you there?"

"Yes," answers Ritter, "only the brokers mean are you still there?"

"Your friend Flint," suggests Parmerlee, "must have overstayed the market."

"He did," I agrees. "He came for the afternoon and remained for a week-end. The engines were already on the way to that fire you were talking about when Joe went to collect. Overnight the stuff of his dropped twenty points. The day after they sold him out it ballooned back fourteen points, but by that time Flint was studying road maps to the poor farm."

"If he'd had proper advice," says Paul, "he would have ——"

"I suppose," I cuts in, sarcastic, "you know just when to get in and out of the market."

"He certainly does," snaps Lizzie. "Everything he's ever said about stocks and bonds has come out just so. I remember when I bought my Liberty Bond he told me I would get interest every six months sure, and haven't I?"

"So far you have," I admits, "but there is some talk of the Government keeping the money and paying off the mortgage on the White House."

"When that happens Paul will know it in advance."

"What is this hot tip you were speaking of?" cuts in her husband, impatient with the kidding.

"Federal Padlock," answers Parmerlee.

"What price Padlock?" I inquires.

"It closed today at 17⅝," replies the sweet William of Wall Street. "I look for it to be at 50 within three or four weeks."

"They can't put you in jail for looking," says I. "Can they, Lizzie?"

"You make your own jokes," comes back the Magruder mess coldly, "and I'll make mine."

"Federal Padlock," goes on Paul, "hasn't been paying any dividends, but I have it straight that it's going on a 6 per cent basis. When the news comes out ——"

"How do you mean you have it straight?" interrupts Ritter. "Who told you—the bus boy in the restaurant across the street from where Morgan eats?"

"No," says I. "It comes from a girl who went to different schools together with the bus boy's sister."

"When I say straight," growls Parmerlee gently, "I mean straight. This is in confidence. I have a friend—a fraternity brother—who's an assistant teller over at the Hide and Tallow Trust Company. Everybody knows they're in deep in Federal Padlock. Wouldn't they have a pretty good idea if a dividend was going to be declared?"

"Perhaps," says Hank; "but they don't tell all they know to tellers. Assuming that the tip's O. K., what does it get you if everybody has it?"

"But everybody hasn't it," protests Paul. "Only the bank folks and ——"

"By the time it got to that teller pal of yours it was already stale gossip in Whistling Station, Arkansas," I cuts in. "A tip's like a spoonful of bran. Once in your mouth and it spreads and spreads. Anyway, now that Lizzie knows that Federal Tallow is going to take over the Padlock Trust Company and issue bonds carrying assessment coupons, the news'll be halfway to South Africa yesterday morning."

"Is this preferred or common stock you're talking about?" asks Magruder.

"Common," returns Paul.

"And how!" mutters Ritter.

"What do you mean by preferred?" inquires Lizzie.

"You know what a preferred creditor is, don't you?" I comes back.

"Why should I?" says Mrs. Magruder proudly. "I always pay cash."

"Isn't It Wonderful?" They Gush Jointly

"A preferred creditor," I wheezes, "is a guy that knows he isn't going to get anything, while it takes a regular creditor several months to find that out."

"Joking aside," says Parmerlee, "and forgetting all about the dividend tip, don't you know from your own knowledge that there has been a big boom in padlock sales—that the Government has become a large buyer?"

"That's right," I admits. "I know of a gal running a night club in New York who's had so many of 'em slapped on her door she's thinking of stringing 'em into a necklace."

"Aren't there other concerns selling locks besides Federal Padlock?" asks Hank.

"Oh, yes," answers Paul; "but they're not in the same class."

"I got a thousand dollars," announces the wife suddenly. "Will you buy me some of that Padlock stock?"

"Forget it!" I yelps. "If you want to gamble, I've got a tip on a nag in the fifth race at Belmont tomorrow that's already in and being blanketed."

As He Gets Closer I Can See That He's Pale and Excited

"Where'd you get that tip?" grins Parmerlee. "From the bus boy across the street from where the horse eats?"

"No," plays along Hank. "He got it from the feller that sold the oats to a couple of other horses."

"It's my money," flashes Kate, "and I'll do what I please with it. How many shares can I get for my thousand?"

"About fifty-five," Paul tells her, "but I can carry you on a five-point margin. That'd be two hundred shares."

"How much will I make," asks the missus, "when the stock goes to 50 like you say it will?"

"Well," returns the Broad Street boulevardier, "you make two hundred dollars every time Federal Padlock goes up a point. Let's say we get it at 18. That'd give you a profit of thirty-two points, or sixty-four hundred dollars, less commission and carrying charges."

"Now," grunts Ritter, "show her the other side of the chromo."

"Other side?" mumbles Parmerlee.

"I'll tell her," barks Hank. "Every time the stock goes down a point you're out two hundred fish, and that isn't all. With a short margin like that, our young friend's layout here will be yelling for more dough every time Padlock drops a fraction of a fraction."

"But," offers Lizzie, "Paul guarantees that it isn't going to drop."

"Not exactly guarantee," coughs Parmerlee, uneasy, "but I'm quite sure it won't."

"Bales of bunk!" scoffs Ritter. "There isn't anybody living that's sure about anything in the stock market, and anybody who says he is, is either a liar or a fool or very young. If there was one man who was sure, there wouldn't be any stock market. Who'd buy what he wanted to sell?"

"Don't you think," asks Paul, "that increased earnings would certainly put a stock up?"

"Left alone, they might," comes back Hank; "but the way they do things between Trinity Church and the river, earnings have about as much to do with the price of a stock as I have with the weight of dog blankets in Paraguay. There are at least a dozen slickers in Wall Street who can make a tramp out of the best-looking security on the board by spreading rumors, tightening up money and the so ons, and they do it regularly whenever the suckers are up to their necks in paper profits. Leaving all that aside, how can you be sure of an issue when a strike in Siam or a riot in Japan can knock ten points off the stock of a buttonhole factory in Peru, Indiana?"

"That's unusual," argues Parmerlee.

"It's unusual for the black to come up ten or twelve times in succession on a roulette wheel," returns Ritter; "but just the same, everybody who's tried to make a cleaning by doubling up on the red has gone broke. When you play with the market you're gambling, and it's all right if you know you're gambling."

"Well," says Lizzie, "I'm willing to gamble on Paul's say-so. He's always right."

"Is J. P. Morgan working for him yet," sneers Hank, "or is he still on the waiting list?"

"I notice," I remarks, casual, "that your shoes are nearly worn through. Better have 'em half soled, Parmerlee."

Ritter's spiel has about as much effect on the women as a light dew on a duck's back. His wife, Tillie, and Lizzie go in for a hundred shares each and then Jim Magruder flops for a couple of hundred.

"Suppose," suggests Paul, "that you and Ritter go in for the same amount and you'll have a pool of a thousand shares. Call it a gamble if you want, but my tip's straight. I'm not in the habit of gypping my relatives and friends."

"Just a minute," says Hank, dragging me off to a corner, "and I'll talk it over private with Dink."

"You thinking of taking a flyer in padlocks?" I growls.

"Yep," grins Ritter. "Here's the bright idea: We'll each take two hundred shares. With what our fraus have, that will make a total of seven hundred. Tomorrow we go to a broker I know and sell seven hundred. Whatever happens, the families come out even. See?"

"I get you; but what's the use of going through all this to get a commission for that young accent?"

"The chances," says Hank, "are that the girls will be taken to the cleaners and that will cure them of the market and Parmerlee, besides putting a crook in Lizzie's nose. We'll give 'em back their dough so the missus won't be out anything."

"Suppose they win," I suggests. "Stocks have been known to go up in spite of bull tips."

"Not often," returns Ritter; "but we got to take that risk. Whatever happens, none of us will be out any jack."

"No?" says I. "Any mazuma Kate gets her hands on I'm out of. I'll play, though."

Parmerlee's all smiles when we tells him our decision. "I'll make twenty or thirty thousand dollars for this pool," he promises.

"Sure," says I. "I feel like a goldfish already."

Paul spends the rest of the evening explaining the doings of the stock market to the women and answering queries put by Lizzie that would have had a seven-year-old kid thrown out of a school for backward children.

"That boy sure carries a glib line of Wall Street palaver," I remarks to Hank.

"He ticks like a tape," says Ritter.

II

I DON'T quite get the point of tying up all that money, buying with one bank roll and selling with another, when the main thing we're after can be accomplished by going short three hundred shares; but Hank figures it'll get us in cushy at home to play along with the wives.

"When they get into a jam," he explains, "it'll make 'em feel better to think that we're suffering too. The snickers we'll get out of the deal will make up for the few bucks we'll have to pay out in commissions."

"All right," says I, gloomy; "but something tells me we're dating ourselves up with a buzz saw. I don't know a thing about Wall Street except that it begins at a graveyard and ends in a river."

"Leave it to me," cuts in Ritter. "I don't know a thing about it either. We can take this little chance, though. A bird in the hand gathers no moss."

"No," says I, "but he doesn't get his pink toes in bird lime, either."

The next day at lunchtime Hank takes me over to the broker he knows—a lad named Harry Tracy, who digs divots at the same course Ritter excavates.

"Sell me seven hundred Federal Padlock short," orders Hank.

"At the market?" asks Tracy.

"Wherever they do the peddling," returns Ritter. "What's it quoted at?"

"Around 18½," answers the broker, flicking an eye toward the blackboard in front of him. "Up a little more than a point since yesterday's close. There was quite some buying in it this morning. I hear some buzz-buzz on the Street about a dividend pretty soon. What do you know about Padlock?" he finishes curiously.

"If I tell you in confidence," says Hank, "will you promise to spread it around?"

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"I Got to Have More Margin!" He Shouts

EUROPE'S MANDATE BURDEN

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

Hadar Hakarmel, the New Jewish Suburb of Haifa

EVERY now and then you read in the newspapers that France is putting down a fresh insurrection in Syria; that Britain is seeking to compose a new row between the Jews and the Arabs in Palestine; and that the cabinet at London is under fire for continuing the stewardship over Irak. It means that today, as yesterday, wherever the white man has taken up the burden—and it does not belie its name—he has found his old reward, which, as Kipling put it in his famous poem, is:

The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard.

The significance to us of the British and French difficulties in the Near East is that we have escaped such complications. When Uncle Sam was offered the mandates for Armenia and Constantinople he politely but firmly declined, much to the dismay of many uplifters who saw a fine chance for emotional frenzy once we were committed to the jobs. Emotion, whether nationalistic or otherwise, is one of the cheapest and most dangerous of commodities. As the mandatories have discovered, it frequently takes force to back it up, and here is where the overhead, both in money and loss of prestige, comes in. Time has vindicated the wisdom of our aloofness.

Minding Other People's Business

THE moment you mention our escape from the mandate mess to a certain body of people in this country, you are met with the rebuke that we have not fulfilled our international obligations, or some such line of talk. It is a gesture akin to the state of mind of the American who gets a great kick out of deprecating his own country abroad. The professional exile from home is, of course, the worst offender.

As a matter of fact, the United States, all these sentimentalists to the contrary notwithstanding, has written into the story of the human race the record of a benevolent and unselfish intervention not equaled by any other power. Whether it was to emancipate Cuba from Spanish oppression, bring order out of chaos in Haiti, or dig a canal that would convert the Panama pesthouse into a paradise of health and utility, we have gone our way without the aid or consent of organized idealistic agency. We have done our job in thorough American fashion in our own good time and with no thought of economic aggrandizement.

A word about the "failure to play our part in Europe." We went in at the crucial hour of the World War and saved the situation for the Allies.

Moreover, we financed a considerable part of their needs to the tune of some $10,000,000,000. With peace, we spent more than $100,000,000 feeding the starving hordes of the central countries, thereby staving off anarchy. With the Dawes Plan we stabilized the reparations confusion and put Germany on her feet. Our private loans to a dozen countries were part of a larger scheme of rehabilitation along sound and definite business lines.

The plain truth is that our alleged isolation is merely a sane if tardy recognition of European inability to assist herself.

The rising tide of anti-Americanism in Europe today is convincing proof of what I say. It is born of two things. One grows out of our refusal to be a continuous cash register, the other is frank resentment of our prosperity. Yet this "aggressive opulence," as many Britishers term it, is the product of hard work, which is almost a lost art in Europe.

The outstanding exception is Italy.

These observations are naturally inspired by any attempt to examine the mandate problem. Employed at home, the energy and treasure expended by Britain and France on the adventures in Syria, Irak and elsewhere would have mitigated the postwar burden to a considerable degree. This is one reason why the British sentiment "to clear out bag and baggage," as the slogan of the anti-Irak group goes, has grown so steadily.

All this is by way of necessary prelude to a scrutiny of what has happened with the major mandates. Although we are not involved politically—we did formally approve of the various actions—there is a definite American interest and also a considerable economic stake. The largest grows out of the association of an American group of oil companies with the British, French and Dutch in the Turkish Petroleum Company for the development of the much-discussed Mosul field.

This participation is more than a business alliance. The American companies, led by the State Department, have brought about an open-door policy in what may become one of the great petroleum-producing domains of the world. When the period of exploitation by the Turkish Petroleum Company has expired, the nationals of any country can go into Mosul, buy land and bore for oil. But for Yankee insistence, Mosul would have been a closed corporation for the British, French and Dutch.

When Italy Got No Pie

WE ALSO have a deep and sentimental attachment for the important mandated areas, especially Syria and Palestine. They link Jew and Gentile in common spiritual concern. In Palestine are the holy places and the fountain of our civilized faith. Here the Hebrew has set up his national home and for the first time in many centuries unfurled the flag of his nationalism. At Beirut, in Syria, is the nonsectarian American university, which is accomplishing a vast good. Thus we are not altogether mere onlookers.

There is still another reason why the mandates, or rather the territories some of them cover, are a timely topic. At the moment I write they focus acute international attention, with Mussolini holding the center of the stage. All the former German colonies in Africa have gone to Britain, France or Belgium. Italy did not get a look-in when the pie was cut. This slight slumbered until the *duce* got on the job at Rome. He has lately made the omission a vital issue. When he gets into the issue business it presages action, and more often trouble for somebody.

Italy must have some outlet for her population, which increases at the rate of nearly 500,000 a year. Mussolini does not want his

Tel Aviv, Near Jaffa, a New Jewish Town in Palestine

immigrants to go so far away as South America, because his eye is always on the possibility of swift mobilization for military purposes. The net result is that Mussolini looks longingly at those one-time German colonies now under mandate to rival powers. His attack of imperialitis is largely due to the vision of a greater Italy that must include some of the lost Teutonic possessions. If he does not get them, it will not be because he fails to try.

But these African colonies are not the only sore spot. After long and acrimonious discussion, the Mosul area, which was claimed by Turkey, was given to Irak. The Turks have practically refused to accept the award, and may back up their protest with arms. The problem of Kurdish nationalism also is involved in the controversy. Kemal Pasha is of the Mussolini type in that he is ruthless and constitutionally defiant. Between these two postwar dictators, the mandated regions are likely to get back on the first page again.

A third contingency is that after repeated rebuffs from Britain, culminating in the loss of Mosul, Kemal may turn to Russia for aid and comfort, which bodes no peace for a considerable part of the Near-Eastern world. The Turkish dictator used the Bolsheviks to drive the Greeks out of Anatolia and the Reds have been coquetting with him ever since. An alliance between Turkey and Russia might seriously impair such reconstruction as has developed in Irak since the British sponsored the Arab kingdom there. Mandates and mess seem to have become closely associated.

Mandatories Under League Supervision

WHATEVER the consequences in blood, treasure and general complications, the mandate system is thoroughly organized. One phase grew out of a division of the spoils of war. We now know that the peace that followed the greatest of all struggles has been a sort of gigantic Pandora's box, the opening of which released conflicts that vied with the enmities and dislocations engendered through actual combat. Racial antipathies that had smoldered through the ages flamed into life. Nowhere was this more pronounced than in the areas that Britain and France have sought to harmonize and tie up with their own economic and political aspirations.

Perhaps the best way to state what might be called the mandate motive is to reproduce the explanation made in the pamphlet entitled The League of Nations and Mandates issued by the League Secretariat at Geneva. Here it is:

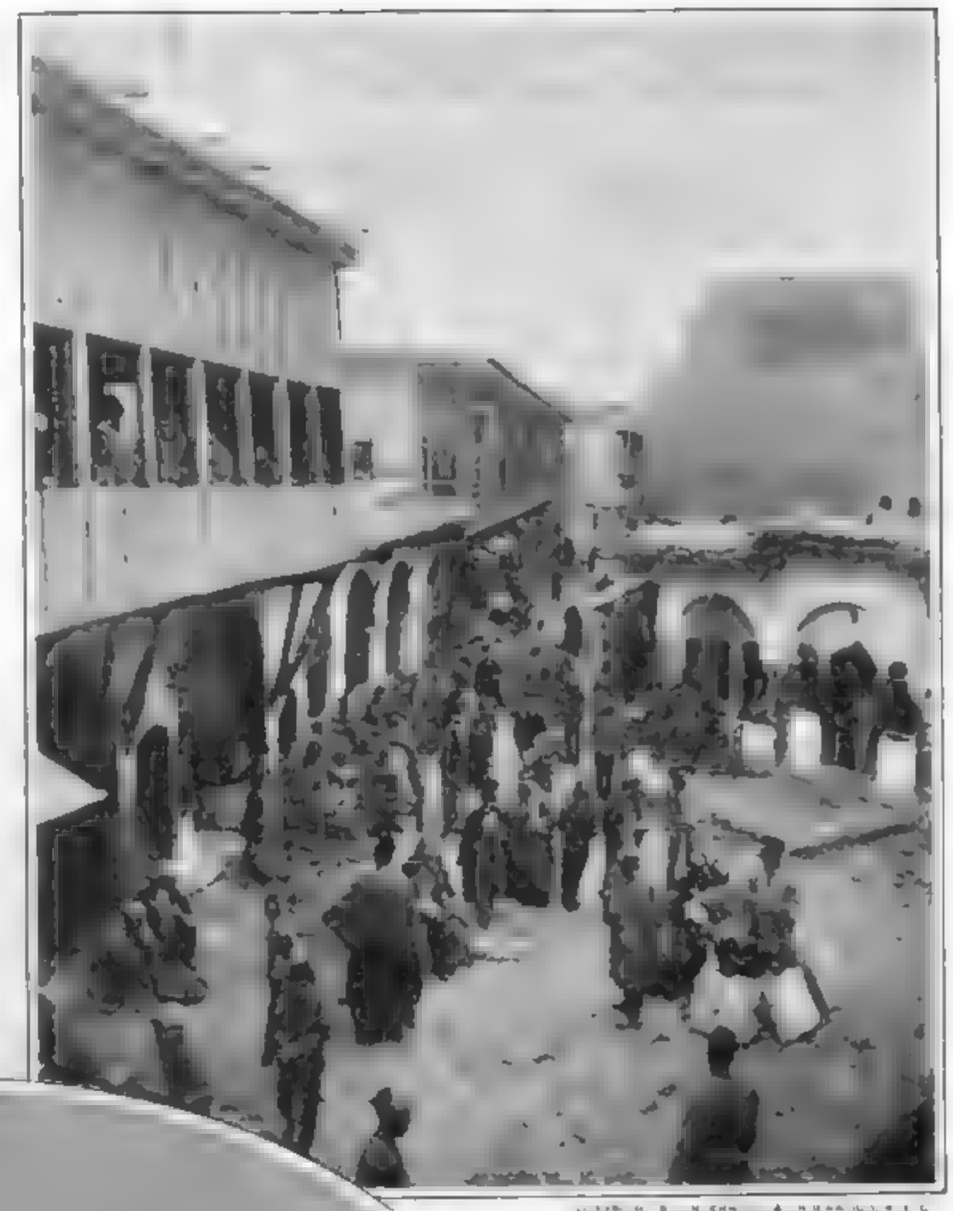
At the end of the war, the Allied and Associated Powers were confronted with the problem of the disposal of the former German colonies in Africa and in the Pacific, and of the non-Turkish provinces of the Ottoman Empire. These territories were, at the time, under military occupation and administration by the Allied troops. It became the task of the Peace Conference to provide for their future administration, and the plan ultimately adopted embodied the principles that these territories should be administered by different governments on behalf of the League but not by the League itself—a system of national responsibility subject to international supervision.

This plan, known as the mandate system, was adopted on January 30, 1919, by the Council of Ten, was transmitted to the Peace Conference Commission on the League of Nations, and, with very slight changes, was incorporated as Article 22 of the Covenant, which consists of the first twenty-six articles of the Versailles and other treaties.

The mandate system is an attempt to apply to the territories which were at the disposal of the Allied powers a new device insuring that the government of the backward peoples concerned shall not be the cause of the evils which have resulted in the past. This system is based on the fundamental principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization. The tutelage of these territories under the strenuous conditions of the modern world is intrusted to advanced nations, which, by reason of their resources, their experience or their geographical position, can best undertake this responsibility and who are willing to accept it. The tutelage is exercised by them on behalf of the League of Nations and in its name.

Because of the varying development of the peoples involved, three categories of control were devised for the territories. They are the so-called A, B and C mandates.

The Class A mandates apply to the more advanced regions where the existence of independent nations was recognized and where they could become subject to administrative advice and assistance by the mandatory until they were able to stand on their own feet. The idea was to permit self-government eventually. Under Class A came communities formerly belonging to the old Turkish Empire, such as Mesopotamia, now called Irak, Syria and Palestine.



A Street in Mosul

The Class B mandates were imposed on territories where self government would be impossible and where the mandatories would be entirely responsible for administration. These include the Kameruns, Togoland and the former German East Africa.

The remaining areas in the jack pot of war spoils embraced German Southwest Africa and the one-time German possessions in the Pacific, and are administered under Class C mandates as integral portions of the territory of the mandatory power. This distinction was made because of small populations, remoteness from the centers of civilization and geographical proximity to the country holding the mandate.

Artisans' Center at Tel Aviv. This Was a Sand Dune in 1920. In Oval—The Sower, in the Plain of Esdraelon

The Lion Gets His Share

IN MANDATE awards the British lion got his traditional share. Britain received not only the authority for Mesopotamia and Palestine but also for German East Africa, parts of which are now geographically known as Kenya and Tanganyika. The Union of South Africa, which is joined to the British Empire, took German Southwest Africa; New Zealand accepted sponsorship for the German Samoan Islands; while Australia became steward of the other German Pacific possessions south of the equator.

France's choicest morsel was Syria, but it has resulted in a very expensive case of indigestion. To Belgium were given the provinces of Ruanda and Urundi in what was once Northwest German East Africa. Togoland and the Kameruns were divided between France and Great Britain, the former getting the larger area.

The only other mandatory power is Japan, which obtained sovereignty over some of the German islands north of the equator, including Yap, where certain differences arose between the United States and the Tokio Government. These, however, were adjusted by a treaty in 1922.

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THE NATURAL SELECTION OF MR. PETHICK

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

I WAS passing the graveyard beside St. Paul's Chapel, across Vesey Street from the real-estate auction rooms, and I looked through the fence and read a few names and dates with that comfortable feeling you get, and I saw Horace Telfair Pethick. The gentleman himself in person—Pethick isn't dead yet, though I have heard people claim that is an oversight on their part and they will kill him without fail when they meet him. I went in to swap the time of day with him, after glancing up at the clock. It showed 11:30, and we had still half an hour to go before the fateful stroke of twelve, when all the office doors would fly open, and the stenographers would issue forth and sit on the monuments and spread orange peels and pork rinds, and when the auctioneers across the way would get up and proclaim the terms of judgment.

Pethick gave me a large and silky hand to shake, while his straight eye studied me to see if I had any ulterior motive in saying hello. Oh, no, he wasn't dead, nor even shelf-worn; his smile was full of sound buck teeth, his gray-blond chin whisker was neat and gaudy, and his white waistcoat was newly starched over a stomach that could sink a banquet without trace.

"Sit down, Conway, and rest your weary brains," he said, in the round and musical voice of a man shoving bum stock by telephone. "Interesting old place this, eh? Yes, it makes a man think."

He pulled his chin whisker, and looked at two big office buildings at once.

"That's what it does," I agreed. "'Each in his narrow cell forever laid,' hey, Pethick? Ah, yes."

"That thought be blessed, Conway," he said. "I was thinking rather of the possibilities. Even if the trustees did not care to improve the site, they could at least make the owners of these buildings all about come across handsomely for the easement of light and air. There's a good thing wasted here, Conway."

"Pethick," I said, "can't you even rest in a graveyard without wanting to be paid for your time? What's that you're writing out—a list of prospects?"

He had a notebook on his knee, and he had copied names into it; he was taking down a name from a worn stone even then. He wrote the address—Vesey Street.

"Might be, Conway. I've done business with such people before, and they don't kick on the goods or claim shortages. Did you hear of the Styx Trading Company? That was mine."

He looked up at the clock. "I'm down here to watch a foreclosure sale at twelve o'clock noon at the auction rooms over there," he said. "The Heyduke Court apartments are going to be sold, and I've got a substantial interest in the house. You should have taken hold of that thing, Conway."

I'm in the building business. Pethick had brought me in a wildcat proposition some months before, and I had turned it down. He had got hold of a plot on Amsterdam Avenue in the seventies, and wanted a fifteen-story apartment house built on it. He had a good building loan arranged, too, a loan of a million dollars from Zibeon Cloker, the loan man. I couldn't have been hurt, and might even have made a few dollars; the house figured to cost seven hundred thousand. That left a three-hundred-thousand-dollar margin, but I wasn't to get that, or only a little of it. It was to be split up among the insiders—Cloker and Pethick and Priestley, the architect, principally.

Yes, I turned it down. I saw that it was a job and was rigged for a successful failure, and I don't care for that kind of business. It hurts, in the long run. If I can't see where everybody is going to come out on a deal I don't want any part of it. The building game in New York is full of those propositions. These sharpshooters run across a good thing, and they plan to get hold of it; they divide

"If I Was Asked," Said Pethick, Splitting a Candid Look Between Me and the Sharpshooters, "There's a Lot of Unnecessary Science About Selling in This Country"

all the profits among themselves first, and then they look around for some dumb builder to put up the house on a skin-tight percentage and make all their dreams come true. Not for mine. Life is too short to spend working for hangers-on.

"So Zib Cloker is foreclosing," I said. "Well, that's where I thought the deal was heading. Who's bit—the contractors? Pethick, for a man with a substantial interest in the house, you're not snatching your hair any. You have probably a lot of your own cash in the house, too, haven't you?"

"I have fifteen thousand dollars of my own in it, Conway."

"Get out," I said. "I was only kidding you, Pethick. You haven't a real dollar in the house. In the first place, you never had fifteen thousand dollars, even for bail—not while I knew you."

"I picked that fifteen net up in four months with the Styx Trading Company," he said calmly. You can't insult Pethick—not really; he knows worse about himself than you do, and he has the laugh on you, no matter what you say. But don't get him wrong, now; he wouldn't lift your watch if you were sleeping like a child, and I don't think he'd sign your name to a note—that's as far as I'd care to plot him for you. So if you run into him, and he takes you, why, you weren't steered by me. I admit having a sneaking fancy for him, the big fraud.

"I don't mind telling you about that Styx thing, Conway," he said, "because I have got out of the business, by request. Oh, the district attorney wasn't rude about it; he simply intimated in a gentlemanly way that there were many other rackets.

"The office of the Styx Trading Company was on Thirty-—— Street near Sixth Avenue. I had two young ladies copying addresses at sixteen a week; a crackajack little secretary, taking twenty-four; and two young men with strong backs and weak minds doing the boxing and shipping from the warehouse on West Fifty-first Street. An attractive feature was that none of my force understood what the business was all about; you'll appreciate the advantage of that, Conway.

"I provided my lady copyists with the daily newspapers, and they listed the names and former addresses of the lately departed. They probably thought —— But no; it is not at all probable that they thought. I sent the names to my able-bodied shippers, and they boxed and forwarded to each prospect so listed a specimen from whatever job lot of merchandise we had on hand. In a day or two I billed the consignees, and back came the executors' checks in due course."

This was a new one to me, but it had the marks of Pethick's peculiar genius all over it. "You mean that you got your suckers' list from the agony column and —— Well, I bet it worked! What did you sell them?"

"Anything that could be said to be custom-made, Conway. Though I did very well with two hundred English tea services for campers and trippers, complete in a leather case, and the very thing for punters on the Thames, I dare say. I paid a hundred and fifty dollars for the lot. Mah-jongg sets went well after nobody wanted them. And I sold Confederate money in sets, giving them, for twelve dollars U. S. money, Confederate paper that they could swap for six hundred dollars only six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States, with interest from June 18, 1862. But my leader was a fine photograph of the outing of the Frank X. Pinto Association at Long Branch in the summer of 1912; I sold several hundred of those for ten dollars apiece, and they were worth the money to anybody who could find himself in the picture. I sold ——"

"I get it, Pethick," I said. "What put the rollers under you?"

"Selling caviar, Conway. I bought a lot of it at an auction sale at the customhouse and I thought it was all right, but it made people sick when it came to their houses; I don't eat caviar myself. They called to see me with my bills in their hands and then the district attorney wanted to know how So-and-So had ordered the goods from me when he was dead before the customs sold the stuff. He had nothing on me, Conway; the game is bomb-proof, and I could have continued in it, but I had made a stake. But it's a good racket to stock, until some silly fellow lets it into the newspapers. To be quite candid, Conway, I sold the goodwill to a young fellow who wanted to get a start, so the Styx Trading Company is still operating. File that under your hat, Conway, and remember it if you're ever an executor or administrator."

Pethick cut himself a good cigar and balanced its mate in his hand with a look of thought. I knew he was calculating whether there was any percentage in giving that cigar to me, and there wasn't, but he finally handed it to me on

spec. We lit up and watched the regulars gathering on the steps of the auction rooms. Some of them looked like old-clothes men, but I wouldn't put it past any of them to be able to plank down twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars for a good thing. They're a nervous group, though; they'll lay off a property that's going for forty cents on the dollar if they suspect they're being fished for. That place is full of whispers.

"If I was asked," said Pethick, splitting a candid look between me and the sharpshooters, "there's a lot of unnecessary science about selling in this country. People get up selling campaigns with enough generalship and coördinated attacks to sell a gold dollar for eighteen cents to a Frenchman; and they think they have to overcome great sales resistance, when the fact is that the average American is licked before the battle starts and all he hopes to do is to make terms. He will buy yesterday's newspaper for an antique that will enhance with the years, if the salesman will remember not to laugh. He expects to be stuck when he buys and he is so far gone he doesn't care.

"It used to be that a business man tried to find out what the customer wanted and tried to get sales appeal into his line; we hear nowadays about smashing sales resistance, and these high-pressure fellows don't care what the customer wants. Look at all these bandits who have sprung up. They are graduate salesmen who have discovered that the customer is helpless and that they are foolish wasting time trying to inveigle him, so they just take his money off him and punch him in the nose. They should stop the bandits from shooting the prospects, though; that's wasting our grand natural resources.

"These bandits are just applying the good old law of natural selection, Conway. If a man would rather give up his money than be rude he doesn't deserve to have any money; he doesn't deserve to have any if he will buy whatever a salesman chooses to shove on him. A man like that would do a lot of harm with his money if he was let to keep it; the country is getting full of grafters on account of so much money being in the hands of sapheads. When all the money is taken off the saps and collected in the hands of men of horse sense, this will be a healthier country mentally, morally and physically.

"Take, for instance, the Heyduke family—the people who used to own that plot that Heyduke Court is built on—there's the type that shouldn't be permitted to have money.

"Miss Heyduke sent for me about the same time as the district attorney, but I went to see her first, that being sound business policy. Just then I was marketing a remainder of South Jersey lots that I'd picked up for a dollar and a quarter apiece at a receiver's sale. I had written to one Pearson J. Heyduke, whose name had appeared in the obituaries, and had announced to him that he was all paid up on a lot except a balance of fifty-eight dollars, and if he would send me that trifle I would forward the deed with congratulations. This Miss Renée Heyduke was the daughter of my prospect. I put a blank deed and receipt for last payment in my inside pocket and went up to Amsterdam Avenue to see her.

"She lived in that old seven-story apartment house there in the seventies. I asked you to look at the house, Conway, before it was torn down. Being seven stories high, it was, of course, exactly twenty-five years old—all those seven-story flats having been built during the one year that the height restriction was off. But it was a sweet piece of property, with a hundred feet of store front on Amsterdam Avenue worth something more than twenty thousand a year, and three eights on a floor upstairs - fifty-two thousand gross rent a year, to be precise. It belonged to the Heydukes and was free and clear, and I figured it netted them a clean forty thousand per annum—well, say, thirty-eight or thirty-seven-five. And they still had no reason to pack up and go; they were living in one of the flats themselves, on the second floor.

"I declared myself to the elevator boy and walked upstairs, he being busy talking to a lady friend over the telephone at the switchboard and she not having even guessed as yet who he was. I rang the bell, and one of the group sitting in the Heyduke foyer opened the door to me obligingly. I entered and took a chair, finding that I was on the list to interview Miss Renée Heyduke.

"A lady and two gentlemen were already in the foyer, jockeying for position at the closed door leading to the parlor. When I sat down afar off and did not try to crowd them for the rail, I aroused their professional interest, and one of the gentlemen came and hitched up alongside and took hold of me. He said, 'May I inquire your business, sir?'

"I said, 'I'm a capitalist. May I inquire how that is any of your business?'

"He said, 'Then you are vitally interested in plans for outlawing war, and it is idle to deny it. I am the secretary of the War for Revenue Only League. Can we count on you? May I put you down?'

"I said, 'But what is the worthy object of your league, besides putting capitalists down for the count?'

"'I defy you, sir,' he said, feeling my coat to see if I was good for a contribution even if he touched my heart, 'to name me one war that has been fought for anything else than a philanthropic object. You can search history from our own Mexican War to the late heroic defense of beleaguered France from the ruffianly Riffians, and were they not all fought to clothe the naked with imported goods and redeem backward countries from ingrown natural resources? No nation has ever fought a war for plunder, and I can prove it in every case out of their own mouths. So we propose to outlaw war by providing that a nation shall not fight except for what's in it, and anything its publicity men say will be used in evidence against it.'

"The other gentleman had edged up on the other side, and now he snatched me, saying, 'Poppycock, sir. Charity belongs at home. Will you please feel for your loose change?'

"'And my watch and pin, if you will not take offense,' I said, suiting the action to the word.

"'I am the founder and majority stockholder of the Orphans' Charity Home, sir,' he said. 'Even a few dollars will help. One thousand dollars will make you a patron, and will provide each and every orphan of the three under our loving care with a choice plug of healthful chewing twice a week. Five thousand dollars will make you a benefactor, and will provide each orphan with an annual set of false teeth, snug and comfortable. For ten thousand dollars ——'

"'Hold on!' I said. 'How old are these orphans who have to have store teeth to chew their tobacco?'

(Continued on Page 75

"'Say, Renee, Where's He Been Parked All These Years?' 'Among Other Places,' She Said Prettily, 'He's Been Incarcerated for a Cause'"

BONDING HUMAN NATURE

As Told to Myron M. Stearns

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

ALTHOUGH statistics show that only one person in a hundred ever really goes wrong, we never feel sure that any particular man or woman in the hundred will not turn out to be the one criminal. It is that fear, that uncertainty, that has created a demand for the surety business—the business that guarantees us against the flaws in human nature. Oddly enough, the same fear—distrust of human nature in the surety companies themselves—has made it so hard for the business to establish itself that it has taken 200 years.

At the Devil Tavern, in London, in 1720, there appears to have been the first recorded venture at insuring the trustworthiness of employes.

"This society," the announcement ran, "will insure to all masters and mistresses whatever loss they shall sustain by theft from any servant that is ticketed and registered in this society." The business died. Nobody trusted it.

More than a century later, in 1840, the Guaranty Society of London was organized, and ran into the same prejudice. They found that a personal bond was much preferred to that of a corporation. With a personal bond given by some man of established standing there was a certain moral security. With a soulless corporation engaged in the questionable game of guaranteeing the honesty of doubtful employes this moral security, it was felt, was lacking.

In 1853, perhaps foreseeing a bit of what surety companies might later grow to be, the New York State Legislature passed laws to encourage their formation. But it was more than twenty years after that, in 1875, that the first fidelity-insurance company was actually formed in this country. And it was still another thirty years before the really big expansion began. Three-quarters of all the companies formed during the 80's and 90's went into the hands of receivers. Many of the companies wrote—as they still do—bail bonds for thieves and petty embezzlers; this gave them the taint of bad associations.

The Surety Business on Sure Footing

THEN in 1908 the Surety Association of America was formed, and the great rise to the present status, where surety companies play their part in the financing of apartment houses, bridges, subways and all the rest, was foreshadowed. America jumped into the lead in a brand-new industry. Today there are more than thirty companies doing business in the United States—more than twice as many as in all the other countries of the world put together—writing policies on which the premiums alone amount to more than $50,000,000 a year. During the past ten years the combined business done by the United States companies has totaled more than $350,000,000. The past year a combined total of more than $20,000,000 was paid on burglary and fidelity losses alone.

My own contact with the surety business began when I was eighteen years old. I was working for a mercantile agency—one of the concerns that look up credit ratings of men and corporations. I was getting fifty dollars a month, and studying law at night.

Among our clients were several surety companies. Their requests for information seemed endless—clerks, bookkeepers, cashiers, lawyers, public officials, contractors, banks. I had little idea what a surety company was. I had heard of surety bonds, but I didn't know what such a bond really was. I had no idea what the difference between surety and insurance might be. When I tried to learn more I found it wasn't easy. The people I asked knew no more about the business than I did.

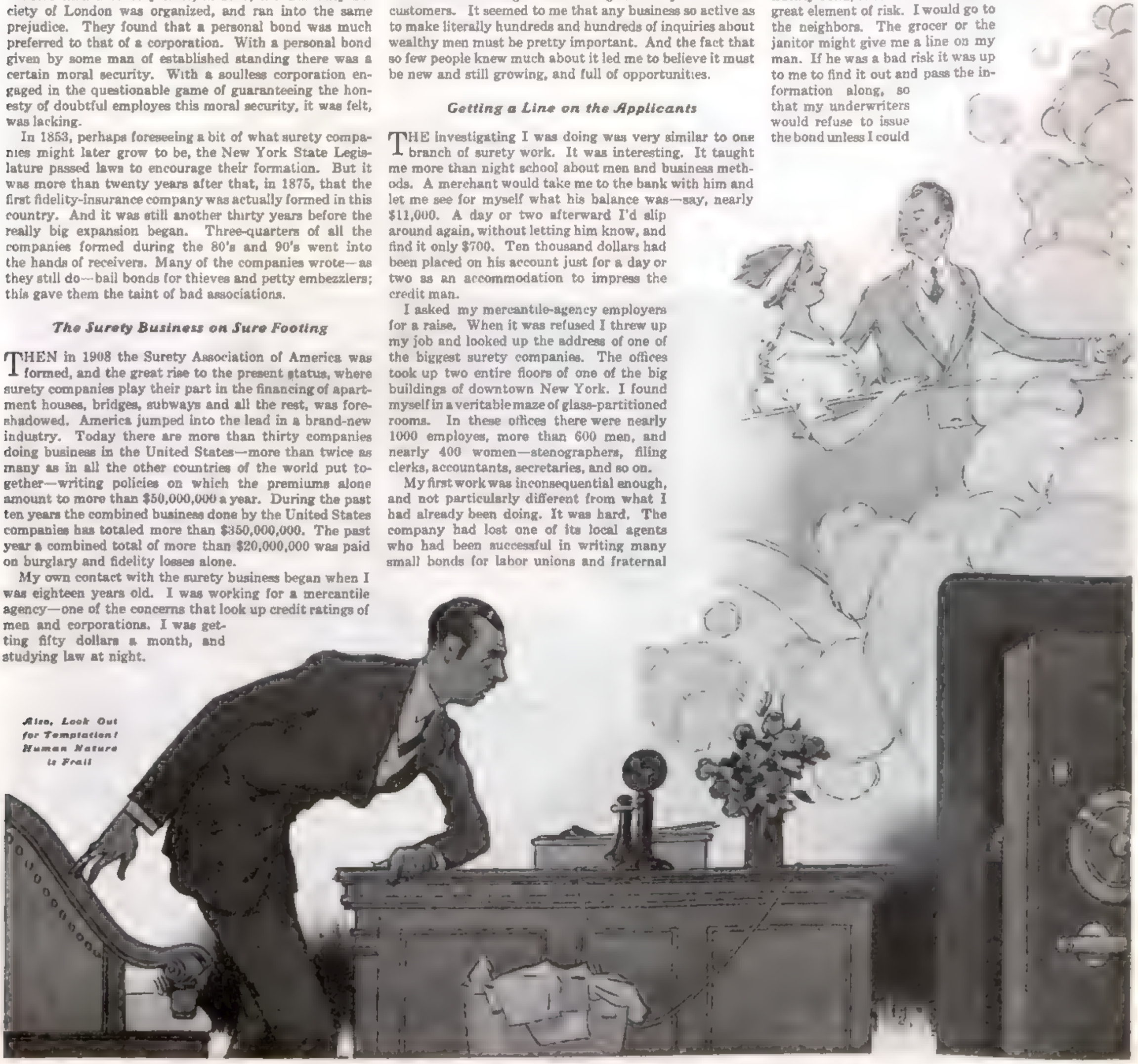
Two things about the surety-company inquiries impressed me. The first was the frequency of the requests. The second was the importance of the people and the concerns investigated. I have always been fascinated by big figures. The surety-company inquiries frequently concerned men with larger credit ratings than any of our other customers. It seemed to me that any business so active as to make literally hundreds and hundreds of inquiries about wealthy men must be pretty important. And the fact that so few people knew much about it led me to believe it must be new and still growing, and full of opportunities.

Getting a Line on the Applicants

THE investigating I was doing was very similar to one branch of surety work. It was interesting. It taught me more than night school about men and business methods. A merchant would take me to the bank with him and let me see for myself what his balance was—say, nearly $11,000. A day or two afterward I'd slip around again, without letting him know, and find it only $700. Ten thousand dollars had been placed on his account just for a day or two as an accommodation to impress the credit man.

I asked my mercantile-agency employers for a raise. When it was refused I threw up my job and looked up the address of one of the biggest surety companies. The offices took up two entire floors of one of the big buildings of downtown New York. I found myself in a veritable maze of glass-partitioned rooms. In these offices there were nearly 1000 employes, more than 600 men, and nearly 400 women—stenographers, filing clerks, accountants, secretaries, and so on.

My first work was inconsequential enough, and not particularly different from what I had already been doing. It was hard. The company had lost one of its local agents who had been successful in writing many small bonds for labor unions and fraternal orders, guaranteeing performance on the part of members or officers. He was an affable, middle-aged man of the world, a good mixer, persuasive and popular. He was an experienced agent. A green hand, I was sent out with other new men to look up the policies he had secured, and find out whether the holders intended to keep on with our company or follow the likable agent to his new affiliation. Then, if I could persuade them to remain with us, I had to get information about the men to be bonded. In the morning I would be given a set of addresses—Brooklyn, uptown New York, Jersey City or the Bronx—and would start out. After an hour's time, perhaps, I would locate the secretary of the local lodge or chapter of the fraternal order I was after and, if I was lucky, persuade him to renew his business with us. Then, perhaps, I would have to turn in and get together information concerning the bookkeeper or treasurer to be bonded. This man, the principal of a fidelity bond, of course furnishes the great element of risk. I would go to the neighbors. The grocer or the janitor might give me a line on my man. If he was a bad risk it was up to me to find it out and pass the information along, so that my underwriters would refuse to issue the bond unless I could



Also, Look Out for Temptation! Human Nature is Frail

get adequate security, in the shape of indorsements or collateral, to protect the company from loss.

This work taught me the difference between surety and insurance. An insurance company merely underwrites a risk, and if a loss is incurred pays it. Consequently, with insurance there are only two parties to the contract – the insurer and the insured—and it is all a matter of arithmetic. The probability of loss determines the size of the premium.

But in the surety business there are three parties: The employer, the contractor or employe whose performance is guaranteed, and the surety company. Between the surety company and loss there is always the employe—the principal—who is called upon to make good. Theoretically a surety company incurs no risk at all; it merely guarantees that the employe is trustworthy, that the contractor will fulfill his contract, that the bank where public funds are deposited will not fail, that the trustee of an estate will handle it properly. It investigates these things before underwriting the bond. And if in any of these instances there appears to be an undue element of risk the surety company, before underwriting it, makes the principal put up sufficient collateral to cover the possible loss. That makes surety rates low compared to insurance premiums. In substance they are really service charges for establishing credit.

Working as I did, surety-company agents have gradually amassed a surprising amount of information for their statisticians concerning the vagaries of human nature. Here are a few examples:

A savings account is almost like a guaranty that a man will not go wrong. If you learn that a man is putting aside a definite portion of his earnings in a bank you can be almost certain that he is a good risk; for a man who saves rarely steals. Apparently the instinct to save and dishonesty are almost diametrically opposed.

Why Men Go Wrong

GOOD intentions cannot be taken as a guide to honesty. The circumstances of a man's life give a far better indication of his probable course. Sixty-nine defaulters out of seventy have, at least at first, no intention of stealing. They mean merely to borrow and later replace. Through tens of thousands of defalcations this proportion of deliberate intention in only one case out of seventy prevails.

As a corollary we have the following rule: Living beyond one's means is one of the commonest causes of temptation and dishonesty. Or, going a step farther still, we find that an extravagant wife makes a man a bad risk.

That leads us to a graver consideration still: In nine embezzlement cases out of ten the losses are cumulative. It is usually easy for a man to continue stealing after he has once started.

Look out for speculators! Speculation and gambling are among the greatest causes of embezzlement. Also, look out for temptation! Human nature is frail. If stealing is made easy the average man is altogether too likely to take a chance. Consequently drivers of delivery wagons are apt to be poor risks because they are subject to an unusual amount of temptation.

Theatrical work shows a greater than average proportion of bad risks. A box-office man at a theater is under greater temptation because of the combination of atmosphere and opportunity. The cashier of a motion-picture house has less chance to get off the track, since there are few advance sales or other opportunities to steal without detection.

Bad morals are contagious. Don't expect to find an honest man associating with thieves. A boom country is always a region of bad risks. It attracts the adventurer type.

A queer quirk in men's minds is that public-service companies are widely regarded as fair game. Their employes are more apt to be bad risks than those in other lines of business.

And here's a place where lots of people make a mistake: They think that because a man occupies a confidential position he must be trustworthy. That's not so at all.

The fact that an employe is trusted does not prove that he is reliable. Of the thousands of defaulters that crop up annually practically all are trusted employes. In the main, only trusted employes get the chance to default: the others aren't trusted with anything they can make off with.

Let those who have accepted family responsibilities perk up at this: Married men are a better risk than bachelors—six to one. But when married men do go wrong they usually do it on a deliberate, carefully calculated scale that runs to larger amounts.

Racial Reliability

SIMILAR to that is another surety maxim: Age is more reliable than youth. By the time they have reached middle age most men have already had their chances to go wrong. If they have not become obviously untrustworthy they will probably remain honest.

Different nationalities furnish interesting contrasts. Here we have just cause for pride, because Americans outrank nearly all foreigners in honesty. They are better risks than almost any other people. But the Chinese are better still. They rank highest of all.

Of Europeans, the Dutch are most honest and the Latin races are least reliable. Latin thefts or embezzlements are more apt to be petty than those of the Northern European races. But when the northerners do go wrong, like married men, they do it deliberately, playing for big stakes.

And here, finally, are three rules that you can classify any way you please; for it's hard to give any adequate reason for them:

Men who swear a great deal rarely steal. Fat men are usually good risks. Cranks are nearly always honest.

An Extravagant Wife Makes a Man a Bad Risk

Altogether the really surprising thing is that, with as much opportunity for stealing as nearly everyone has, the proportion of those who definitely yield to temptation is so small. Of more than 7,000,000 men and women of all classes bonded by one of the big surety companies during the past thirty years less than 1 per cent have betrayed their trust.

While I was gradually learning all this I was working mostly on small fraternal-order bonds of only $500, or $1000 at the most. I was putting in lots of time getting about from place to place in the great group of cities that together constitute New York. All the time I was working against an older, experienced rival on business he had himself placed. Naturally my showings were meager enough. With surety premiums seldom over 1 per cent, and frequently as low as one-half of 1 per cent, one-quarter, or even an eighth, I felt myself lucky every time I got a five-dollar premium. When I brought home a $7.50 premium I felt that I was doing splendidly. It was hard, thankless work. But I did my best. And presently, boylike, I decided I'd earned a raise. I asked the head of my department, Mr. Smith, about it. He shook his head.

On the Carpet

"BUT I've been working for you nearly a year."

He still shook his head. "Can't help it. There's nothing to justify it yet. Too many other young fellows would like to be in your shoes, as it is."

Finally, in desperation, I asked if his word in the matter was absolutely final. At that he shrugged.

"You can ask the president about it, if you want. But I'll warn you that taking up his time with anything so unimportant is about as likely to lose your job as it is to get a raise."

I wanted that raise. I felt I had earned it. But when I went into the president's big office all my courage oozed out of me—the rugs were too big and soft. My palms felt moist. Suddenly my job began to

(Continued on Page 58)

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 7, 1926

The Valorization of Cotton

THE Haugen and McNary Bills, that have been before the House and Senate respectively, contained provisions for appropriations to serve as a loan to a farm board to enable it to control the marketing, primarily the export marketing, of cotton. This was not to be a subsidy, but a loan, returnable with interest. At some later date an equalization fee would be levied on cotton growers to raise a fund to pay back the governmental loan and make the cotton board financially independent. It is contended that losses would not be incurred, and it has furthermore been suggested that the use of government money would be temporary, pending organization of a national cotton growers' coöperative association. The purpose is to create an organization through which cotton growers could dominate and control the world market.

There are several ways of looking at the proposed cotton-marketing fund. One is to regard it as a fund to stabilize and regularize the market at its presumably highest natural level, eliminating selling competition between growers. Another view is to valorize the price at a set higher level than would be expected with continuation of the present type of marketing. Both points of view were in evidence in the Congress, but with the growth of the idea the purpose expanded to lodge the international marketing of cotton in the hands of a grower-controlled organization, operating temporarily with government money, for the purpose of so regulating the flow of cotton as to secure the maximum price economically possible. The following excerpts from the records make this clear:

"If you could control the American supply of cotton, you would control the world market."

"It is a simple matter on cotton, if you can do it; as simple as it is on rubber and coffee."

"As I understand it, as far as cotton is concerned, the proposition involved in this bill is that the board would be able to control the world price of cotton. . . ."

"Is there any reason why we should not apply to our American products, at least to some extent, the same principles which have enabled the British to control the rubber situation?"

"It should be clearly recognized that in the case of cotton the objective is to secure for this great American crop the highest price obtainable and economically practicable in the markets of the world."

"The cotton producers have practically a monopoly, and wherever you have a monopoly you can control the price."

"Yes, they can control the price if they can unite and pool the whole production."

On behalf of cotton growers, it is contended that production costs are high and the purchasing power of cotton low in units of goods desired in the Southern standard of living. It is further urged that acreage is uncontrollable and fluctuations in yield so extreme as frequently to result in glut or scarcity. What is sought is a cost-plus price for cotton that shall make cotton growing satisfactorily and regularly remunerative to growers and factors. As result of the sixteen-million-bale crop, the price of cotton has fallen from twenty-two to seventeen cents, and it is urged that under the proposed action it could be raised to, or above, twenty-two cents.

We are the largest exporters of cotton; but cotton grows in many parts of the world, and much more can be grown, at a price. A valorized high price would stimulate cotton raising in foreign countries. Our surplus of cotton is largely in short staple, mostly in lower-than-prime grades. Our crop of really long-staple cotton is not more than a million bales, and of such cotton we export little; against this, we import longer-fiber cotton to the equivalent of three or four hundred thousand bales; we are a net-importing country in long-staple cotton and a net-exporting country in short-staple cotton. If through legislation we announce to the world the policy of raising the world price of cotton, this will stimulate in foreign lands the growing of both long and short staple cotton and the new fields will probably be planted to pure-bred high-grade strains.

Cotton does not hold the unique position that rubber occupies; and the valorization of coffee is successful only on account of the high standard of living in the United States.

Cotton has several sets of uses that naturally overlap. First, daily consumption, such as the use of bandages and thread; secondly, seasonal and annual upkeep, the maintenance of the customary family stocks of sheets, shirts, automobile tires, and so on; thirdly, new uses of the fiber and new equipment, such as are represented in house furnishings, railway cars, automobiles and factory equipment. There is little retrenchment in the first group, but considerable retrenchment is possible in the second and third groups. The various cotton-importing countries stand on separate levels of consumption and react differently to changes in price of cotton. If the price were to be held at a high level some of the countries in what might be termed the outlying districts of cotton consumption would yield their demand, so to speak, to other countries. A substantial elevation of cotton price throughout the world might have the result of enforcing a realignment of textile industries. The devices of substitution would be particularly stimulated if formal notice were extended to the world that the United States intended continuously to keep the price of cotton as high as practicable.

The experiences of the past decade have afforded illustrations of untoward developments that must be faced by countries engaged in the attempt to monopolize international trade in raw materials. A new type of speculation enters, particularly if the commodity concerned is dealt in on exchanges by way of future contracts, as in the case of cotton. To a considerable extent, speculation was responsible for the fluctuations in the price of rubber that followed the application of the Stevenson Plan, and it is certain that to a large extent the profits of these rubber prices went to speculators rather than to producers. A national undertaking to maintain the price of cotton and regulate distribution would have to contend with speculative forces the world over. Consumer countries often find themselves in position to play producer countries against one another. In the case of cotton they would find it possible, in some seasons certainly, to play against the United States the other countries sending cotton into international trade. That such an international device is feasible the wool growers learned to their sorrow since the war.

Leaving aside technical considerations and questions of the effect of such legislation on acreage, of the possibility of losses to the national treasury, of the feasibility of an inclusive cotton-growers' coöperative association, and of the later application of an equalization fee, a broad question of national policy remains. So far as we recall, this cotton-marketing proposal represents the first proposition for world-price valorization of an American product. The resources of the United States are diversified and extensive, but they contain few materials of which we control the largest fraction of the known world supply. Cotton is perhaps the only important material for which the world is at present dependent on the United States.

Various countries throughout the world possess more or less effective natural monopolies of highly important commodities. In numerous and diverse ways, furtively or openly, the countries in control of these natural monopolies have latterly undertaken to exploit the consuming countries. It is a reversion to the practices of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It seems certain that the valorization of cotton by the United States would have a world-wide effect in strengthening monopolistic devices of this kind. Up to the present these devices have been usually defended as a choice of evils rather than a choice of equities. Just as the German Chancellor remarked in 1914 that military necessity knew no law, so countries controlling natural monopolies urge that business emergency knows no law.

One gets the feeling, in reading British comment, that the Stevenson Plan is regarded as not quite respectable, but was evolved in an emergency to block widespread insolvency. Valorization of cotton by the United States might come to be accepted as world-wide precedent, and would thus have the effect of making such price control internationally respectable in a sense that does not hold at present. Proponents of the proposal disclaim any intention of driving the price of cotton beyond the point of a fair return to producers; but that is exactly what is said in every country endeavoring to control an export price. Surely we cannot expect the other countries of the world to agree that we are likely to be fair and they are likely to be unfair in the execution of valorization. Do we wish, *pro forma*, to adopt such tactics in international trade? Are we to indorse the view that this is the way the game of international trade is to be played?

We may be sure that this proposition will be brought up again in the next Congress. In the interval, cotton growers should give their serious attention to three questions:

1. Will the scheme of valorization work, except under subsidy?

2. Do such grounds of urgent emergency exist as would justify the Congress, on short notice, in reversing the trade policy of the country?

3. As a commercial proposition, does the United States stand to win or to lose if price control of necessaries becomes universal?

It seems to be generally understood, or taken for granted, in Washington that the proposition for valorization of cotton did not originate in the Cotton Belt; it was introduced to the Cotton Belt by the Corn Belt. In the light of the debates, it does not seem that the proposal has been thought through, even from the standpoint of the proponents. It may reasonably be urged that the fall in the price of cotton from twenty-two to seventeen cents does not in itself constitute such an urgent emergency as to justify sudden legislation of a far-reaching character. Cotton growers, and cotton industries as well, ought to think this over. It is only a step from valorization of raw cotton to valorization of fabricated cotton.

The experiences of the past decades suggest that to enter on this course, a country ought to be positive in its desire to adopt the policy and be strongly convinced that the outcome would be successful, because the policy is one that is likely to be disastrous if it fails. Governmental price control is not a piece of machinery of which it may be said that "if it does not do any good it will at least do no harm." There are national policies that can be easily reversed if the outcome is unsuccessful. But there are policies that represent burning the bridge behind us, and this is one of them. If we adopt valorization of exports, this might tend to make the practice universal. Upon us, therefore, rests international as well as national responsibility.

THE SAVING WAGE

By Hon. James J. Davis

Secretary of Labor

THE trouble with economic law is that we confuse it so persistently with human ordinances. A law of man is something that may put us in jail if we do not watch our steps. Sometimes it must be obeyed. More often it may be avoided, and without any infraction of our standards of honesty, by changing a course of conduct. Accordingly when a law of economics is mentioned we begin to think of how to fool the law, and by that process we close our minds to any real understanding of it.

This may sound absurd when stated in a general way, but there are plenty of specific examples. It is just what we did with the old-fashioned mortgage. For many years within the memory of men who are not yet old, we held the mortgage forth in story and drama as a sort of national curse. The villain was always foreclosing on the old homestead. The old folks were forever on the verge of ruin. Then, by slow and painful stages, we began to develop a mass understanding of the economic law involved, and—a little fearfully, at first—we started to laugh at our fears. Now everybody knows the mortgage is really a blessing, the instrument of a beneficent economic law, when it is intelligently used. The home or the farm without a mortgage is the exception, and the wealth or poverty of the owner has no relation to the instrument. Rich or poor, he finds it a convenience.

Later we passed through much the same process in nearly every other phase of borrowing money until we began to discover, in a national sense, the simple economic laws underlying our present democracy of credit. The average man could not write a treatise analyzing these laws, but he has learned how to use them. He knows they are dangerous only under misuse. With the aid of these laws and this attitude we have built the nearest approach to universal prosperity in the history of the world. We are laughing off most of our old fears, but not all of them. For while we are casting about to see what else may be done to consolidate and expand our prosperity, many of us who pay wages are worrying about them and wondering when they will stop rising. To some very able business men the villain now is the working man, and at any moment he may foreclose!

He may, but I doubt it. For one thing, he knows as well as anybody else that when you turn a paying industry into a tenantless old homestead, ownership is not worth much. But the real reason is that we appear to be on the verge of the same discovery with respect to wages that we have made in mortgages and other forms of credit. We have been challenging for some years the ancient, barbarian idea that a wage is a grubstake and nothing more. We do not understand wages as yet, say what we will about them. But even while our minds are still groping for the law, we are making practical experiments and getting surprising results.

As a consequence, more and more employers, laughing at the wage fears of yesterday, are questioning the fears of today. They see that industry has survived the eight-hour day, the minimum wage and the living wage, all of which threatened in theory to engulf it. They note that the nation has not been ruined by wages which are more than a grubstake, that as a matter of fact the well-paid workman is the nation's biggest buyer. And some of our employers are beginning to ask whether the root and foundation of our prosperity is not therefore to be found in what has come to be known as the saving wage.

Evidently many of them have answered themselves in the affirmative. We are paying such a wage in the United States to more workers, numerically, and to a larger percentage of our workers, than any other country in the world, or any civilization in history. And when the results of the saving wage are studied, the only strange thing about it is that in many ways we are still paying it under protest. Although consumption, production, profits, the national wealth, our savings-bank deposits and all other

(Continued on Page 150

"Wonder if I'm Always Such a Wise Guy, After All?"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Thirteen Years Ago Today

THREE ministers in our town denounced the brazen members of the Bloomer Girls' Semi-professional Independent Baseball Team and urged members of their congregations not to attend the game scheduled between the girls and the South Side Sluggers.

The social hour of the Minerva Literary and Self-Improvement Society was devoted to criticism of Miss Minnie Whiffletree, who had confided to one of her friends that she had a notion not to wear a corset any more.

It was town talk that Miss Pearl Ella Jimpson wore only one petticoat.

Predictions were freely made that Charlie Lake was going to the dogs, because he went up to the city and bought himself a set of those newfangled golf sticks.

Dame Rumor hath it that Miss Josie Springlake did not get in from a buggy ride until ten minutes after eleven o'clock last night.

The Dorcas Sewing Circle appointed a committee of three to suggest in some tactful way to Miss Monta Bluecomb that in the interest of morality and the general spiritual welfare she should not appear again in a peekaboo waist.

Abner Sprutt was seen going behind the prescription case at the Red Front drug store.

Mrs. Newton Prunk advised Miss Nettie Mae Dossert to be more careful about the arrangement of her skirt when she climbed into a buggy.

Mrs. Mollie Whortle, who did the washing and ironing for the Purtle family, told Mrs. Riley Achenbaugh that Ellie Loretta Purtle wore silk stockings every day.

There was a good deal of talk about how high the Widow Springle rocked when she was sitting on her front porch.

—Tom S. Elrod.

If They Had Attempted to Wear Summer Furs in the Old Days!

Which?

IN DIFFERENT realms, four different sages,
Convinced that differing tongues for ages
Had sundered men, to heal the breach
Evolved the Universal Speech.

And after long investigation
The sages met for conversation
In that one tongue, which every land
In all the world should understand.

The first arose to give his credo;
The language that he used was Ido.
The second then essayed to speak;
His medium was Volapuk.

The third professor read a canto
In resonating Esperanto.
The last declaimed an hour or so,
Delivering his views in Ro.

And speech was no more universal
Than at the Babelish dispersal;
The fruit of all linguistic lore
Instead of being One, was Four!

All men should be of one assortment,
One race, one faith and one deportment;
And so they will without a hitch,
As soon as all agree on Which.

—Arthur Guiterman.

A Real Record

"YOU think your folks mighty patriotic?"

"Sure. My paw buys all his clothes at an army store."

"Huh! Why, my grandpaw wore a union suit all through the Civil War."

Extra! Extra!

The Telegraph Editor, Left in Charge of the Home for a Few Days, Reports to His Wife

WILLOW GROVE, Aug. 15th Special.

DEAR MARG: At 3:30 o'clock this afternoon Rose Mary McSwinney, age about thirty-five, our cook and general caretaker, was called away unexpectedly by the alleged illness of her father, leaving me with the responsibility of providing meals for our growing family. It is now 8:30 and I am glad to report that I have the situation well in hand, and ——

FLASH

LITTLE HERBIE HAS JUST DISCOVERED THAT BOB, THE PET CANARY, IS MISSING FROM HIS CAGE A SEARCH HAS BEEN INSTITUTED. 8:42 P.M.

In the matter of meals, I started to explain, we had the choice of eating my own cooking or of going out. We decided to go out and have been ——

BULLETIN

ELOISE ONE OF OUR GOLDFISH, JUST DIED IN A MYSTERIOUS MANNER AND HER MATE, GODFREY APPEARS TO BE ILL THE SURVIVOR HAS BEEN PLACED IN A DISHPAN OF CLEAN WATER THE CHILDREN WERE QUESTIONED BUT THREW LITTLE OR NO LIGHT ON THE MATTER 8:59 P.M.

We have been eating at Williams' Café, and have found the food satisfactory, though of course it is not equal to home cooking. I am considering ——

ADD CANARY

JOHN HAS JUST DISCOVERED BIRD TRACKS NEAR THE BREAD BOX THIS IS AN IMPORTANT CLEW AND DEVELOPMENTS MAY BE EXPECTED ANY MOMENT. 9:17 P.M.

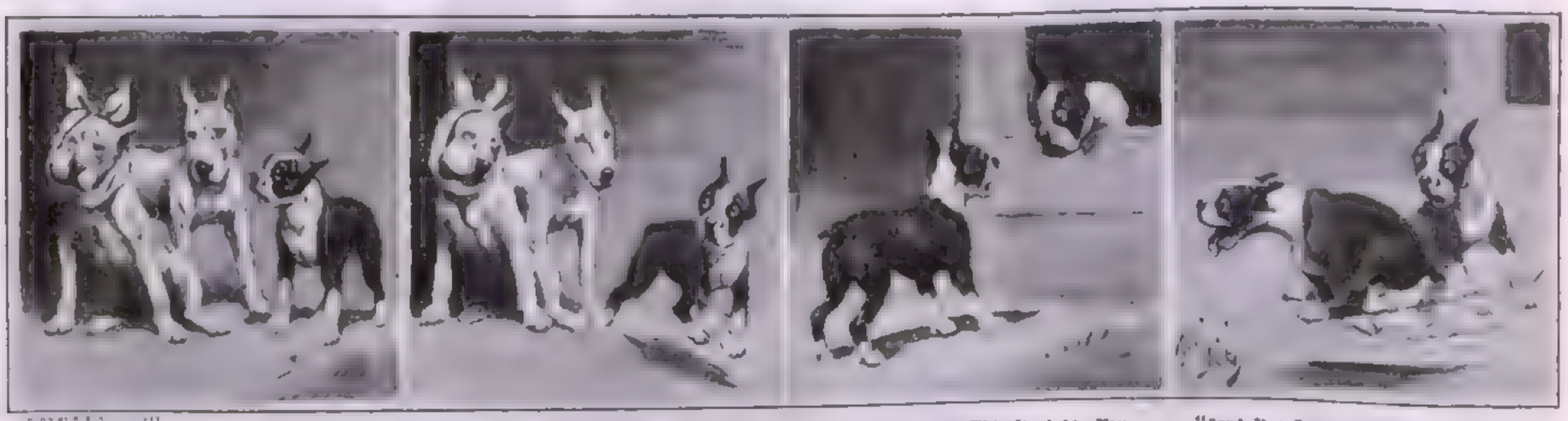
I may hire another cook or ask grandma to come over and sort of look after house during your absence, but this ought not to be necessary. If a father can't take care of his home and family while the mother is away for a few days ——

ADD GOLDFISH

GODFREY JUST DILD IN AS MYSTIFYING A MANNER AS DID HIS MATE. I PROMPTLY MADE AN EXAMINATION OF THE GOLDFISH

(Continued on Page 83)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Yes, Violet, Poor Old Scrappy Is in a Bad Way . . . Teeth . . . Can't Chew Anything. Have to Feed Him Gruel and Soft Stuff"

"I Must Hurry Home and Let Beans Know How Poor Old Scrappy Is Suffering. He'll Be So Sympathetic"

"Yi, Now Let's Get This Straight. You Say Scrappy's Suffering With His Teeth? Can't Bite or Chew on Anything?

"Say! I've Been Waiting a Long Time for Just This Chance. I Can't Get Over There Quick Enough to Tell That Rough Bird What I Think of Him"

You enjoy every bean on your plate!

Savory, appetizing, tempting beans! So delicious that you simply cannot resist their flavor! Cooked so slowly and thoroughly that every bean is tender and yielding, with that full, mellow bean richness so delightful to the taste and so satisfying to the hunger!

Always think of Campbell's as the slow-cooked beans. It will help you to obtain the finest quality and the utmost enjoyment. Beans cooked this way are so digestible, too.

In fact, Campbell's Beans are considered so especially wholesome that thousands of mothers select them regularly for their children.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

The slow-cooked digestible beans

IMMORTAL LONGINGS

XIV

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

THAT cry of his was no predetermined plea. "June, June, I want you to marry me," he said stammeringly; and it was as though the words were drawn from him, from some inner part of him which he did not fully know, by her deep eyes. He heard them issuing from his lips; and he had his moment of blank and complete dismay at this thing he had done, at the fact that he was thus committed. He was, it seemed to him, a lost man; and into his thoughts flashed an absurd picture of himself, in the faultless garb his Jap knew how to set upon him, entering a brightly lighted ballroom with June, in her scrubbed clean blue dress, upon his arm. He saw June opposite himself at that exquisitely appointed table in his own dining room; and he was eating, ceremoniously, as though he followed a ritual, a fillet of sole; but she was eating baked beans swimming in sugar and vinegar, while Harkness, disapproving, hovered by. He would lose Harkness, Overlook thought; the man could never endure such proceedings.

And he saw himself and June and Mrs. Cash in a gallery hung with gaudy canvases done in the modern style; seemed to hear Mrs. Cash explain, in her smooth and cultivated tones, the symbolism, the beauty, the soul of the painting before them; seemed—he had sometimes wished to ask the same question on his own account—seemed to hear June ask honestly, "But what is it meant to be a picture of?"

So he stood now in a cold sweat of dismay at his own predicament. And the dusk thickened all about them till June was no more than a motionless shadow by his side; and beneath them the brook flowed, rippling with little laughing sounds in the shallows above the bridge, still and calm across the pool below, then chuckling again as it danced away through the ripe below the pool and lost itself in the dark wood below. The old gray birch bowed above their heads and the last thrush was still. The owl hooted somewhere, near or far away; and something splashed lightly at the water's edge below them, and a dog barked on the hill; and a car rumbled over the bridge two or three or four miles downstream; and in the meadow to the west of them there lay a singing silence full of movement imperceptible, as though the shadows there were populated by attentive shades. He remembered—old fragments of his youth were forever coming back to him—he remembered one day his father spoke to him of the Haradeen girl, of June. Could not recall the words, but knew some comment passed, and that he himself had been pleasantly embarrassed.

"He and old Jim were friendly," he thought now. "They might have planned ——"

It was easy to imagine that his father, grubbing the sprouts along the margin of the meadow in the darkness there, had paused to watch what went forward on the bridge. This was a night when such things are possible; a night when the wind speaks in whispers and the dark seems listening.

Afterward, When They Were Come Home Again, He Discovered Her Afresh: He Had Been So Used to Seeing Her in Scrubbed and Faded Blue That the Metamorphosis Amused Them Both

About June, emanating from her, a little warm cloud hung; he was within its skirts, and his senses swam. It may have been a long time after his word was spoken before either of them found further word; it may have been long or short. But it seemed to him interminable, and her silence drove him into speech at last. He said softly, "June."

She had, when he first spoke to her, turned aside from him, her eyes leaving his to look down to the pit between the alders where the brook lay, as though the stream, a living and immortal thing, might have counsel for her in this hour. But when now he spoke again she turned to him once more. Their eyes encountered; and even in the darkness, after a time, his turned aside. Off toward the house, Pot's house, he could see the yellow glow of a lamplit window, and he said in a tone that strove to be casual, "I didn't expect to see you tonight; I was going to the Corner." She did not speak. "Is Pot at home?"

"He was in early," she explained, "and the children abed. I like to come out at night."

"You like to come down to the brook, don't you?" he commented, and he saw her nod

"It keeps going on, all the time," she agreed, as though this were sufficient explanation. He had found in her again and again this still appreciation of whatever was eternal; this clinging to the immortal and undying things. Remembrance hushed him now, and for a longer while they stood in silence. There was a rail along the bridge; a rail of rough poles supported on bars of iron, arching up toward the center as though to form a truss to support the timbers of the bridge. Where she stood it came breast-high, and she leaned upon it with her folded arms, brooding there. She was so still he thought himself forgotten; and he moved uneasily, felt curiously like a criminal waiting for sentence, thus standing there.

"It's still tonight," he said at last, desperately; and after a moment she replied. Her tone was low and gravely kind.

"I heard what you said, Walter," she told him.

He steadied his voice. "Well, I meant it, June," he declared stoutly. "I wish you would."

"Pot wants the same thing," she murmured, half to herself, not looking at him. "He's always after me, too."

His indignation rose in protest. "You mustn't do that!" he cried. "You mustn't marry Pot. You mustn't ever do that."

She nodded slowly. "I know what you're thinking," she agreed, her soft words scarce audible. "I know what you mean. You don't think very much of Pot, and me, and the children, and the farm here. It looks kind of small to you. The way you said one day. You don't think much of Pot, I guess."

He protested in deprecation. "Why, Pot's all right. He's a good man, I'm sure; and a good farmer, for this town. His place is in shape and he gets along. But that's all he is, June—just a small farmer, walking along with his head bent and his eyes on the ground."

"He works the ground," she suggested quietly. "That's his business—to study it and watch it and find out what it'll do. A man gets to walking that way." She added, with something like a smile in her voice, "And watching the ground that way, you don't stumble much or get off the right road."

He laughed confidently. "But you don't see much of the world," he reminded her.

"Nobody can see only about so much, if they want to see it plain," she countered.

"Oh, June," he said appealingly, "you'll never marry Pot. He's too little for you; you see things too clearly."

"May married him," she said. "And May was fine."

"But she died!" he pointed out, and added swiftly: "Oh, I don't mean to hurt you, June. But she did die. And you'd die, too, the fine things in you—that I can see. Married to him, struggling for a living here, working all day long."

She did not immediately reply; and he said at last, "Are you unhappy? Thinking of May?"

"I was thinking about you," she explained.

He smiled. "What were you thinking, June?"

After a moment's hesitation she shifted her posture, erectly facing him there in the darkness. Her face was a pale shadow in which dwelt the deeper shadows of her eyes.

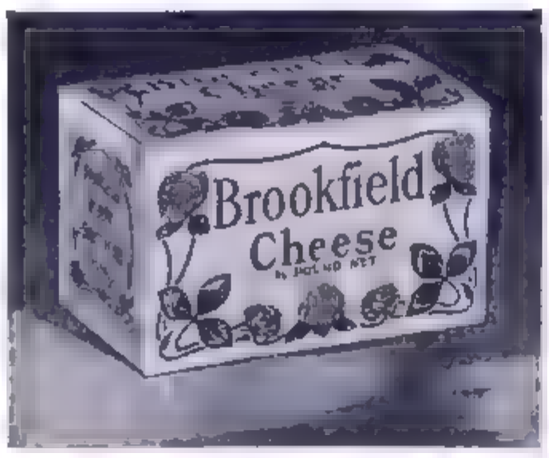
"Walter," she asked, "go on and tell me what makes you want me to marry you."

Continued on Page 33

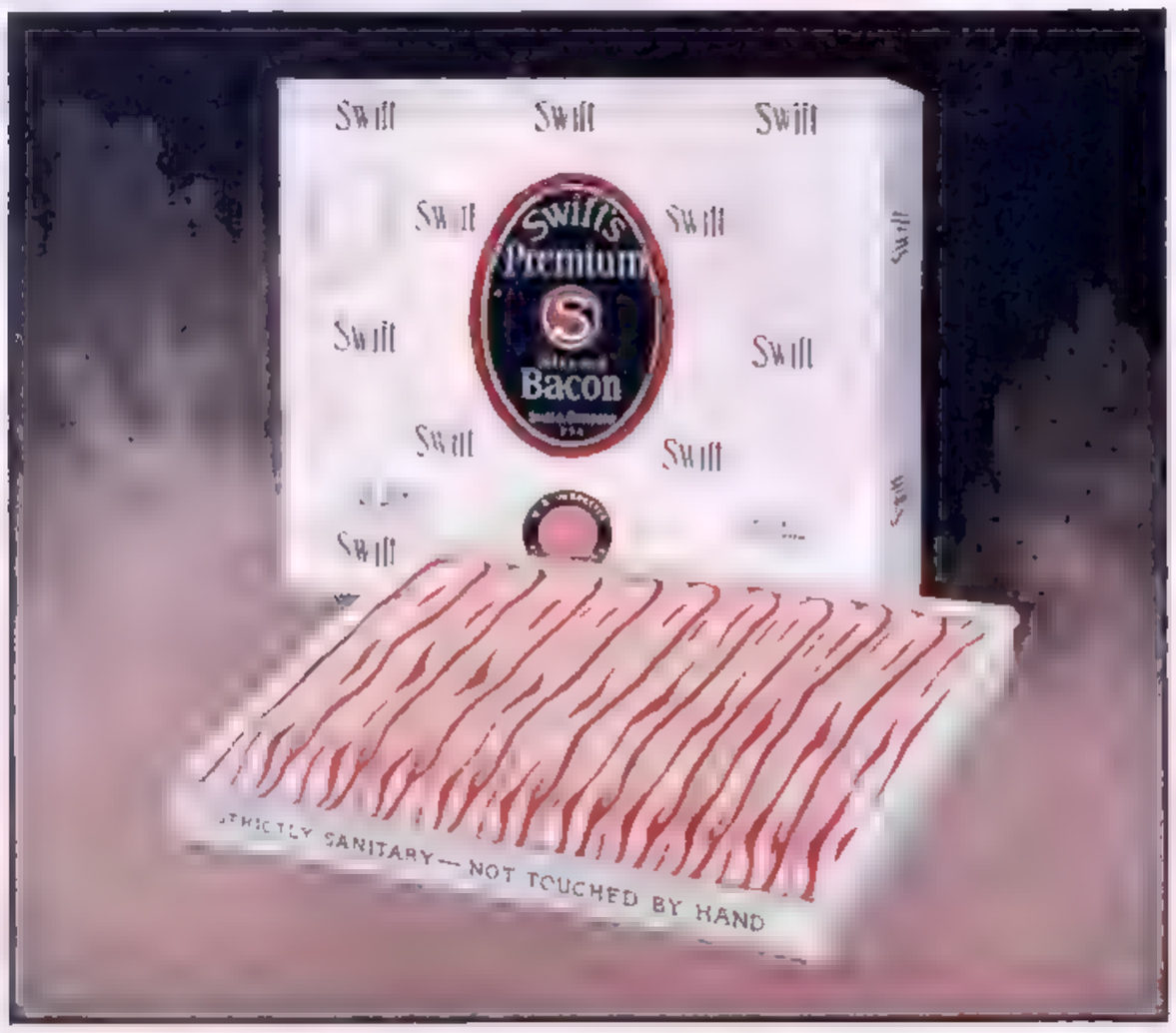
SWIFT

—a food service

THE damp-proof one-pound carton in which sliced Premium Bacon is packed is a famous example of the care with which Swift products are packaged in the most convenient, sanitary, and attractive form.

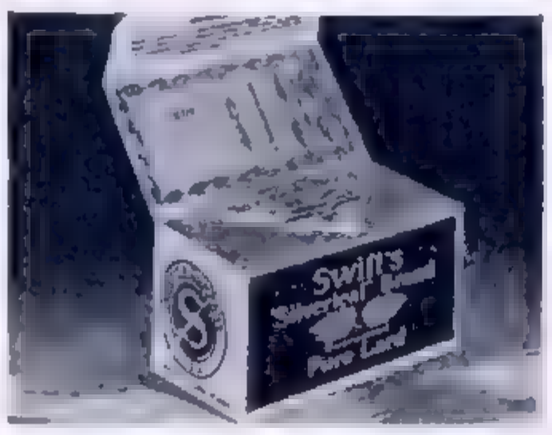


1 The half-pound Brookfield Cheese carton, with its transparent, sanitary glassine wrapper, marks a new advance in Swift & Company's development of food packaging.



2 In contrast with the old-time butter tub and egg crate are the modern packages in which housewives now buy Brookfield Butter and Eggs.

3 Clean, attractive packages contain Premium Dried Beef in convenient form.



4 The one-pound carton of "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard is marked in such a way as to make measuring with cup or spoon unnecessary.

5 The sanitary, attractive packages in which Swift's Premium and Swift's Gem Nut Oleomargarine are marketed reflect the scrupulous cleanliness and care with which these products are made.

BETTER quality and better service, are two fundamental objects for which Swift & Company has been striving, in the more than fifty years of its existence.

Swift & Company has taken the lead in the packaging of its well-known products.

This makes it possible to brand goods so that consumers may be sure of getting Brookfield, Premium, and "Silverleaf" when they ask for them.

Packaging also keeps the goods in their original clean, wholesome condition, and thus quality is retained.

Convenience in handling, elimination of waste, and protection of quality have assured the success of the individual package.

It is only one part of Swift & Company's service to supply the newest and best in packaging, as well as the highest quality in foods.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

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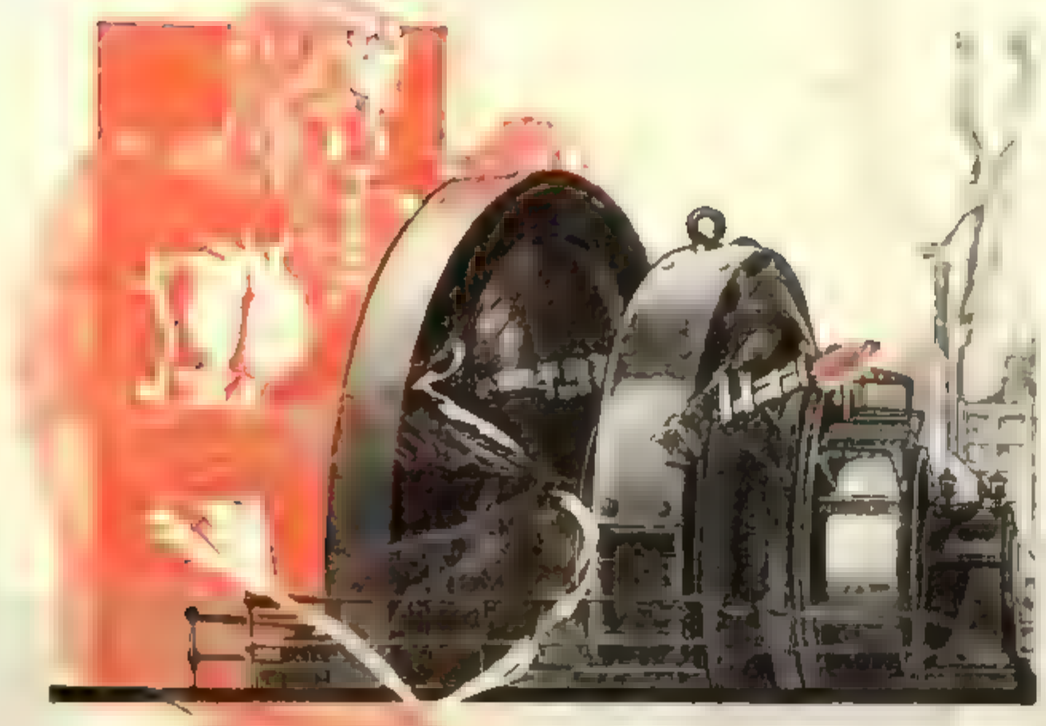


FRICTION—
the unseen enemy
of production
in your plant.

Quantity Production -

demands smooth production-flow. And smooth production-flow demands smooth running machinery.

YOU look to your machinery to give you quantity production of high quality at low cost. You expect it to be so accurate and durable that the need for repairs will be rare, and interruptions to production-flow correspondingly few.

Now let the lubrication expert add this fact: Smooth-running machinery can be expected only when exactly suitable oils are used. Merely to buy good oil won't do —it must be the right oil for the specific use. No one is better aware of that fact than the leading machinery manufacturers themselves.

Most machinery builders specify the oils you should use. Usually they name a Gargoyle Lubricating Oil—the right oil for that machine.

Their sole object is to aid their customers in securing the greatest possible service and satisfaction out of each piece of machinery.

Many manufacturers accompany each installation with a lubrication bulletin which recommends or definitely approves the scientifically correct grade of Gargoyle Lubricating Oil to use. Some go so far as to send a sample of the correct oil, so that the operating engineer can make no mistake.

From that point on the responsibility for correct lubrication is in the plant's own hands. The builder of your machinery has had his say, and the recommended oils are on sale everywhere.

Some results of coöperation

THROUGH its engineering staff, the Vacuum Oil Company is constantly coöperating with many of the foremost Machinery Builders, *on design as it affects lubrication*. The following excerpts from Builders' letters to us are typical:

"Confirming the understanding we have arrived at, we are proceeding to make a change in design to keep the oil from splashing into the chamber—to correct the coking of the oil that has occurred."

"Please accept our thanks for your very comprehensive information. We are forced to agree with your conclusions and are looking for satisfactory results."

"Since our conference on the matter of lubricating bearings, we have been giving considerable thought to the subject and are impressed with the possibility of a satisfactorily planned circulating oil system. We wish to thank you for your interest and coöperation in this most important feature of development in the high speed machine field."

"Copies of your report shall be given to all parties interested. In addition to changing drawings the shop shall be notified of these changes and informed that they must follow them."

"We certainly appreciate what you have done for us in the past. We consider the service which you extend to people such as ourselves as one of the very best we have ever had an opportunity to utilize."

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils
for
Plant Lubrication

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

(Continued from Page 30)

He felt a momentary shock of that half-forgotten dismay; he had been led by her word of Pot to plunge deeper into his dilemma, and there was no escape for him now.

"I can do so much for you, June," he urged. "You see, I'm rather a wealthy man. Enough, at least, so that we can have just about any sort of home you want. An apartment for a while, with the sort of things you've never known. And I want to see you not have to work so hard, buy you pretty dresses, read good books with you and see fine pictures and hear beautiful music. I can make you mighty happy, June." He was still a moment, added with sudden passionate heat: "And I can't bear to think of you staying here, the same, day after day, growing old and tired."

"You don't need to be sorry for me," she told him; and he sensed a faint warning in her tone.

"It isn't that," he assured her. "I know you're not sorry for yourself, June. But I can give you so many things you don't even know about, make you so happy, if you'll let me do it for you, June."

Her posture changed insensibly, and again there was a suggestion of slow mirth and mischief in her words. "Is that all there is of it?" she asked him.

He was troubled, uneasy and embarrassed. "We're adults," he reminded her.

"I can remember, plain, when I was a little girl."

He laughed at that, moved a little nearer, and his voice wore tenderness. "I remember, too, June," he agreed. And he added soberly: "I know what it is you want me to say, June. I'm—not used to this sort of thing. But I do love you." Her head drooped a little and he spoke more quickly. "I keep remembering more and more about you when you were a girl," he told her swiftly. "And I've seen so much of you while I've been here, seen how wonderful you are. I do love you, June."

He laughed then, and he added swiftly: "And, June, I can see things now that I had forgotten. You wanted me to kiss you that day when you were just a baby. And I can remember how you used to look at me in school, and you always wanted to walk to school with me. And I remember you came to the door to say good-by to me the day I went away. And, June, you've kept my house clean and in order all these years—for me. June, I see now what these things mean. You can't pretend to me, June; I know you've remembered me all this time. I think you've always been in love with me."

He checked himself on the word, and he stood trembling, waiting for her to speak. He expected her quick denial; expected at least evasion.

But she said gravely, "Yes, Walter, I've always remembered you."

The night was still and warm, and the brook was chuckling, and she faced him steadily; so he had her in his arms, not roughly but with gentleness. She did not protest or seek to draw away; her lips met his, accepted his. But he found in her no yielding or response at all, but just acceptance; and he drew away, holding her by the arms, watching her, till some understanding came to him, so that he said sorrowfully, "What is it, June?"

"I've always remembered you, Walter," she confessed again. "But—you've changed a pile in fifteen years."

He laughed at her then. "You've said that before, June. Of course I've changed."

"I'd have gone with you fifteen years ago," she said honestly, "anywhere."

"You couldn't," he interjected. "I had nothing—just enough for my own way."

"But I can't go with you now," she concluded, as though he had not spoken, and her tone was all finality.

He drew back a little, and he ached with a great sense of loss, of something gone from him. He remembered that her word should have been a relief, a release; should have meant escape from his predicament. When he asked her to marry him he had instantly regretted the asking; but now that she would not, he was miserable. So he groped for understanding, seeking to avoid the issue.

"You mean—May's children?" he asked at last. "We can take them with us, June."

She shook her head. "I'm no hand at telling things plain, I guess," she confessed humbly. "Maybe you can't understand. But, Walter, I was born up on the ridge here, and my folks have been here for a hundred years; and I want me and mine to go on being here." She hesitated, made a slow strong gesture. "I want to go on myself," she cried, slow passion in her voice. "I want to leave cleared fields that my man has cleared, and growing trees that he's planted, and children of his. I've got my roots here, in the ground here, Walter; and I've got to stay here. You can't move a grown tree far or it's going to die on you."

"This whole town is dying, June," he protested uneasily. "Folks moving away and farms abandoned."

"You went away," she agreed. "It was hard for you here, and you'd been wanting to go; and when your pa died and it was so you could, you went away. But Pot, he's stayed, and others have stayed too. And I'm a-going to stay."

He protested: "That's just ignorance, June. You don't know what the rest of the world is like." His tone softened. "I expect you're afraid—afraid of the people you'd meet. But you're better than any of them, June. You don't need to be afraid. You'll get to know them quickly."

She said, without any resentment, "You think I'm not as good as them, Walter. I know. But I don't think so; I ain't ashamed of being what I am, and I ain't afraid. Only, I don't want to go, and maybe change, the way you've changed."

"You Talk Like You Was Figuring to Farm the Place," She Hazarded

"Rather change, the way Pot has changed?" he challenged.

"Pot has worked—hard," she suggested.

"So have I," he cried bitterly. "I've done well, June."

"Pot has kept the farm working for him," she said gravely. "You've made money and got it in the bank somewhere. But it's come out of you, Walter; and what Pot's done has gone into him."

"Bent his back and bowed his head," he told her.

"Yes," she agreed; "yes, if you go to look at things that way "

They were silent for a while then; she had, it seemed, no further word to say; and he sought to escape from the net in which he was enmeshed. He had always that capacity for looking at himself with a dispassionate eye, for smiling at his own absurdities. So now he was amused that he should seek to justify himself to her; amused that he should refuse to accept the escape she offered him. Yet at the same time his thoughts were swift, seeking any opening. He tried putting the case again:

"See, June; see if you're not a little unreasonable. I want you to marry me and come away; I want to show you fine things, show you fine tasks to do. If you marry Pot you'll stay here and work for the children." His heart caught at this thought. "They'll grow up on the farm, and little Junie will marry a farmer and work hard all her life; and the little boy will work for Pot around the place and own the farm some day—if he doesn't leave home the way I did. I can take them and send them to college and give them a start, give them a chance at life." He was pleased with this picture, thought it must move her, elaborated its details.

But when he was done she said simply, "They're Pot's."

He had forgotten this, and for a moment it silenced him. But he said then, "You'll have children of your own, June. That's bound to be."

"Yes," she agreed; and the low word seemed to ring. And after a moment she spoke to him again gently. "I'm right sorry, Walter," she said. "Sorry about you. I expect you're a kind of lonely man. I don't expect you've got any friends." He laughed protestingly; but there was confession in his laughter too. "Oh, you know a pile of folks," she conceded. "But you're lonely just the same, with four men to wait on you because you pay them to. I'm sorry about you, but that can't be helped. And I'd rather stay here, Walter. I like here."

He was unable to find words; and after a moment, with a lorn cry, he swept her into his arms, seeking to move her by the old appeal; but when his cheek touched hers he felt it wet and knew she had been crying while she spoke to him, and he was abashed by this.

"June, June," he cried, "you love me!"

"I always did, Walter," she confessed.

"You've got to marry me," he pleaded; and she was trembling pitifully. "June, you've got to. You can't argue against the way you feel, June. Things will work out so you'll be glad. We'll work them out together, the way you want them to be. We can do it, June. I am lonely; I've always been lonely, without knowing. I need you to be with me. I think I've always needed you, June, always been lonely for you."

"I've wanted you," she whispered. And she whispered on: "I used to go and redd up your house and think of you being there, and build a fire in the stove and cook things, and wash up and talk to you. I was lonesome too."

"You see?" he cried, in laughing triumph. "You see? It's bound to be so, June. You've got to come away with me."

She was so still, he thought for a moment he had won; sought with his lips for hers. But he found only her wet cheek instead.

"You've changed, Walter," she told him again. "Maybe you belong there; but I belong here. I'd ruther be here. I like here. You'll have to go along."

"And leave you to marry Pot?"

She pushed at his breast and he relaxed his hold so that she drew away and freed herself. "I guess so," she said a little wearily. And when he would have caught her close again she drew away, and when he spoke her name she turned and was gone, running away from him. But he heard a sound from her like a choking sob.

Then the still night received her to comfort her, and the warm wind touched his cheek as her warm breath had done.

But the brook chuckled softly there beneath the bridge.

XV

HE SAW her no more for days; and he moved thoughtfully, busy with self-searching, self-communion, uncertain what to do. And he debated taking his departure. Whenever he went to the barn he saw the great car there, littered with hay, racked with farming tools; and he cleared it of this rubbish, and cleaned it, and once or twice he tried the engine and found it always ready to serve. And one day he went to the attic to get his bags and bring them down and pack them; but a glint of light between the shingles revealed to him a leak in the roof which he had overlooked, and he left the bags where they were and went to get his ladder and replace the rotted shingle there. He thought much of going; would not permit himself to think of the possibility of staying. But day by day he stayed.

Once or twice frost stole by night into the valley, touching the wooded flank of the ridge with a crisp stroke that transformed the birches into yellow plumes, the oaks into a red flame and the beeches into embers dying there. Only the black growth, hemlock and spruce and cedar and some pine, kept its stalwart green. The hillside became a fine mosaic, an ancient tapestry woven with party-colored strands. It would be an early fall, he guessed; the winter would be long.

Joel May, passing on his way from the Corner, stopped one day and Overlook went into the farmyard to talk with him. The man was curious, and frankly so.

"You've been here quite a spell," he suggested.

"Near six weeks now," Overlook agreed.

"Be leaving pretty soon, I figure," May commented. "Getting back to the city pretty soon."

Overlook smiled; it amused him to evade the other's veiled inquiries. "I haven't fixed a day," he replied. "A good many things to do around here still."

"Anybody'd think you was figuring to hire out the farm," May commented, "the work you've done around. Only, there ain't anyone like to rent or buy."

"No," Overlook agreed. "No; I'm just keeping things up, that's all."

"Go to pieces again soon as you git back to the city," May reminded him. "It takes a man all his time. Can't keep up a farm and stay in the city too."

When by and by Joel drove away, his curiosity still unsatisfied, Overlook turned back to the house with gloomy eyes. He felt absurdly sorry for himself because they were all expecting him to go. Because no one—save perhaps June—seemed to want him here or urged that he should stay. And not even June had urged his staying; she had merely refused to go away with him, to leave the valley here. She, too, he decided, expected his departure; she did not cross his path, did not come to the farm as she had sometimes used to do. But Pot came now and then, always with some word of indirect inquiry.

"Like a buzzard watching for a thing to die," Overlook thought bitterly, and pitied himself most profoundly.

One day a letter came from Rand, his office manager. He got it when he went to the Corner for supplies; but he did not open it till he was at home, in the dining room, sitting at the table there; studied it then with a slow and inattentive eye. It was typed upon his office stationery, his own name in block letters across the page, and the address below, and the date, and the formal salutation. Yet each one of these familiar details had about it unfamiliarity; came to him like moments from the past, strange and nearly incredible. The very phrases of the letter were the curious and meaningless phrases of a dream. "Mr. Cash and Mr. Sigbert ——" "—— my duty to have your movements traced." "Confidential." "Intercity Traction." "In your hands." "Flotation." "Promoter's stock."

Cash. Sigbert. Half-forgotten names. The McGuire agency had searched him out; they would not let a man alone, let him escape from them. Intercity Traction. His thoughts diverged, considered the rocky and rutted road from his farm to the Corner. That ought to be repaired. Two or three thousand dollars would put it in fair condition, make passage to and fro less difficult. The roads hereabout were almost all bad; if they were improved, a truck could carry produce to market in Augusta. . . . He wrenched his attention back to the letter in his hands.

"Pool." The word caught his eye, and he thought that the farmers hereabouts could all combine, work together, market their stuff together, if they had someone to organize them, someone who understood such things, some good man. Such possibilities appealed to him; his fancy leaped ahead, pursuing many plans; he had to twist his eyes back to the letter again.

He perceived that there was nowhere in it any touch of human anxiety or solicitude; nowhere an appeal for his return on any personal ground. Only a certain awe, a certain timorousness, and an anxiety for profits vanishing.

"The man's afraid of me," he thought; "just plain afraid of me."

His eyes lifted from the letter and rested thoughtfully upon a painting on the dining-room wall. It represented a lake set among the mountains, on the bosom of the lake, against the flank of the farther hills, there were a dozen white-sailed craft In the foreground lay a cove with a sandy beach where—the painter had lacked skill in his handling of perspective -the water seemed to run uphill. At the nearer end of the cove there were gnarled and rugged oak trees, two inches high; at its farther end a palm half as tall as the canvas. As a boy he used to go sometimes to the Corner to fetch home the mail and his father's paper; and while his father read the paper by the lamp upon the table, he would lie upon the couch, looking up at this painting on the wall, waiting his turn at the news. His grandfather had bought the painting, he remembered; bought it from a man in East Harbor because he liked the carved and gilded frame. Here it had hung thereafter, to awake old memories now. The house was, Overlook thought, full of such memories; he would never be lonely here, where his forbears kept sober company, where June might sometimes come—might some day dwell.

And he thought again, hopelessly, "But soon or late, I've got to go back, just the same."

It had been late afternoon when he came home from the Corner with Rand's letter; he sat there by the table till dusk began to fall and the room grew dark about him, the letter in his hands. When he saw that the time had come to light the lamps, he rose and went into the kitchen and set match to wick; and he found that he was curiously tired and at the same time nervously alert, his movements more swift than their later habit had been. The familiar tasks, lighting a fire in the stove, cooking his supper, setting the victuals on the table, faintly irked him; he went about them in impatient wise, and when a cake burned to the frying pan he scraped out the charred fragments angrily. There was something familiar about this feeling, this resentful haste; and he stopped at last to analyze it, to discover what it was.

"The way I used to feel, right along," he thought grimly. "I'd forgotten the sensation, loafing here." Yet he had not, he perceived, been idle here at the farm; had not been loafing; had in fact worked from dawn till dark, day after day. "But it's rested me," he discovered. "I've slept and I've eaten, and I've lost some of my fat. It's done me good."

All to be undone, in a little while, when he should go back again.

If he could take June back with him, it seemed to him, things might be otherwise; he might better support the routine of the days. He wished it might be so, and he felt a nervous resentment at these intangible tuggings which sought to draw him from the farm. On a sudden impulse he got Rand's letter and dropped it in the stove, and felt a quick relief and smiled.

"Let him wait," he told himself aloud. "Let him worry for a while." He felt guiltily that the letter needed a reply, but—"I'll answer it tomorrow," he promised, compromising. "There isn't any hurry now."

When his tasks in the kitchen were done he went into the dining room again and set the lamp beside his shoulder there; and for a while he lost himself in contemplation. As always at such times, June came to him, came before his inward eye; and there seemed to be comfort in her coming now. The little house was very still. The night was cooler and there would be, he thought, a frost before the dawn; but the fire in the kitchen stove diffused sufficient heat so that he was warmed even here, warmed, too, by the glowing lamp beside him. The doors and windows were all closed, so that from the night outside no sound came in to him at all; he was cloistered here, secure from all the world.

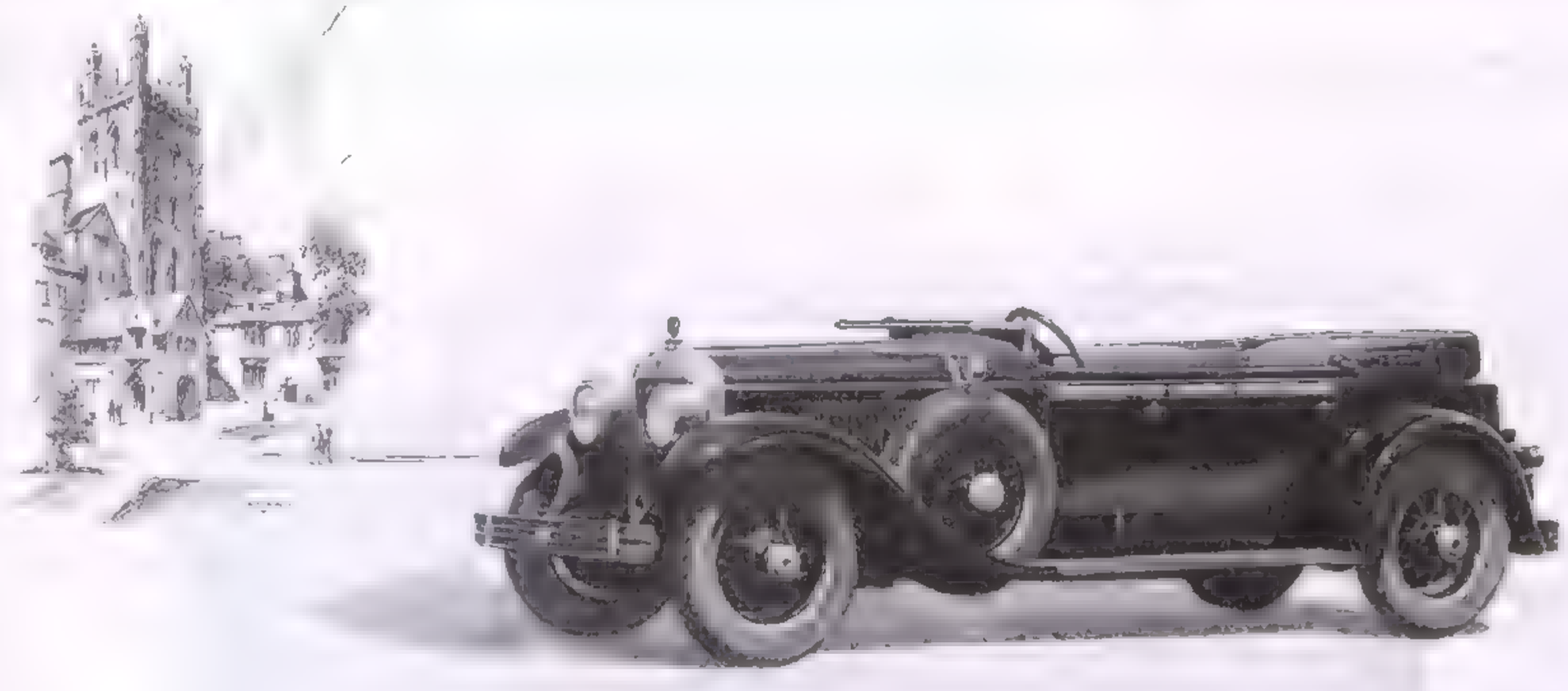
"I'll have to drain the radiator of the car," he thought, "if the nights get any colder—or get out of here."

Wherever his thoughts turned, he encountered this dilemma, faced the necessity of determining his plan. If he were to go he might as well go quickly; the season grew day by day more stern. But if he were to stay, then there were many things to do that must be done. If he were to stay ——

He laughed at himself at the thought; it was an absurdity even to think of staying. But if he stayed, June would come to him; if he bound himself to stay. Not for a month, nor even for a winter, but for always; then she would come, to go forward by his side. And he found himself for the first time considering, straightforwardly, this possibility; considering what he might do if he stayed.

He had before this had casual thought that there were tasks to be done across the countryside; but he had always hitherto thought of them as things that other men might do. Now they were more personal. This farm of his to be brought to bear again; to bloom with garden stuff, and roots for the cattle, and meadows stout with hay. That southward-facing slope across the road where the old orchard was, toward Joel May's; that to be bought and apple trees there planted, and tended till they bore. The forest growth to be disciplined; waste trees removed and seedlings set; the ax where it was needed; and the systematic harvest by and by. The roads to mend, and a fleet of trucks that should collect produce hereabouts and bear it marketward. "Intertown Traction," he thought, and chuckled at the thought. The farmers to be inspired

(Continued on Page 52)



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Cadillac's genius for leadership was never so manifest as today, when, following on the heels of the most successful year in its history, when sales increased 87.5 per cent, Cadillac inaugurates the unprecedented plan of providing 500 color and upholstery combinations, and 50 body styles and types.

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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

British Selling at Home and Abroad—By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

FOR generations there has been throughout the world a fiction that the English are not much in the line of salesmanship. "Oh, yes, they're great manufacturers," has been the general verdict, "but they don't know how to sell their merchandise after they have made it."

Those who hold this belief have never studied the English trader in his own habitat. In a recent address before the merchants' association of one of the larger provincial cities, a London business expert alluded admiringly to the proprietor of a leading metropolitan department store as a genius of salesmanship and painted the following word picture:

"Mr. Blank sits on the roof of his great London building and studies the crowds below. 'One person,' he says to himself, 'has sixpence in his pocket; another a pound; another ten guineas. How shall I set to work to get the sixpence, the pound, the ten guineas, from those pockets into mine?'"

A Glove Shop in Oxford Street, London

It is not necessary here to dwell on the somewhat self-centered attitude of the gentleman who sits on his roof and studies the crowds below. The point is that Mr. Blank and ten thousand of his brothers in domestic commerce are living confutation of the fiction that the English people have no genius for salesmanship. The English domestic *commerçant* has been hardened into efficiency by centuries of competition such as we can scarcely imagine. English salesmanship may not be entirely like ours, but in its home field it is none the less efficient, whether its aim be the sixpences, the pounds or the ten guineas.

England, as is well known, is a man's country; and it is natural that English salesmanship should be at its best and deadliest in those lines catering to men's requirements. Sackville Street in London, from one end to the other, is given over to men's tailoring establishments; any person who has ever patronized one of these establishments has had a lesson in sales efficiency.

A Session With the Fitters

ONE climbs a flight of stone steps and enters the salesroom. One is met by an alert young man who inquires one's wishes. Is it to be a suit for winter? One is conducted to the room where only winter samples are on display. Or a spring suit, or a summer suit? There is no chance that the client makes a mistake, for the three weights are scrupulously separated. One selects the pattern. The fitter appears to perform his functions. If one chances to be an American, there is inquiry as to whether one wishes the trousers arranged for a belt, although the inquiry is made in a slightly incredulous manner and only as a vague concession to an incomprehensible foreign taste. A hip pocket in the trousers too? Yes, one may have hip pockets if one wishes; but, without precisely saying so, the impression is conveyed that the quite correct thing is to carry one's handkerchief in one's sleeve. All unconsciously, one acquires the feeling that here is the seat of authority, the center of man's world of fashion.

At the subsequent trying-on of the suit this feeling is intensified. One is taken in hand, not by one fitter, but two. In the fitting room is a wooden horse surmounted by a saddle such as one sees on the mounts of the gentlemen in Rotten Row. Perhaps one would have a riding suit too?

If so, one may sit astride this saddle to make sure the trousers will set properly when one is on horseback. All gentlemen ride, of course. Also, in the dressing room is an orderly array of shoes and boots of various styles. Does one wish to put on some of these shoes and boots to see whether the trousers of the business suit will droop gracefully over the feet while sitting negligently at the club, while strolling in Piccadilly, while standing before the open fireplace in one's private chambers? At the last the master of the establishment himself appears for expert comment on the work of his subordinates. There is a slight touch of the lapels of the coat, a suggestion as to the length of the vest, and the ensemble is pronounced perfect. The most pleasing surprise is reserved for the last. The gentleman clients of the house ordinarily have their purchases charged, but perhaps one wishes to pay cash. In such a case there is a discount of 10 per cent.

English transportation companies likewise set a swift pace in practical salesmanship, entering into a competition with the private trader for the sixpences, pounds and ten guineas in the pockets of the purchasing public. At Christmastime the London Midland & Scottish Railway urges gifts of season tickets over its lines. "Buy madam a season ticket to town for a Christmas present," is the widespread publicity placed before the suburban residents of all the larger cities on its territory; "season tickets are issued by the week, by the month, by the year. And so reasonable in price!"

Among those suburbanites who have failed to make Christmas gifts of season tickets, travel is stimulated by reduced fares during the hours that would ordinarily be marked by sparsely filled coaches. "Have you told your wife," is the question prominently posted in all suburban stations, "that she may go to town at half price between the hours of 10 A.M and 4 P.M.?"

Even the pedestrian instinct is capitalized through the issuance of walking tickets that give the city dweller opportunity to travel to any desired station, allow him to walk to another station and then to return by rail to the starting point, all on one pasteboard.

With the British, fishing is a national sport; transportation lines do their bit to encourage the tendency, for the fisherman must travel. Booklets may be had at all stations of lines that penetrate fishing sections. On the pages of these booklets one may learn the locations of desirable streams, their distance from railway stations, the species of fish therein found and the best seasons for trying one's luck. Hotels and boarding houses are mentioned, with their prices, and the names and addresses of officials who issue permits, if same are necessary. No helpful detail of salesmanship is overlooked. "Trout, large and shy," advises the London Midland & Scottish Railway in naming one desirable spot; "several of about four pounds have been caught. Best lure artificial minnows."

Keeping the Pennies at Home

THE strictly urban transportation companies are not behind the steam lines in intensive salesmanship, although their individual sales are limited to the sixpences and pennies. Is there a new piece in the British Museum? The management of the London Tubes at once apprises the public of the fact by means of placards in all its carriages, with a photographic reproduction of the interesting exhibit and detailed advice as to how the museum may be reached by tube. At lilac time or rhododendron time the public is reminded that Kew Gardens may be visited easily and economically by Tube, bus or tram. At other times the companies advertise rides to the suburbs for Chestnut Sunday, for the blooming of the bluebells, for Blackberry Week.

So great is the salesmanship enterprise of the London transportation lines that effort is made even to curtail international travel. As is well known, moneyed Britishers like to go to the Continent in winter. Little business acumen is required to grasp the fact that the Britisher who spends the season in Paris is temporarily lost to London, and his pennies and sixpences cannot be spent with the London tubes, busses and trams. The London companies sturdily combat this Continental exodus, and on the routes leading to Channel ports have set up great billboards that give an indirect but vicious dig at the French capital in the following words:

Come to London, the gayest city in the world!

The thought occurs that if English export salesmanship were as resourceful as English domestic salesmanship there might be less unemployment in the kingdom today. Nearly always when one Britisher is endeavoring to sell to another Britisher the appeal is made to the eye and to the emotions alike, for the Anglo-Saxon is emotional. The

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The Final Perfection of Riding Easement

In the Imperial "80" Chrysler engineers have given owners something more than ordinary roadability. They sought for stability and steadiness under all conditions and speeds and over the most difficult roadways.

For they knew that the public wanted easement of all riding disturbances—elimination of road shocks, jolting and sidesway heretofore considered inevitable even in the costliest of cars.

This they accomplished by revolutionary principles of shock absorption—special Chrysler-designed spring mounting—long, almost flat springs parallel to the wheels to prevent sidesway—spring ends anchored in specially molded blocks of live rubber, and these in turn securely held under compression in malleable brackets at the frame ends.

These live rubber blocks effectively insulate these springs from the frame and absorb all road shocks and road sounds. They also eliminate annoying squeaks and rattles and do away with the need of lubrication.

Thus Chrysler engineers have met public demand in furnishing *unusual* riding qualities and countless other features in a car as fine as money can build. We are eager that you ride in a Chrysler Imperial "80".

Frankly, the results will amaze you. For you will experience a new conception of riding luxury—unsurpassed speed ability even to 80 miles and more an hour *plus* a balanced buoyancy of motion beyond comparison or precedent.

Eight superb body styles at new low prices, $2495 to $3505 f. o. b. Detroit

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Chrysler Imperial 80

A S · F I N E · A S · M O N E Y · C A N · B U I L D

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hundreds of sidewalk artists on London streets draw pictures of dogs, of horses, of children, knowing well that such subjects best draw the coins from passers-by. But in the little curved street called Aldwych, just off the Strand, one of these artists departs from custom and day after day chalks down representations of ostriches, of kangaroos, of vast plains of growing grain and pasture land. One wonders why this man should so go against tradition, until one glances about and sees just at the end of the street the huge marble building of the Australian Commonwealth, the rendezvous of well-to-do men from Britain's greatest colony. This particular artist's work is rewarded by no miserable pennies, but by shillings and half crowns.

The government itself is not behindhand in salesmanship. In the thousands of little branch postal stations through the kingdom the girl attendants are trained to act as though the purchase of a postage stamp were a personal favor; no stamp or postal card or money order is passed through the wicket without a Thank You. London claims to be the only great city in the world where one may post a letter in the morning and receive a reply the same evening. Recently this has been surpassed, and now it is possible for the London business man to mail an order at nine A.M. to a manufacturer in Birmingham, one hundred miles away, and receive his goods by parcel post by six o'clock P.M.

An American engaged in business in London told me that last summer he was obliged to make a visit to the United States, expecting to be gone three months. In September an installment on his income tax would fall due, and he was not sure that the receipts of his business would take care of the item on the due date. Accordingly, he wrote a letter of explanation to the proper government office, inclosing a check dated November first, and asked if such settlement would be acceptable. In due time came the government reply:

"This office has looked up the records," the letter read, "and finds that your tax payments have heretofore been made promptly. In view of this, it is decided that your check, payable November first, will be acceptable at this time."

The recent governmental agitation in regard to placing a tax on betting is in line with the thought of Mr. Blank, who sits on top of his building and studies the crowd below. It is legal to bet with cash money at the race tracks. It is legal for the private individual to bet at his home or his club, but not with cash; he must have a charge account with a recognized and licensed bookmaker. Not all individuals, however, are solid enough financially to be able to do their betting on credit, and this situation has given rise to a class of bookmakers who carry on clandestine operations among the poorer classes—men who are, in effect, bootleggers of betting.

Hounding Out Donations

THESE things were solemnly thrashed out in Parliament and reported in the daily press. Nothing could better prove the innate salesmanship of the British character than the argument of those statesmen who favored the tax measure:

"The government needs revenue," it was reasoned. "Everyone knows this illegal betting is carried on, and everyone knows how it is done. The bookmaker rents a room in some secluded place and advertises to people of the neighborhood that they may place their shillings and half crowns on all current sporting events. In order to circumvent the police, the bookmaker must employ a lookout to warn of impending danger. It is practically impossible to put a stop to such an operation, so why not get something out of it? The bookmaker has to pay wages to the man who acts as lookout. Let us say he pays forty pounds a year—two hundred dollars. Very well then; suppose we offer to sell the bookmaker a government license for twenty pounds, half the price he pays his lookout. It stands to reason the bookmaker will jump at the bargain. Things will be no worse than they were before and the government will get the money!"

English salesmanship is largely of the visual variety, and one sees its workings in a thousand cases. In the city of Bath there is need for repairs on the wooden portions of the cathedral. Is there a drive for funds in the ordinary American manner, with earnest committees going about stores and offices with subscription blanks in hand, or mass meetings of citizens to hear speeches on the necessity of maintaining so historic an edifice? There are none of these activities. Instead, in the public square of Bath there is on display a huge wooden beam taken from the cathedral tower, to which is attached a printed statement that repairs are made necessary because of the inroads of certain insects that have bored their way into the age-old timbers. The wooden beam punctured by a myriad of little worm holes is visible proof of this statement. The public is requested to send check or money order to assist in the worthy cause. It may take time, but the Bath Cathedral will eventually have the money for its necessities.

The English love dogs. The English are a practical people. The English capitalize this love for dogs in raising money for their charities. In each of the most important railway stations there is a dog, chosen more for his kindly disposition than for pedigree or sheer beauty, who walks about collecting money for various benevolent associations of railway workers. Each dog is a railway employe, pure and simple. He eats at the railway restaurant and sleeps in the station. During business hours he wears a little saddle on which is attached a brass collection box labeled with the name of his charitable organization and with a slot at the top suitable for the reception of a five-pound note or a copper halfpenny. So highly are these dogs regarded that at Paddington Station in London one may see a former veteran, one who appears to have been something in pedigree between a fox terrier and a pointer, stuffed and in a glass case, still wearing his old collection box and with a printed placard giving the number of pounds that he collected during his busy and useful life, and with the added information that King Edward VII and other royal personages had on occasions dropped donations into his brass collection box.

A Permanent Window Display

ONE of the London hospitals employs a rather unusual scheme of salesmanship, through which it draws a considerable portion of its revenue. On the hospital's staff of employes is a corps of girl entertainers, principally young ladies from good families, who have some dramatic talent and who have need of earning an income for themselves. These girls work in pairs, an executive of the hospital arranging their routes. Their entertainments are put on in the drawing-rooms of hotels, mainly at seashore resorts during the summer, and in London and provincial cities during the winter. The affairs are quite informal, a notice being posted in the hotel office a few days in advance stating that the entertainment will be free to whosoever wishes to come. One girl plays the piano and the other sings. One tells something of the work of the hospital. There are more songs, a violin solo and humorous stories. Then a straight appeal for donations.

The results average very satisfactorily. At one session that I chanced to attend, in a small residential hotel with perhaps fifty guests, the collection amounted to something over twelve pounds; and that, the hospital authorities told me, was about the average sum a performance. Each girl receives a salary the equivalent of fifteen dollars a week and expenses. The hotels visited are usually glad to furnish lodging and meals, so the incidental expenses are limited to railway and interurban fares. With receipts of twelve pounds, the net profits of an entertainment are in the neighborhood of fifty dollars in terms of American money.

Everything connected with the entertainment is done in a manner to insure each guest that his contribution will go to the cause for which it is intended. After the collection a committee selected from the audience counts the money and turns it over to the manager of the hotel. The girls get a statement of the receipts that they send to the hospital, and the hotel manager mails a check. The hospital authorities reply in a letter of polite thanks that is later posted in the hotel office.

Being a downright and unimaginative people, the English bring a like orderliness to all their charitable efforts. There is a national organization for the verification of all charitable drives and another national organization for prevention of overlapping activities. The person who tries to make private profit out of public philanthropy must possess talents of a high degree in order to avoid trouble, as exemplified during the current year in the case of a young lady of the metropolis who enlisted as a worker in one of the London drives and who appropriated a portion of the sum in her collection box to her own uses. The young lady's excuse was that her private income was insufficient to purchase certain luxuries that she keenly desired. This excuse, however, was not deemed adequate by the unimaginative judge, who imposed a sentence of thirty days in the workhouse.

One charity that particularly appeals to the British public is that of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, and here the visual salesmanship is at its best. A rugged, seafaring background is needed to supply the proper atmosphere, and during the money-raising campaign this is supplied by members of the life-saving force itself, dressed in the paraphernalia of their profession. Few citizens of a maritime and island people have the heart to ignore the appeal when presented by a husky, good-natured individual in oilskins and life preserver and when the last artistic touch is added by the collection box itself—a miniature coast-guard lifeboat.

When Mr. Blank, of London, stands on the roof of his store and looks covetously at the people who have money in their pockets, he does so with the full realization that he is contending in the most competitive market in the world. His salesmanship is as direct and visual as that of the sidewalk artist. He crowds his show windows with merchandise and plainly labels each article with the price. There is, in Oxford Street, London, a shop that has been selling gloves for upward of a century, and the character of the window display, it is said, has not been altered in fifty years. Row upon row of gloves is plastered flat against the plate glass from top to bottom, some of the samples showing the effects of time, but the attached price tags are always fresh and new.

In spite of the monotony of the exhibit, there is always a crowd in front of the place. On one occasion I sought a business man who is closely in touch with the firm, to get, if possible, an analysis of the sales idea lurking behind so peculiar a window display. His comment was substantially as follows:

"It is nothing less than a trade-mark," he said. "The firm is one of the oldest in the kingdom, and naturally it wants to emphasize the fact. What could be more indicative of age and respectability than to keep the same kind of display in the show windows for an entire generation? But you notice the price tags are never allowed to become shabby; they are, in fact, renewed once a week. This is to show the public that while the firm may be old, yet it is up to date on the question of values. Moreover, there is distinct economy in having samples of all the firm's products in the show windows, each labeled with its price. More than half of the selling is done before the customer comes into the place. The firm does a tremendous volume of business with a surprisingly small number of sales people."

Whatever peculiarity the stranger may notice in British domestic commerce, he may be sure there is practical thought behind it. Not far from the glove emporium in London there is an establishment selling men's ready-made clothing. Like other similar establishments, there are always in the windows lay figures dressed in the clothing that the firm purveys. Just an ordinary clothing-store display, one thinks. Still, there is something different about it, and the difference comes out when one examines the lay figures. Those that wear the ten-guinea suits are fine, upstanding figures with curly hair and manicured finger nails. Those that wear the three and four guinea confections are a little stooped, there is a suggestion of beard on the faces, the finger nails show unmistakable traces of grime.

There is the London restaurant keeper who has made a large fortune by the use of visual salesmanship combined with an appeal to the universal sporting spirit inherent in human nature. His is a little upstairs restaurant, seating but forty-odd people, and a midday lunch is his only meal. The restauranter's long white whiskers constitute an important factor in his salesmanship. When the guests are seated at the single long table he rises from his chair at the end and asks a blessing. Two attendants then bring in a huge fish on a large silver platter. Seizing a knife and fork, the restauranter carves this fish with incredible rapidity, and half a dozen waiters no less quickly carry the portions to the guests.

A Novelty in Restaurants

AT THE finish of this course the restauranter rises and asks his guests to do the same. He proposes the health of the king. "You may now smoke!" he then announces. While the guests prepare to smoke, an enormous cheese is brought and placed upon a dais at the head of the table. Slips of paper are distributed among the guests, and the announcement is made that the cheese will be awarded to the person who sets down correctly its height, its girth and its weight. As a guaranty of its quality the restauranter slices off generous slabs that the waiters carry to the diners. After the slips of paper are collected, a committee of three is selected from among the guests, and these committeemen carefully measure and weigh the cheese. Once in six months, perhaps, a client chances to win the prize. At the finish of the day's function the guests are informed that no bills are rendered for the meal or for the extra they may have consumed. Each is requested to figure his own amount and to hand the sum to an attendant, also a gentleman with white whiskers, upon leaving the dining room.

Good salesmanship? Who shall say it is not good salesmanship when subtle appeal is made to the strongest instincts of human nature? There is the appeal of exclusiveness; of stately and patriarchal ceremony; the appeal of a game of chance; the appeal of being classed as a person of undoubted integrity.

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". . that the American family may have, at a moderate investment, a car which gratifies their finer tastes as well as satisfies their every need . . . ."

ADDED POWER : LONGER LIFE : SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE : ADDED DRIVING EASE AND SECURITY : GREATER ECONOMY : FINER APPOINTMENTS : ADDED BEAUTY :: AT NO INCREASE IN STANDARD PRICES

Oldsmobile keeps faith with its public trust—

. . . returns to you the benefits of manufacturing advantages and economies created by the greatest year in Oldsmobile history!

Today Oldsmobile presents *brilliant progress without basic change* in the car which has won its way to public preference by sheer surpassing merit—

. . . new features of known value—

. . . improvements of demonstrated worth—proved in tests on General Motors Proving Ground, to provide even livelier, smoother performance, even longer life, even greater operating economy, than already characterize Oldsmobile Six!

This even finer Oldsmobile is now on display—see it. View the beauty and luxurious new appointments of its Fisher body—

. . . go over the car, point by point, feature by feature—

. . . know, as only seeing can tell you, what a truly great car this is!

Today, more than ever before . . . no matter what car you now favor or what price you are willing to pay . . . you owe it to yourself, your pocketbook and your sense of satisfaction to see the Oldsmobile Six!

OLDSMOBILE SIX

Product of General Motors

ENLARGED L HEAD ENGINE · · CRANKCASE VENTILATION · · DUAL AIR CLEANING · · OIL FILTER · · HARMONIC BALANCER · · TWIN-BEAM HEADLIGHTS CONTROLLED FROM STEERING WHEEL · · TWO-WAY COOLING · · THREE-WAY PRESSURE LUBRICATION · · FULL AUTOMATIC SPARK CONTROL · · THERMOSTATIC CHARGING CONTROL · · TAPERED, DOME-SHAPED COMBUSTION CHAMBERS · · HIGH VELOCITY, HOT-SECTION MANIFOLD · · SPECIAL DESIGN, LIGHT CAST-IRON PISTONS · · HONED CYLINDERS · · SILENT CHAIN DRIVE · · BALLOON TIRES · · EXCLUSIVE CHROMIUM PLATING · · DUCO FINISH · · NEW BEAUTY OF LINE AND APPOINTMENTS IN FISHER BODIES · · MANY OTHER FEATURES OF DEMONSTRATED WORTH, AT NO INCREASE IN STANDARD PRICES

GOOD MEN AND TRUE

By Carl Clausen

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

SPRAWLED deep in the leather upholstery of the chair in the lobby of his Los Angeles hotel, Mr. Horace Blass studied the folder which he had taken from the rack on the room clerk's desk He adjusted his glasses and read there the following eulogy written with the breezy technic of the professional railroad publicity agent:

In point of population, Rocky County, California, is the smallest in the United States. There are but slightly over eight hundred souls within its boundaries, and considerably less than three hundred registered voters. Calkinsville, the county seat and only town, numbers two hundred and eighty-six inhabitants. The principal industry of Rocky County is cattle raising, and the universal prosperity of the people is attested by the unusually large per capita deposits in the National Bank of Calkinsville

In area, Rocky County is anything but Lilliputian. Three or four European principalities could be lost among the lofty peaks and deep valleys of the mountains that surround the picturesque little town of Calkinsville. Farms are measured by sections, not by acres, and their proscribed boundaries are more often a ridge of granite buttes than a mere section line

On Sundays He Went About the Community Making Friends With the Mountaineers, Calling at Their Homes, Discussing Crops, Market Prices and Blooded Stock

Mr. Blass read no farther. His small gimlet eyes returned to the two sentences in paragraph one—"less than three hundred registered voters" and "unusually large per capita deposits in the National Bank of Calkinsville"—with a sort of contemplative anticipation. The cigar which glowed between the first and second fingers of his pudgy hand trembled almost imperceptibly and he smacked his heavy lips as if there were a sweet taste in his mouth.

"Lovers of the great out-of-doors," he read on, "will be charmed with Rocky County. It is the hunter's and fisherman's paradise," and so on.

Mr. Blass closed the folder. The great out-of-doors held no charms for him. He was not a sportsman. Indeed, his activities were the direct opposite of sporting. He was a conservative man. He always played safe. The element known as "chance" never figured in his well-ordered life. He planned his campaigns with the skill and attention to detail worthy of a Napoleon, and, like Napoleon, once his plans were perfected he struck silently and swiftly, folded up his tents and departed for some little quiet spot until the hue and cry of the defeated had subsided.

Not infrequently his activities came under the unpleasant scrutiny of the police, and his periods of submergence were therefore sometimes protracted to the point of ennui. He was just passing through such a period now, and having seen in the Evening Courier a small advertisement in the Help Wanted column by the National Bank of Calkinsville for a teller with bookkeeping experience, he had, with characteristic promptness, proceeded to inform himself about the lay of the land in Rocky County as exploited by the enthusiastic railway press agent.

In his younger days Mr. Blass had been in the banking business, until his peculiar gift for acquiring money—other people's—had made it necessary for him to abandon his profession somewhat hurriedly.

His business with banks since then had been in a strictly intermediary capacity—usually thirty or sixty day notes signed by unsuspecting bucolics on various naive pretexts and discounted at once by Mr. Blass at the victim's bank

Such methods of doing business made a frequent change of residence imperative, and it was Mr. Blass' secret boast that for ten years he had never stayed in one place more than three months. He had been in Los Angeles nearly two now and the atmosphere of the quiet little hotel irked him.

He wanted to be up and away. For days he had been scanning the advertising columns of the daily papers assiduously. This was a religion with him. More than once an innocent advertisement had pointed the way to a circumstance fitting his peculiar gifts.

The four-line advertisement of the National Bank of Calkinsville seemed to point such a way, and the isolation of Rocky County was particularly desirable at present, but the probable surplus of the bank intrigued him the most.

Mr. Blass leaned back in his chair and considered. Closing his eyes and oblivious of the other people lounging like himself about the cool, tiled lobby, in the ceiling of which a large electric fan buzzed softly, he went into executive session with himself, from which he emerged half an hour later like a huge, ungainly turtle awakened from its siesta on the bosom of a placid pool.

He decided to do a little judicious advertising himself Crossing the tiled floor he entered the telephone booth behind the room clerk's desk and telephoned the following advertisement to the Daily Mirror:

Wanted at once, teller for new bank in a near-by city. Middle-aged man with Eastern experience preferred. Call between one and three P.M. in person and bring references. Mr. Blass, Hotel Alvarez, City.

"One insertion only," he told the girl who took the advertisement. "Send the bill to the name and address given in the ad."

"Yes, Mr. Blass; thank you, sir."

That done, he went to dinner in a quiet little place which he had discovered during his perambulations about the city, and where the cuisine was above reproach. He scanned the bill of fare critically and ordered himself a meal that would have found favor with the most exacting.

As always, when embarking upon a new venture, he was in excellent spirits. The apathy of his enforced inaction had dropped from him. He glanced about the well-filled room approvingly, his pink, smooth face aglow with benevolence and good fellowship. The soft lights and the gay music fitted his mood to a nicety. As was his habit, he tipped the waiter half a dollar in advance with the promise of another half dollar if the steak was done to the exact letter of his specifications.

As it exceeded even his expectations, the second coin came forth and with it an order for a cigar to the same value. This having been lit in the deferential manner with which only a well-tipped waiter can apply a lucifer to the end of an imported cigar, Mr. Blass leaned back in his seat and gave himself over to the contemplation of his intended raid upon the surplus and undivided profits of the National Bank of Calkinsville.

It was near midnight when he arose and the waiter handed him his cane and hat and escorted him to the door. The evening, Mr. Blass discovered, was fine. There was no moon. The balmy Pacific breeze fanned his smoothly shaven cheek. He walked homeward leisurely, and as leisurely undressed and got into his peach-colored silk pajama suit. He read for half an hour to make himself sleepy, then turned out the light, closed his eyes and, with cavernous yawn, slid his well-fed body into the luxuriously yielding depths of the special box bedsprings with which the Hotel Alvarez provided its guests.

II

HIS advertisement brought the desired result. It is doubtful if any city in the Union holds as many middle-aged and elderly bank clerks with Eastern experience out of employment as does Los Angeles. They seem to journey there in caravans like the Mohammedans to their Mecca. The climate and living conditions of Southern

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Exploring De Luxe

IN Pullman or Packard, on rail or road, the Santa Fé Railway has provided for those who know and demand the best.

It offers patrons of its luxurious through trains between Chicago and Los Angeles a new transportation service through the scenic wonderland of our historic Southwest.

From Santa Fé, the colorful Spanish-American capital of New Mexico, "landcruises" of any extent desired may now be taken by motor under Santa Fé-Fred Harvey management. The traveler has but to lay out his tour, and then, leaving all details to experienced couriers, explore any part of that great hinterland of towering mountains, painted deserts, picturesque peoples and prehistoric ruins which constitutes our last frontier.

It is natural that the Santa Fé, famous for the perfection of its service and equipment, should provide Packard Eight cars exclusively for these de luxe explorations by those who demand the acme of comfort and luxury in transportation — either by rail or motor.

PACKARD

Ask the man who owns one

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California are made to order for the man who is financially embarrassed. He may live there minus an overcoat and steam heat with less discomfort than in any other city on the American continent.

The applicants began to file into the Hotel Alvarez at 12:15. By one o'clock the tiled lobby looked like a convention. They were of all ages, sizes and states of insolvency, from the frayed-cuff variety of nine months out of work to the prosperous-looking recent arrival who still wore gloves and had not yet negotiated his blister-pearl stick pin for a week's board

One by one the bell captain caused them to be led to the room where Mr. Blass sat in state and received the applicants with the grave and slightly condescending manner of a captain of finance about to embark upon a vast new enterprise.

He worked with unerring precision. By 2:30 he had interviewed twenty-six applicants and had subjected their references to a swift but comprehensive scrutiny, and had dismissed them, after taking their addresses, with the mendacious statement that he would call them if he needed them.

When Number Twenty-seven was shown in, Mr. Blass knew instinctively that this was his man. Twenty-seven was a tall, slightly built individual with a horselike profile, weary dark-brown eyes and the funereal expression that goes with some deep-rooted organic ailment and hopes deferred. When he sat down he had the appearance of a jackknife closed halfway and he hoisted up his trouser legs carefully with the tips of his long bony fingers, as if fearful that the sudden strain of sitting down would cause his sharp, pointed knees to pierce the cloth. He answered to the name of Wendell Craig, and his dark melancholy eyes wandered hungrily about the luxuriously appointed apartment while Mr. Blass, cigar in mouth, perused his references.

When Blass laid them down and asked him a few searching questions, the weary dark eyes lit up with a sudden gleam of hope, and when his questioner said "I think you'll do, Mr. Craig," a shock seemed to pass through the applicant's cadaverous frame. It was quite evident that he had answered the advertisement merely as a matter of routine, with no hope of it leading to anything. The shock of having been selected seemed almost too much for his fragile frame.

He leaned forward in his chair and asked huskily, "When do you wish me to—assume my duties, Mr. Blass?"

Mr. Blass cleared his throat.

"Well—ahem, it will of course be necessary to investigate your references," he replied. "As a matter of fact I'm just organizing the bank and the deal is not yet completed."

The applicant's long face grew perceptibly longer.

"I see," he said hollowly.

"But I'm very sure that I shall be able to use you," Mr. Blass hastened to assure him. "Suppose you leave the references with me for a period of two weeks so that I may investigate them thoroughly."

"Two weeks!" the man repeated listlessly, as if the other had said two centuries.

Mr. Blass' small gimlet eyes observed the applicant's condition in detail. He noted the patched shoes, the carefully mended shirt, the cracked collar and the trouser knees worn thin by daily sponging and pressing.

"In an enterprise of the magnitude of which I am about to float," he said—Mr. Blass liked nautical terms; they gave an air of solidity to the proceedings—"one must be careful in selecting the men who are to be at the helm. I will, of course, give you a receipt for the references."

The man seemed to hesitate.

"Then, I can consider myself hired?" he asked.

Mr. Blass smiled indulgently.

"There is nothing sure except death and taxes," he replied, with oracular jocularity.

The applicant nodded. He seemed to have heard this before. He regarded the patch on his bravely polished right shoe in silence. Mr. Blass thought quickly. He needed Craig's references for two weeks and he was willing to pay for the use of them. They were just what he was looking for, and his possession of them would prevent Craig from answering the advertisement of the Calkinsville Bank if he happened to see it.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said magnanimously. "I realize that during the two weeks of my possession of them you'll be unable to look for another position. Now my motto is, if a thing's worth having it's worth paying for—and you seem to be the sort of man we need. Suppose you give me a two weeks' option on your services for some nominal sum, say fifty dollars. If at the end of that time I decide to use you, the fifty dollars will be held out of your first and second month's salary. If I decide not to hire you, the references will be returned to you and I lose my fifty dollars. Is that fair?"

Craig drew a deep breath.

"It is more than fair, sir," he replied gratefully.

"Very well," said Mr. Blass. Smiling inwardly, he unscrewed his fountain pen and wrote out a simple agreement to that effect in duplicate, signing one of them and handing the other to Craig for him to sign. Then he pulled a roll of bills from his pocket, laid two twenty-dollar notes and a ten in the applicant's trembling bony hand, put the references in the drawer of the table and signified that the interview was at an end.

"You'll hear from me long before the two weeks are up, I think, Mr. Craig," he said as he jotted down the address the applicant gave him. "Would you mind telling the clerk when you go down that the position is filled and to send the rest of the applicants away?"

"I will tell him, sir," Craig replied, more gratefully than ever

When the man was gone Blass took the references from the drawer and settled comfortably down to read them at his leisure.

They were excellent. They showed that Mr. Wendell Craig had had twenty-five years of banking experience in a medium-sized city in the Middle West, having risen to the

(Continued on Page 44)

As They Came Abreast of the Group, the Men Fell Aside and a Lane Opened in Their Ranks. Blass Looked Up Inquiringly, Then Shrank Back With a Yelp of Terror

TRANSPORTATION

Sturdy trucks and fine, safe buses are becoming more and more a vital part of the nation's transportation. In hundreds of thousands of trucks and buses, dependable Champion Spark Plugs are contributing to better engine performance and standing up under the tremendous stress of such operation because of Champion sturdiness.

Champion X— exclusively for Ford Cars, Trucks and Fordson Tractors—packed in the Red Box—60 cents each. Set of Four $2.40

Champion— for trucks and cars other than Fords—packed in the Blue Box 75 cents each. Set of Four $3.00

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Toledo, Ohio

Dependable Champion Spark Plugs render better service for a longer time. But even Champions should be replaced after 10,000 miles service. Power, speed and acceleration will be restored and their cost saved many times over in less gas and oil used

(Continued from Page 42)

position of assistant cashier. Mr. Blass rubbed his hands. The references were just the sort that would be attractive to a small-town banker, a simple record of a sober and industrious life.

It was characteristic of Blass that he should lose no time in putting his scheme into practice. Seated at the table he penned the following letter in his conservative and scholarly hand:

NATIONAL BANK OF CALKINSVILLE,
Rocky County, California.

Gentlemen: In applying for the position as teller in your bank as per your advertisement in the Evening Courier, I beg to call your attention to the fact that I am about middle age, of sober and industrious habits and with many years of banking experience in the Middle West, as my inclosed references will show. I have some five thousand dollars available which I would like to invest in stock or securities of the bank that employs me.

If you are interested I shall be glad to call in person. Trusting that I may hear from you favorably, I am

Yours sincerely,
WENDELL CRAIG,
Hotel Alexandra,
Los Angeles, California.

After he had finished the letter, he read it over carefully twice, then folded it up, satisfied that he had struck a note that would elicit a prompt answer. Mr. Blass was a student of human nature and he knew that few middle-aged bank clerks looking for a position were solvent to the extent of five thousand dollars.

He registered the letter at the main post office, then walked downtown to the Alexandra Hotel, where he engaged a room under the name of Wendell Craig.

"I am going to be out of town for the day," he told the clerk. "My baggage is still at the Santa Fe Station. I will have it brought up tomorrow. I'm expecting an important letter from the north. Please see that nothing happens to it."

The clerk promised to do so.

Because of the isolated position of Calkinsville, Blass knew that he could not expect an answer to his letter for several days. He spent this period covering up his trail with his usual care and attention to detail. The following morning he checked out of the Alvarez Hotel and moved his simple luggage to the Alexandra, and that same afternoon he went to a near-by bank and bought himself a cashier's check for five thousand dollars, payable to Wendell Craig. Then he settled down to wait.

On the fourth day the answer came. As he slipped his fat index finger under the flap of the businesslike-looking envelope, the left-hand corner of which bore the printed return address of the National Bank of Calkinsville, his heart played a faint staccato tattoo against his well-padded ribs, and when he ran his small porcine eyes down the typewritten sheet, a smile spread over his heavy jowl to the last crease of the triple chin. He read:

MR. WENDELL CRAIG,

Dear Sir: We shall be glad to have you call in person as you suggest, and have taken the liberty to investigate your references at once by special-delivery letter, the answer to which ought to reach us by the time you can get here.

We are frank to state that your communication interests us, and if we can come to terms we shall be glad to welcome you as a stockholder as well as an employe of our bank.

In conclusion we may add that our stock earns seven per cent interest per annum and is further secured by the real estate and building which the bank occupies as its own landlord.

Sincerely yours,
THE NATIONAL BANK OF CALKINSVILLE,
Rocky County, California.
per ASA KEYES,
President.

Mr. Blass folded up the letter. A man less astute than himself would have boarded the next train for Calkinsville. Blass did nothing of the sort. He waited two full days, first, to give Mr. Keyes a chance to hear from the special-delivery letter sent to Craig's former employers in the East, investigating the references, secondly, in order not to show undue haste or eagerness. He did, however, wire Mr. Keyes what day the banker might expect him, and he improved upon the interval by calling on a certain lawyer who had been recommended to him by one Frisbie, an old friend and former business associate. Frisbie had been Mr. Blass' partner years ago in some of those little, mildly illegal ventures upon which both men had cut their youthful teeth. This was in the days before Mr. Blass had begun to put on weight and before Frisbie had thought of raising a goatee.

The two men had drifted apart and Frisbie, it seemed, had become involved in a stock deal that had terminated disastrously—for Mr. Frisbie's clients—and only the perspicacity of this legal person had kept Frisbie from going up the river instead of down the flume where the savings of his clients went.

To this man, the frosted pane of whose office door bore the simple legend: "Howard Reach, Attorney," Mr. Blass stated his wants.

Mr. Reach acknowledged the absent Frisbie's references with a wolfish grimace that was intended as a smile. He was a short thickset man with negroid lips, upon which rode a mustache of black, straggling bristles. His eyes were darkly opaque and expressionless as those of a fish. His first question was brief but to the point.

"How much is your bail?" he asked. Mr. Reach always gauged his fees by the size of a client's bail.

Mr. Blass smiled. He informed Mr. Reach that he was not under arrest and that thus far indeed his record was unsullied by the contaminating hand of the law, but that being a careful man, as Mr. Reach undoubtedly understood, he had always made it a rule to get in touch with a good lawyer when embarking upon a new venture. That he had, in fact, come to engage Mr. Reach as his very personal attorney and upon a generous retainer.

Mr. Reach understood. He signified his perfect comprehension by pulling a square bottle and two glasses from the bottom drawer of his desk, and the two men retired to his inner office for an hour's earnest consultation, from which Mr. Blass emerged with an almost seraphic glow upon his pink, smooth face.

They parted with mutual protestations of good fellowship and perfect understanding. Mr. Reach was to hold himself in readiness for an emergency.

III

NATURE has dealt charms to Rocky County with a lavish hand. The lowest point, a narrow valley two miles below Calkinsville, is well over four thousand feet above the sea and the highest point, Mount McGregor, is a fraction less than thirteen thousand. Nevertheless there is plenty and to spare of meadow lands to support the small population. These mountain meadows are the ancient terminal moraines of prehistoric glaciers. They were formed by the silt mined from the granite ledges by the glacial ice moving seaward every spring through countless geological ages.

When the glacial period came to an end, floral life began to appear on the meadows. Flowers and grasses were born and died, and in dying added their life impulse to the already quickening glacial silt.

A million years had passed since the first grain of silt was laid upon the polished bedrock by the first spring glacier, to the day when nature intrusted to the meadows the support of her latest and highest form of life - man.

How well the meadows discharged their stewardship is shown in the faces and in the forms of the people who live there. Sturdy folk, these mountaineers, long-waisted, rosy-cheeked women and broad-shouldered, deep-chested men. Women who love simply and deeply, and men who labor lustily and live with zest.

Into this community Mr. Blass projected himself via stage coach one fine spring morning when the meadows stood knee-deep in golden daisies and lupines. His small bright eyes missed no detail of the very evident prosperity of the country through which he was passing. He noted the well-kept farmsteads, the flowering orchards that promised bumper crops, and the sleek, fat kine that, shoulder deep in the lush meadow grasses, gazed with a sort of fraternal contemplation at this well-fed form reclining against the somewhat fleabitten upholstery of the lumbering coach.

The beauty of the land, the towering, snow-capped peaks, and the white, fleecy clouds that rode them, the dark green of tamarack and cedar that clothed their sweeping slopes—upon all this Mr. Blass gazed stonily, and the soft purling of unseen brooks awoke no response in him other than a brief shiver of thankfulness that he had brought his rubbers along.

He found Mr. Asa Keyes a large comfortable-looking man who greeted him with a deep Southern accent and led him into his private office, where he pulled out a box of cigars with Western hospitality.

"The answer to my letter about your references came this morning, Mr. Craig," he said; "you're to be congratulated, suh, on the esteem in which you're held by your former employers."

Mr. Blass contrived to look modest and esteemed in the same breath. He waved a pudgy deprecating hand.

"They're fine people," he said largely.

Mr. Keyes smiled.

"I note that you have quite recovered from your illness," he said. "The letter stated that your ill health was the only reason for them dispensing with your services," he explained.

"I never felt better in my life," Mr. Blass replied, with more than a grain of truth.

Mr. Keyes slapped him on the back in his hearty Western fashion.

"California climate, suh, the most wonderful tonic in the world. They'd be surprised if they could see you now."

Mr. Blass winced slightly under the hearty slap. He agreed that "they" would be very much surprised indeed.

Mr. Keyes bit the end off a perfecto and held a lighted match to Mr. Blass' cigar.

"Suppose we talk turkey," he said, sitting back in his chair and crossing his long legs.

Mr. Blass indicated with a nod his entire willingness to talk turkey. That was what he was there for.

"I suppose you've noted that this bank is more or less of a one-man concern?" Keyes said. "Of course we're incorporated as a national bank, with the regulation board of directors, and so on, but in the main Asa Keyes is the National Bank of Calkinsville," this latter without a trace of egotism, but with a certain amount of pardonable pride. "We employ just one teller and a woman assistant to take care of the correspondence and help with the books. During rush hours I take off my coat and lend a hand. We're a small concern as banks go, Mr. Craig, but we're sound to the core, and we have a surplus that would knock a city banker cold."

Mr. Blass settled back in his chair with a sigh of content. He glanced about the small well-appointed private office with undisguised approval.

"You certainly have a nice little outfit," he agreed. "All your own way and no competition."

Mr. Keyes reached out one large efficient hand and ran it lovingly up and down the oak panels of the wainscoting.

"Nice grain, eh, Craig? I picked out the wood myself in Los Angeles. Quarter-sawed oak rubbed down with pumice and six coats of shellac over the stain."

Mr. Blass' knowledge of wood was confined to sawing minus a saw, but he touched the panel with a deferential digit and agreed with the proper amount of awe that never had it been his good fortune to see a finer finish. Mr. Keyes' finish he meant - but he kept the latter observation to himself. His eyes missed no detail of his surroundings. He noted the small steel-lined filing cabinet that stood against the wall, the glass-topped desk and the chairs upholstered in fine-grained Spanish leather. He also noted the half-inch-thick cork linoleum which covered the floor and into which the rubber heels of his button-top shoes sank as into a deep rug.

His imagination was stirred by this cork linoleum. He brought himself up with a start. Keyes was speaking.

"Now as to salary," the banker was saying. "I'm almost ashamed to state to an assistant cashier of a big city bank the amount we've been paying, but your duties will be light, except on Saturdays, and when you get swamped my coat comes off. Suppose we start you in at two hundred and fifty dollars a month, with an increase at the end of the first six months."

A shadow seemed to pass over Mr. Blass' salmon-pink face. He registered the proper shade of reluctance, then said as if putting all mercenary considerations aside for the nobler ones of guiding the fortunes of the National Bank of Calkinsville to financial supremacy:

"I don't mind telling you, Mr. Keyes, that I'm intrigued—positively intrigued—by this part of the country, and being that my physician has ordered me to the high altitudes—well, in short, that in spite of the very low remuneration, I accept your offer." He hesitated. "One condition only do I make, and that is that I am permitted to buy the five thousand dollars' worth of bank stock I spoke of in my letter. I shall want to share in the fortunes of the bank that employs me."

Mr. Keyes expressed his approbation of these noble sentiments.

"I think that can be arranged, suh," he said. He was in fact at that moment personally a little short of ready cash, having overbought on meadow land. The possible disposal of a small block of stock had been in a great measure responsible for his initial interest in the applicant's letter, as Mr. Blass had so cannily foreseen.

They talked of this and that, discussed the future of Rocky County as a health resort, and Mr. Keyes gave his listener a long monologue on its historic and glorious past. He referred modestly to his own share in the development of Rocky County by organized financial support, and spoke in true pioneer fashion of the breaking of the meadow soil by a former generation; of their hardships in crossing the sterile Nevada uplands and of the epic struggle that had made this isolated mountain region the richest farming community in the state of California.

To all this Mr. Blass listened because there was nothing else to do. He was not interested in epics and flights of fancy. The only bird that aroused him to eloquence was distinctly stationary and anchored securely to the reverse side of the American dollar. So, to stop the flow of eulogy that poured from Mr. Keyes' honest Western lips, Blass drew out his wallet and took from it the certified check for five thousand dollars and laid it on the table.

With his own hands Mr. Keyes made out the pass book, showing that Mr. Wendell Craig had that day deposited with the National Bank of Calkinsville five thousand dollars. After this had been attended to with the proper amount of ceremony, Mr. Keyes took his new employe around and introduced him to the outgoing incumbent, a dreamy-eyed youth with big-city ambitions, who looked Mr. Blass over in a manner at once absent-minded and clairvoyant. Then back to the rear office where a tall serious-looking youngish woman, answering to the name of Miss Tinker, abandoned her work long enough to flush painfully under Mr. Keyes' breezy introduction.

Blass held out his moist right hand. Into it the young woman laid her own cool one, limply, as if doubting the propriety of such intimacy with a stranger. Mr. Blass released it hurriedly. He had the curious feeling of having had a large oyster dropped into his palm.

IV

AS MR. KEYES had told Blass, his duties were light. The daily cash transactions in deposits and withdrawals were not large. The ranchers paid their bills to

(Continued on Page 49)

Why motorists are asking for this new transmission lubricant *by name*

A new discovery in gear lubrication is now giving 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline by actual test—due to freer running.

Here are cold facts. Recently Alemite engineers brought out a new type gear lubricant—result of 3 years' research.

Famous engineering laboratories first gave this new lubricant exhaustive friction heat tests. In every one it set new low friction records. [See chart.]

Then it was tested under actual driving conditions in well known, standard makes of cars. These tests showed what it would do *in your car.* They revealed a startling fact.

With Alemite Transmission Lubricant cars actually deliver 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline than with the old style grease or compound.

In just a short time Alemite Transmission Lubricant has started a new habit among thousands of motorists. For the first time they are asking for a gear lubricant *by name*—the same as they do for motor oils.

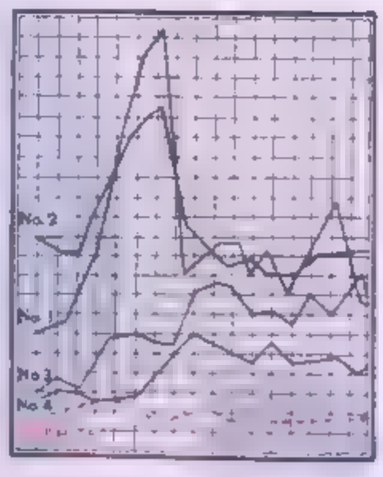
It means saving 40 to 60 gallons of gasoline in every 10,000 miles. Furthermore, it naturally gives your car more power and pickup. You don't have to dilute it with oil in winter. [Diluting with engine oil does little good, for most engine oil congeals in normally cold weather.] Alemite Transmission Lubricant keeps your gears in perfect condition—easy to shift at 14° below zero.

This lubricant costs a few cents more. But you will agree that it is worth it—if you try it once. Alemite Transmission Lubricant contains only the highest grades of oils, solidified by a new exclusive process—without fillers or acids. That is the secret of its unique power. It is made for the motorist who wants the best. Because the best is always the cheapest in lubrication.

Ask for Alemite Transmission Lubricant by name.

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO
2660 N. Crawford Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Canadian Address: Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario



This chart shows the results of a friction test of Alemite Transmission Lubrication made in the laboratories of the Armour Institute of Technology. Note how, compared with ordinary gear greases, Alemite kept by far the lowest friction throughout.

ALEMITE

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Transmission Lubricant

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

The Smoothest Chevrolet in Chevrolet

Chevrolet History!

Multiple-Cylinder Performance with Chevrolet Economy

—that's why hundreds of thousands of owners are proclaiming today's Chevrolet the greatest achievement in Chevrolet history!

Everywhere the world over, it is sending Chevrolet popularity to new record-breaking heights. Everywhere it ranks in public preference and sales, the world's finest low-priced car! Everywhere it is recognized as the climax to twelve years of constant improvement by Chevrolet and General Motors engineers!

And a single ride will tell you why.

Into the field of low-priced cars, today's Chevrolet has brought exactly the slow-speed smoothness, exactly the velvet acceleration, exactly the freedom from high-speed vibration that have been the big reasons for the buying of multiple-cylinder cars.

Imagine loafing up a hill in a loaded car—with the motor turning so easily that you are almost unconscious of its operation. *You can in the smooth Chevrolet!*

Imagine rushing from 10 to 30 miles an hour before your watch ticks ten times—with never a semblance of straining or labor in the motor. *You can in the smooth Chevrolet!*

Imagine speeding at 40 or 50 miles an hour in a Coach or Sedan—and being able to talk without raising your voice above the conversational pitch. *You can in the smooth Chevrolet!*

And, above all, imagine the satisfaction of enjoying such phenomenal qualities together with an amazing economy of operation. *You do in the smooth Chevrolet!*

No matter what type of car you are accustomed to driving, learn for yourself the incredible smoothness that is winning the world to Chevrolet. Arrange to drive the car today!

Compare its abilities on any basis with any car you have ever driven. Try it in traffic—over the hills—through clinging mud and sand.

Go to the nearest Chevrolet dealer in a critical state of mind—but be prepared for a ride the like of which you never dreamed possible in other than a multiple-cylinder car. *For that's exactly what you will discover at the wheel of the smoothest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history!*

so Smooth - so Powerful

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*

QUALITY AT LOW COST

The test of a motor oil

Not how long the Oil lasts but how long the MOTOR lasts

Flapdoodle . . .
or commonsense?

Don't be misled by flapdoodle about motor-oils.

It is *not* an oil's job to run your motor. You buy gasoline to do that.

It is *not* wise to follow the miscellaneous advice you hear, or read, about oil changing. Change oil at the intervals specified in the instruction book that comes with your car.

It is *not* important what an oil looks like. The best motor-oil and the worst motor-oil often look the same.

But it *is* important, *vitally* important, how thoroughly a motor-oil safeguards your motor from deadly heat and friction, the twin enemies responsible for 75% of all engine repairs. That's commonsense, the kind of commonsense that is daily winning new advocates for this oil that gives the "film of protection".

TODAY, engineers will tell you that there are *no poor motors* among the standard makes of cars. A poor motor, in 1926, is simply a good motor that has received poor care. And the responsibility for the condition of your motor is largely up to the motor-oil you use.

Your choice of a motor-oil should be governed by the answer to one simple question, "How thoroughly does the oil safeguard your motor from deadly heat and friction?" No other consideration is of equal importance. No other factor should influence your choice.

A motor-oil's responsibility

IT is a motor-oil's job to form a thin film over all the vital parts of your motor and safeguard them from deadly heat and friction. As long as that film remains unbroken, your motor is protected.

But far too often under the punishing lash of blinding heat and under the ceaseless grind of friction, the film of ordinary oil breaks. Then through the broken, shattered film, scorching heat attacks directly the vital motor parts. Hot metal chafes against hot metal. Unleashed friction begins its insidious work of destruction.

All too soon you have a badly damaged motor and repair bills that can ruin your vacation fund.

A "film of protection" that does not fail

BECAUSE the whole problem of correct lubrication lies in correct oil films, Tide Water technologists spent years in studying not oils alone but oil *films*. They made hundreds and hundreds of laboratory experiments and road tests. Finally, they perfected, in Veedol, an oil that offers the utmost resistance to deadly heat and friction. An oil which gives the "film of protection", *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.*

The difference in the cost of the best oil and the cheapest oil amounts to but little in the course of a year. But the difference in dollars between a car on the road and a car in the repair shop is something worth worrying about.

Put the Veedol "film of protection" on the job. Stop, today, at the orange and black Veedol sign. Have your crankcase drained and refilled with the correct Veedol oil for your car.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

The FILM of PROTECTION

(Continued from Page 44)

the local tradesmen by check, and they themselves were paid by the grain and cattle buyers in drafts on out-of-town banks. These were deposited with the Los Angeles correspondent, the great Oil and Grain Commercial Bank, and drawn upon by express when cash was needed.

That the Calkinsville National Bank was even more of a one-man affair than the admission of Keyes had accorded it was soon evident to Blass, and he entered upon his new duties with a quiet and watchful attention to detail. It took but a short time to familiarize himself with these details. He found out that the bank carried habitually some forty thousand dollars in cash in the vault. This was a good deal more than was necessary for an institution of its size, but Keyes belonged to the old school of Western bankers, to the era when city correspondents and Federal Reserve Banks were unknown, and when a bank's strength was measured by the thickness of its steel vault plates. He believed in carrying plenty of cash on hand to meet any sudden demand of his depositors. The institution which he represented prided itself upon this ability.

In the panic of 1907, when banks went down like wheat under a hailstorm, and scrip was the only known currency for months, this cash reserve enabled Keyes to pay every demand in gold coin, as his father had done before him in the panic of the 80's when Asa was a twenty-year-old stripling.

Once Blass had ascertained this state of affairs, he proceeded to ingratiate himself with the depositors. This was not difficult for a man of his histrionic abilities. The position he held in the bank gave him the prestige necessary for the basis of assuming the rôle when putting over a deal of this sort. He lost no time in making himself solid with the people, whose pride in their small mountain community was strong and sincere. As a stockholder in their bank he was a personage, and he lost no opportunity in impressing them with his desire to serve them and to make his interest one with the interest of Rocky County.

He worked upon their pride for all it was worth. He organized a chamber of commerce to advertise this little-known section, called meetings, made speeches and went on record as a livewire. He was in no hurry. He was playing for big stakes. He had covered up his trail well. There was no danger of complications from the real Wendell Craig. A man of his stamp, state of health and age, was extremely unlikely even to get a chance to show his references in applying for a position. Blass had returned them to him by mail with a short note of regret at being unable to use him, when he went back to Los Angeles for his baggage.

Blass found that the bulk of the forty-thousand-dollar cash reserve was kept in a small manganese-steel safe in the vault, together with some twenty-odd thousand dollars' worth of securities, also belonging to the bank. The safe was kept closed during the day and only opened at night by Blass, when he put the day's cash away in one of the compartments, and the vault, in addition to being fire and burglar proof, carried a time lock and an electric alarm. Whatever could be said about Mr. Keyes' methods of banking, his precautions in safeguarding his depositors' money were anything but antiquated.

This circumstance did not worry Blass, however. He had no intention of playing the rôle of burglar. Neither did he intend to loot the bank by the slow method of embezzlement. His plan was much simpler, much more ingenious, and perfectly safe—so safe indeed that in contemplation of it he found himself chuckling softly during the lulls in the day's business. He had not the slightest fear for the success of his plan.

He did not content himself with being a booster at the meetings and during business hours in the bank. On Sundays he went about the community making friends with the mountaineers, calling at their homes, discussing crops, market prices and blooded stock. He made himself agreeable to their women. Before three months had passed he was easily the most popular man in Rocky County. There was not a Rocky man or woman, who wouldn't have gone to the bat for him. This was precisely what he was after. He would need character witnesses some day, plenty of them, and he meant to have them on tap when needed, and he kept in touch weekly with Howard Reach, his Los Angeles attorney.

At night in his room at the Calkinsville hotel, he'd go over his plans in detail, rehearsing in his mind every step like an actor preparing for a difficult part, and he would chuckle softly to himself at the drollness of the thing.

One Saturday at noon, when Miss Tinker went to lunch and Mr. Keyes had driven off for home in his car, after pausing at Blass' window and telling him that he'd be back by one o'clock to relieve him, Mr. Blass walked into the vault.

The time was ripe. Opening the safe he abstracted from it the sixty-odd thousand dollars in currency and securities. The currency was mostly in large bills of fifty and one hundred dollar denominations. There were a few bundles of fives, tens and twenties. These he passed up as too bulky. Thirty thousand dollars of the forty thousand, all in one-hundred-dollar notes, he wrapped up in a piece of brown paper and tied it with string. This small package he took out into the yard at the rear of the bank and hid under a pile of old boards that had been torn out when the paneling of the office was done, a year or so earlier, and had not been disturbed since.

When he returned to his teller's cage he found Hawkins, the butcher, waiting at the window for some change. He exchanged a pleasant remark or two with the man as he pushed the rolls of silver under the wicket to him.

After the butcher was gone, Blass carried the remaining ten thousand in currency and the twenty-odd thousand in securities into Keyes' private office. Here he moved the filing cabinet, lifted up the corner of the heavy cork linoleum, tore the gummed paper bands off the bundles of currency and laid the bank notes side by side, five deep, under the linoleum, arranging the securities neatly in a row beside them. Then he turned the linoleum back again, moved the filing cabinet into place once more and returned to his teller's cage, where he found two men, Shelton, a rancher from the upper meadows, and Sanger, the real-estate broker, waiting to be served.

He cashed a small check for Shelton, inquired about his wife's health, which had been poor for several months, and when Shelton left he waited on the real-estate broker. He was still chatting pleasantly with Sanger when Miss Tinker returned from lunch. Leaving her in charge he took his hat from its peg behind Miss Tinker's desk and left the bank in company with Sanger. The two men ate lunch together in the hotel dining room, lingering over their cigars, discussing the future of Rocky County, and Blass walked leisurely back to the bank, where he found Keyes waiting on a long line of afternoon depositors.

Blass hung his hat on the peg beside Miss Tinker's coat. As he passed her desk the girl looked up at him, then dropped her eyes hurriedly. In that brief look Blass saw a flash that might have been distrust, might have been just diffidence. He slacked up his pace almost instinctively, then passed into the teller's cage and relieved Keyes.

When he happened to glance over his shoulder a little while later, after the waiting line had been disposed of, he noted that his hat did not hang on the peg beside Miss Tinker's coat, but on one three pegs removed from it. He frowned. He could have sworn that he had hung the hat on the peg next to the coat.

At 4:30 that evening, when he had put his cash away and Keyes had closed the vault door as was his habit and had gone into his private office, Miss Tinker arose from her desk, crossed to the president's door and knocked. Blass glanced up as she passed his cage, but the girl did not so much as look in his direction. He noted that she carried a newspaper, folded up, in her left hand. She stayed in Keyes' office for some time, then came out, put on her hat and coat and left for home.

She had not been gone more than two minutes when Keyes opened the door of his office and called out: "Come here a moment, Craig, will you?"

"Yes, Mr. Keyes," Blass replied. He wondered mildly what was up. He knew that the robbery could not have been discovered; still he had the feeling that something momentous was about to happen.

Keyes was seated at his desk in his shirt sleeves when Blass entered. He shot his teller a quick sidewise glance, then, without a word, handed Blass the folded-up newspaper and pointed to a printed paragraph therein. The paper was the Los Angeles Morning Courier and the paragraph indicated by Keyes contained a brief account of the suicide by gas asphyxiation of Wendell Craig, a former bank cashier of a Southern Illinois town, in a small obscure Los Angeles hotel. The reason given for the act was despondency over ill health and inability to find employment. The paragraph wound up with the statement that his widow and young daughter were left destitute.

Blass drew a deep breath. He almost wilted when he thought how near his whole plan had come to naught, and he congratulated himself almost tremulously upon having chosen this Saturday. Luck was with him. The suicide of Craig was of no moment. It would merely hasten matters a little. The vault could not be opened until Monday morning at 8:30, when the time lock controlling the mechanism would release the bolt.

"There must be some mistake," he said, as he laid down the paper.

"That's what I told Miss Tinker," Keyes replied, but his tone carried no conviction.

Blass remained silent, waiting for the next move, and the banker said, "I'll wire the police in Los Angeles. If this fellow has been masquerading under your name, the authorities ought to know about it."

Blass nodded. He knew, of course, that Keyes wanted to assure himself that he, Blass, was not the one who was masquerading. He also knew that it behooved him to move swiftly with the rest of his plan. He glanced at Keyes.

The banker was plainly worried. He sat looking out of the window and fanning himself with the newspaper, although the day was not excessively warm.

"Well, see you Monday morning, Craig," he said, arising abruptly.

Blass nodded silently and withdrew, closing the door softly behind him. Taking his hat from the rack, he left the bank and went to dinner, well satisfied with the turn affairs had taken. No thought of pity for the dead man or his destitute dependents entered his mind.

He slept excellently and quite dreamlessly that night, in his room in the Calkinsville hotel. During the next week or two he would hand the small mountain community a legal wallop that would echo across the length and breadth of the land.

The next day, Sunday, he kept to his room for the greater part of the day, and late that evening, after transferring the brown-paper package containing the thirty thousand dollars to a safer hiding place, he took the auto stage to Dawa, a flag station on the Cardinal Valley Railroad, where the stage met the midnight southbound train.

He did not take any baggage with him, and he was careful to leave the room in a condition that indicated a hurried departure. His flight was not to evade arrest but rather to expedite it. He knew that when Keyes opened the safe Monday morning and heard that his teller had boarded the midnight train for the South, the banker could be relied upon to keep the wires hot for his apprehension.

Blass smiled to himself as he settled back in the car seat and the narrow-gauge train

Watch This Column

CARL LAEMMLE, JR.
Author of "THE COLLEGIANS"

It is rather a delicate thing to boost my own son publicly, and perhaps I will be criticized for it. But the way it strikes me, after considerable reflection, is, that if he has done something worthy, why shouldn't I give him the same credit as I would anyone else? Why should I lean backwards because he happens to be my own boy—something that he was not responsible for?

And he *has* done something worth while for UNIVERSAL. He has written a series of stories entitled *"THE COLLEGIANS"* in which he has brought forth Youth, the days of clean sport, and of healthy young men and women—like *your* sons and daughters. While the spirit of college life is there, it is not wholly dominant. There are other thrills which justify the most intense interest in people of all ages. We are making ten pictures of two reels each, and the progress so far has delighted me, aside from my natural parental interest.

The casts in *"THE COLLEGIANS"* are headed by GEORGE LEWIS, one of our rapidly-coming young stars whom many of you know, and HAYDEN STEVENSON, whom you will recall as the astute manager in the now famous *"Leather Pusher"* series. I think you are going to love this series because of the life, youth and beauty which each one presents.

I want you to see every one of the laughable comedies based on *"The Newlyweds"* from George McManus' comic cartoons; likewise those of *"The Gumps"* from Sid Smith's comic strip, and *"Buster Brown"* with his dog *"Tige"* from the celebrated funnies by R. F. Outcault. Watch for these and if you have the time and inclination, write me a personal letter about them—please.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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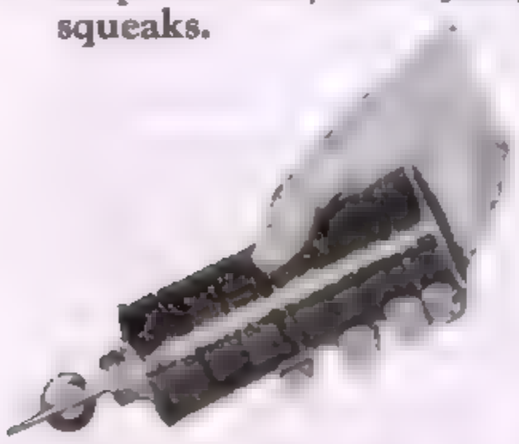

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lumbered down the desert valley of Cardinal in the early morning hours. To court arrest was part of his carefully laid plan, the vital part indeed, so he was not surprised when the train pulled into Mohave, some time before noon, to see a determined-looking individual come down the aisle of the car, scrutinize each male passenger swiftly, then tap him on the shoulder with the words: "Wendell Craig, you're under arrest."

Blass looked up in well-simulated surprise.

"What for?" he demanded.

"You know what for," the man replied tersely. "Are you coming along quietly or do I have to slip the darbies on you?"

Blass knew better than to submit too willingly.

"Where's your authority?" he protested.

The man produced a warrant. He also turned back the lapel of his coat beneath which the bright nickel sheriff's badge gleamed.

"All shipshape and regular," he remarked pleasantly.

"Very well," Blass replied with a show of extreme reluctance, "but you'll be sorry for this."

"That's what they all say," the sheriff replied grimly. He glanced at the rack above Mr. Blass' head. "Traveling light I see. So much the better. Let's ramble. The next train North is due in twenty minutes."

Blass was arraigned the following morning. He pleaded not guilty in a clear steady voice, was remanded for trial under heavy bail and led back to his cell.

Wednesday at noon, Howard Reach arrived. The two men held a short conference in the cell, and Reach departed to attend to certain little matters at the courthouse. So far Keyes had not been to see the prisoner. Blass knew why. The banker was busy investigating by wire the suicide of Wendell Craig.

Later in the afternoon, Reach came to the jail for another conference with the prisoner. The lawyer patted his breast pocket.

"I got the list from the register at the courthouse," he told Blass. "We'll demand a trial at once."

Blass rubbed his hands.

"It can't come too soon to suit me," he said.

V

"THE People against Wendell Craig," the clerk of the court announced one morning a week or so later.

The judge, a small heavy-set man with a bristling pompadour of coarse iron-gray hair, glanced about the crowded court room. It seemed as if every man and woman of voting age in Rocky County was present. The judge's eyes came to rest upon Benjamin Lampert, the district attorney, who signified his readiness with a brief nod, and then swept the room hurriedly as if startled by the unusual attendance. Lampert was an able and fearless man, but as his eyes moved to the faces of the prisoner and his counsel he had the momentary feeling that he was walking into a trap. He ran his hand over his face as if to brush away the notion, while the clerk of the court read the charge in a steady monotone. When the clerk had finished, the prisoner's attorney arose.

"The defense pleads not guilty," Reach said briefly, then sat down again.

A murmur went through the room. The judge nodded to Pepperdine, the bailiff, to begin the work of impaneling the jury. Pepperdine, an old man, who had been standing with his back against the door as if to guard it against intrusion, walked down the aisle and took his stand beside the clerk of the court. He drew from his inside pocket a typewritten sheet. When he unfolded it his hand trembled visibly, and when he called out "Charles Buchanan," his thin quavering voice fell upon the hushed room like a bleat of fear.

Charles Buchanan stepped forward. Howard Reach, the prisoner's attorney, was on his feet in a moment.

"The defense challenges the juror on the ground that we have already subpœnaed him as our character witness," he said.

The bailiff drew out the next number. Again the calling out of the name brought forth the same objection from the attorney for the defense. The judge adjusted his glasses and looked across at Lampert. The district attorney rustled a sheet of paper nervously in his hand. He frowned at Pepperdine to go on with the work. The aged bailiff drew a third, a fourth, a fifth, with the same result.

Then Lampert leaped to his feet. He knew that he was being tricked.

"I demand that a jury be selected at random from the public," he stormed, glaring belligerently at the prisoner and his attorney. Reach said nothing. He merely shrugged his shoulders and twirled his straggly, bristling mustache.

The judge put his hands on the arms of his chair and shifted his weight uneasily. He seemed at a loss for the moment, then directed Pepperdine to follow the district attorney's suggestion. The result was no different. Each person called was found to have been subpœnaed by the defense as a character witness for the prisoner.

Lampert was beside himself with justifiable rage. He controlled himself with difficulty and said in a cold, low tone, "I charge conspiracy to defeat justice. The prisoner has subpœnaed as his witnesses every man and woman eligible for jury service in the county."

Reach arose.

"Not all of them," he said calmly. "Mrs. Shelton was too sick to attend and Old Man McCraw was so poorly with rheumatism that he couldn't be moved." He turned to the judge. "Your Honor, I ask that the case against my client be dismissed, for lack of er—facilities."

Then he sat down.

Silence fell upon the crowded court room, broken only by the rustling of the sheet of paper in the bailiff's hand as he folded it up and returned it to his pocket, for want of something better to do. The district attorney sat hunched forward in his chair staring at the bland, moonlike face of the prisoner. The judge wiped his perspiring forehead. He glanced helplessly about the court room. The people milling in their seats brought him back to a sense of authority.

"The court is adjourned—for the present," he announced. "Bailiff, clear the room."

Blass was taken back to his cell and Keyes came there to see him on the suggestion from Attorney Reach. Blass had expected to find the banker in a refractory mood, so he was not a little surprised and secretly relieved when Keyes came into the cell with a smile on his lips.

Keyes draped his long frame on the one and only chair of the cell and said cheerfully, "I know when I'm licked. Let's get down to brass tacks."

Blass drew his breath in sharply. It was going to be even easier than he had hoped.

"My proposition is," he said with the calm assurance of the victor, "that you withdraw your charges, in return for which I turn back to you the twenty-odd thousand in securities and ten thousand in cash. In other words, we split about fifty-fifty. I keep thirty thousand in cash."

Keyes' lips pursed themselves in a whistle.

"You're no piker," he remarked, with a note of admiration in his voice.

Blass admitted modestly that he had never in his life been accused of piking.

"And if I don't agree, you keep the whole works, I assume?" Keyes asked.

"Exactly," said Blass. "You'll never be able to impanel a jury to try me in this county and"—here he winked solemnly at Keyes—"my attorney, I think, will refuse a change of venue,"

"Without a doubt," Keyes agreed dryly.

"Of course," Blass went on, "you can keep me in jail for sixty days. The law permits you to do that. But if you do not bring me to trial at the end of that time I'm automatically released." He glanced about the small bare cell. "I've no desire to spend sixty days here. I like my comforts and I'm willing to pay for them." He grinned. "As you said, I'm no piker. Withdraw the charges, and the thirty-odd thousand are yours."

Keyes arose in his most Western manner.

"I'll talk it over with Judge Merriam," he said laconically.

He was back in less than half an hour and with him came Shelton, the rancher, from the upper meadows. Shelton was a six footer with a pair of massive shoulders that seemed to fill the small cell to bursting, and he carried a six-shooter of Brobdingnagian proportions strapped about his waist. Blass drew a deep breath. He did not remember ever having seen Shelton armed before.

"The judge wants to have a talk with you," said Keyes.

Blass nodded. He knew they were going to try to bluff him. He smiled a crooked smile. Bluff was his middle name. As he followed the two men down the short corridor he noted that the jailer was nowhere in sight, and as the three of them started to cross the square to the courthouse, he saw a group of men gathered in the shade of the oak that grew beside the courthouse steps.

They eyed him in ominous silence as he came up, between Keyes and Shelton. He glanced sidewise at his two companions, who were walking along with their eyes on the ground. As they came abreast of the group, the men fell aside and a lane opened in their ranks. Blass looked up inquiringly, then shrank back with a yelp of terror. At the end of the lane he saw a limb of the giant live oak, and under this limb stood Howard Reach, his attorney, on a dry-goods box. Reach's arms were tied behind his back and his neck was encircled by the noose of a rope which was flung across the limb. Beside this rope hung another, with its loop dangling, and beneath this loop stood a second dry-goods box.

Blass squealed with fright. The next moment his arms were pinioned behind his back and the hard manila rope dug into the fatty folds of his neck and throat. His knees sagged. He straightened them with a supreme effort. Their sagging increased the choking strain about his neck. He implored, cursed, begged and screamed, voicing his maudlin terror in a dozen shrill keys, great racking sobs shaking his heavy frame. The law which had served him so well in years past was of no avail now. For the first time in his life he had met justice face to face.

Keyes was speaking. Blass' brain paralyzed by terror barely gleaned from the words that if he gave up the money—all of the money—he had stolen, he and Reach might go free. The next moment the still noon air was rent with his frantic sobbed-out directions where Keyes might find it.

The two men were released and led to where the auto stage for Dawa was waiting with their packed suitcases. As the stage moved off the noonday quiet of the courthouse square of Calkinsville was shattered by a fusillade from half a hundred guns.

Blass shrank back into the fleabitten upholstery and covered his ashen face with his hands, and Reach slumped forward and rubbed his chafed Adam's apple.

That afternoon Asa Keyes called Miss Tinker into his private office.

"Take a letter, Henrietta, please," he said, unlimbering his long legs.

MRS. WENDELL CRAIG,
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Dear Madam: Please accept our condolence in your great bereavement. You are of course aware that your husband owned some five thousand dollars' worth of stock in our bank.

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Pres.

"That's all, Henrietta," said Mr. Keyes.

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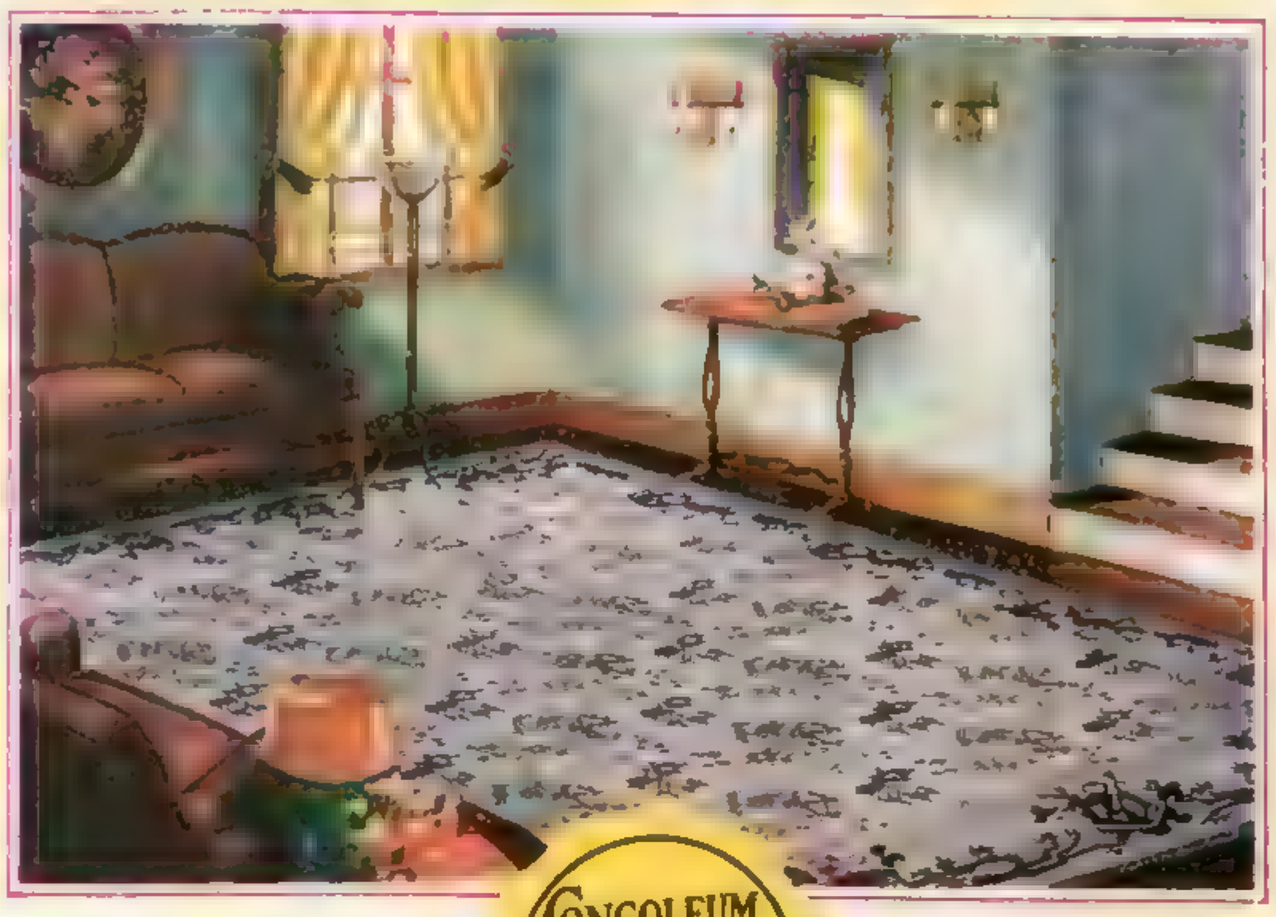

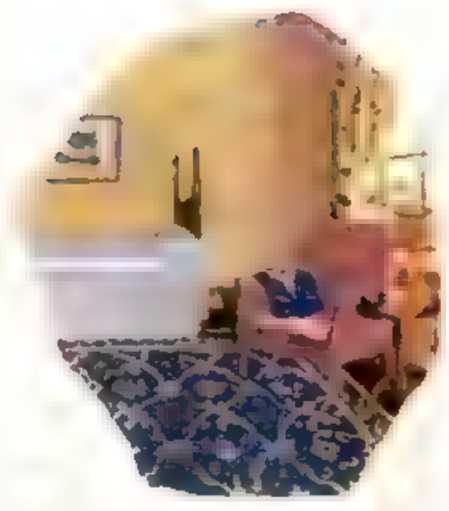

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IMMORTAL LONGINGS

(Continued from Page 34)

and helped and led. . . . His thoughts ran on; saw, somewhere in the future, the rebirth and rejuvenation of a town, of a whole countryside.

"A job worth a man's doing," he told himself; and was for a moment humble. And then laughed unhappily and shook his head. "Absurd!" he said aloud. "Absurd!"

He went at last to bed, these matters in his mind; and when he slept they came to move among his dreams, in bright shapes and pleasant, beckoning forms—curiously like the form of June.

Pot came next morning, on some casual purpose; but he stayed to talk a while, to speak of the frost which had fallen the night before, of the approaching colder weather, of this and that and other things, lingering volubly. Overlook watched him, listened to him, himself said little. But at length when for a space the other was still, to sit whittling long shavings from the sliver in his hand, Overlook moved and lifted his head.

"Pot," he said, "I'm surprised you and June haven't married—before now."

Pot looked up at him and nodded, and dropped his eyes to the sliver again. "I been telling her we might as well," he agreed. "She thinks a heap of the children too. And a man needs a woman in the house. I been telling her so."

"What does she say?" Overlook asked, curious and unashamed. "How long is it since May died?"

"I reckon she'll come to it by 'n' by," Pot replied indirectly. "She don't say she will nor she won't. Kind of wait a spell, I guess, is the way of it."

Overlook nodded without comment; and after a time Pot added soberly: "I did think, one time, I'd marry Joel May's girl. That was before I married May. Joel's girl ain't married yet either. She's as good around the house as June." He spoke judicially: "She ain't the figure of a woman June is, but she's got more to say." Shook his head then, thinking aloud. "But the children take to June," he concluded.

The silence became awkward; and Overlook said in a tone carefully casual, "I haven't seen June for a day or two."

Pot looked at him gravely. "She used to talk about you, before you come, sometimes," he commented. "Don't have so much to say about you now." He added inquiringly, "I guess you'll be going back pretty soon."

Overlook hesitated, and then spoke on sudden impulse. "Yes," he said; "yes, I'm leaving, pulling out. I'm starting tomorrow morning, Pot, right after breakfast. Drive through."

Pot received this information soberly. "June was asking if you'd gone," he explained. "I come over this morning to see."

"Tell her good-by for me," Overlook instructed. "I've a lot to do, getting ready to go; probably won't get over there today."

When Pot was gone he waited, pleased with his device, with the expedient to force the waiting issue. June now must come to him, he thought; she loved him, she would not let him go.

"She'll give in," he assured himself. "She'll go with me. Or she'll come to beg me to stay." And he watched for her all that day, his eyes along the road across the valley. But he was not so confident that she would come as he pretended then to be; sought to deceive himself with these pretendings

"She'll come before lunch," he thought. And then: "She'll come this afternoon." And then: "She'll come after supper." And finally, when it was too late for her to come that day, he went out into the night, thinking perhaps to discover her lurking pitifully in the darkness there. And he went along toward the bridge, watching for her in the shadows, expecting to see her coming toward him along the sandy road. And then he thought she would be on the bridge; but when he came to the stream she was not there, and Pot's house on the knoll across the valley was all dark and still. So he knew she would not come that night at all.

"But she'll come in the morning," he persuaded himself, "before I've gone, to clean up the breakfast dishes and lock the house behind me. That's what she'll do."

And—"At least she'll come to say good-by!" he cried forlornly in the night, trudging back through the deep sand toward the light in his window there.

But he did not even pack his bags to go; thought of it once, and decided that the morning would be ample time. But in the morning when he woke—and he had slept only fitfully—he went about his breakfast preparations as though this was but a day like every other day.

At nine o'clock she had not come; and suddenly he smiled, then laughed aloud. "She knows I won't go without seeing her," he cried. "She's playing a game with me."

And abruptly, as though upon inspiration, it occurred to him to play a game with her. He would pretend to stay, pretend to settle down for the winter here; then soon or late she must surrender, must suppose that she had won him over to her mind.

"And when we're safely married," he thought, "then I can take her away; I can persuade her away."

He was immensely pleased with this expedient; when a qualm distressed him, he put the thought aside. "If I do deceive her," he told himself, "it's for her good in the end. She'll forgive me by and by."

So he persuaded himself, and he wrote to Rand that for the present he would stay where he was. Instructed Rand to make some rearrangement of his interests so that they need not require his eye. And he took the letter to the Corner, walking so swiftly it was as though he bounded on the way; and when he came back down the ridge, the valley seemed to him to beckon and to smile.

XVI

HE HAD been, these six weeks past, like a man in a dream: it was now as though he began to waken to reality again. Each way he turned, it was to discover some new attribute of the farm or of the old house which he had long forgotten; the past, the long past of his youth, which was by some strange mystery the future, too, came flooding back to him. He remembered old tasks; and when they were done, further tasks awaited doing.

The business of making one of these small and isolated farms ready for the long rigor and ordeal of winter is not unlike the preparation of a vessel for an extended cruise. The place must be put all in order, within and without; must be strengthened to oppose the elements and provisioned to withstand the siege of snow. Overlook, chuckling to himself, attacked this business; and he went about it with an eager joy that was at once reminiscent and anticipatory. But he did not—this was his whim, for her bewilderment—he did not seek out June. Instead, he kept on his own side of the Sheepscot and he worked the short days through with industry and zeal.

In the manner of an emissary, Pot came to him upon that day when he was to have gone; came after him when Overlook returned from taking to the Corner his letter for Rand. When Overlook reached his own place and looked back Pot was just crossing the bridge; and a moment later, after Overlook had gone into the house, Pot came to the kitchen door and knocked, and at Overlook's hospitable call, came in. Overlook greeted him cheerfully; there was a high good humor in the man today.

"Hello there, Pot," he said.

Pot scratched his head. "I looked for you to be gone by now," he said.

"No," Overlook told him quizzically. "Late starting, ain't ye?"

"Oh, it isn't so late yet," Overlook rejoined.

"Something wrong with the car?"

"Don't know it, if there is."

"Nigh onto noon," Pot insisted; and Overlook laughed again.

"Guess I won't get away today," he confessed. "Not today."

Pot nodded; but there was in his eyes a vague bewilderment; and he scratched his head again, running his fingers under his cap.

"Funny," he confessed. "June, she 'lowed you wouldn't go."

Overlook's quick interest was caught; he had a faint misgiving. "She did?"

"Yup," said Pot. "When I told her, she thought it over for a spell, and then she kind of laughed. I says to her, 'What you laughing about?' I says. And she laughed some more, right out. And she says, 'I don't 'low he'll go.'"

Overlook's ears burned; and then he chuckled in his turn, and at the same time he had a warm pleasure because he was so transparent in her eyes. It was, mysteriously, flattering that she should read him thus; that she should be so sure what he would do or what he would not do. It was as though between them a bond existed; as though across the valley they communed; as though her spirit walked with his.

He had, during the succeeding fortnight, more than once this thought again; had more than once this feeling that she was watching what he did and waiting the appointed time. He saw her, save for passing glimpses, only once during these days; she came to the house on a warm afternoon, with little June beside her; and she had a basket hanging on her arm, and set jars and glasses out upon his kitchen table, without looking at him, with little explanatory phrases.

"I thought you'd be wanting some preserves," she explained, "if you're staying on. And I thought I'd bring 'em over, because after the snow comes it won't be easy to get over any more, all this ways." She seemed, within herself, to smile. He spoke his gratitude. "This jelly's made out of Gravensteins," she told him, ranging the glasses side by side. "Pot's got two good trees of 'em. And these blueberries I picked over in Palermo, on that hill this side of Joel May's, and put 'em up. And the mincemeat—Pot shot us a deer last winter, and we made mincemeat out of it, what we didn't eat."

"Venison?" he commented politely, a twinkle in his eye. "I don't believe I ever tasted mincemeat made of venison."

"Likely your ma used to make it, only you wouldn't remember," she told him. "And if you decide to go along back, one of these days, you can take the things with you well as not, in that big automobile of yours."

He saw faint laughter in her sidelong eyes; but he responded gravely: "I'm likely to do that. I'd enjoy introducing venison mincemeat to my chef."

She said gravely, her eyes toward his, "I wouldn't want you to go just a-purpose." And he found words difficult, could only answer, "No." But he added then, "I won't go without sending word to you."

"You figured to bother Pot," she accused him, laughing again. "I could see what you was aiming at."

"If I do decide to go," he promised, "I'll come and tell you, word of mouth, June."

She bowed her head. "I never looked for you to stay so long," she confessed; and then as though her own words had confused her, she took up little June and went away from him, and he was left to go about his tasks again.

There were a thousand things to do. He had to solve the dual problems of fuel and of food, and each demanded sure solution. There was down timber in the hardwood growth below the orchard, wind-stricken beech and lightning-shattered oak. The birch he had cut during the last month or so was not yet fit for burning. So he attacked these old windfalls, from which the sap had long since drained; and he brought from the store at the Corner a one-man crosscut saw, and ground his ax, and worked the stuff into lengths fit for hauling. It could be fitted for its uses at his leisure, in the shed.

He thought of hiring Pot to do the hauling for him; but Pot was often on his own account engaged, and this arrangement was so unsatisfactory that after three or four days Overlook took the car and drove to Augusta and bought a horse and cart there. He left the car, stored it in a garage against his later coming to reclaim it; and when he drove back, the long miles seemed endless, and his later life seemed by the same token to fall infinitely far behind. He came late at night to his own barn, and stalled the horse there and fed the creature with grain he had brought in the cart; and next day he was at his hauling, so that he had presently sufficient store of wood to last him for a certain time.

The air-tight stove in the dining room was all in order; but the section of pipe which had connected it with the chimney flue was gone, somewhere put away. He had some search to find it, wrapped in paper in the attic and well greased against the dampness and the rust. When it was in its proper place he lighted a fire in the stove and the grease fried in blue smoke and burned away.

He was beginning by this time to remember in more detail how, when he was a boy, they had been used to prepare the house for winter's harassing; and he recalled that they used to bank about the sills with leaves held down by boards and bits of plank. But this could wait; it was not yet sufficiently cold to make such measures necessary; and also the leaves were not yet fallen. Later, when the ground beneath the hardwoods should be carpeted, it would be an easier matter to rake and load them in the cart and haul them for their purpose here.

So, when he had wood and when the stove was ready, he attacked the problem of provisioning. The cellar would be needed for storage; and when he investigated there he found it in some disorder, full of moldered barrels fallen into shooks of staves, and dusty jars and rusty cans and shattered bits of board; and there were rat holes in the walls, and spider webs, and all the ancient rubbish of the years. The cellar, he decided, had gone untouched, had felt no hand since his father's and his own; and he attacked with a robust vigor this Augean task. The bulkhead doors were nailed; he pried them open, flung them wide. The windows were nailed shut, and in one of them a pane of glass was broken. He replaced that pane, manipulating the putty and smoothing it into place with a sensuous enjoyment. All the old rubbish that was combustible he carried into the yard and burned; and when the cellar was bare he scrubbed and brushed and dusted it, and sprinkled it with lime; and he left the bulkhead and the windows open so that currents of air blew through.

He worked with a furious industry, scarring his hands and wearying his muscles, so that he came to the end of each day tired and full of sleep. Yet he did not go early to bed. This business of preparing for the winter woke in him so many memories that he sought to expand and to confirm them, studying night by night his father's old book of accounts and all the records of the farm. And there were other nights when he opened the thick Bible and bent above it, on the dining-room table beside the glowing lamp. He read one night:

"Now King David was old and stricken in years; and they covered him with clothes,

(Continued on Page 57)

STEWART-WARNER

Matched-Unit Radio

INSTRUMENT *plus* TUBES *plus* REPRODUCER *plus* ACCESSORIES

Just "Tune In" On Happiness

IT isn't necessary to travel the distant highway in search of happiness and entertainment this summer. A Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio will bring them, in abundance, into your home.

Never has perfect at-home entertainment been so easy to attain as *this* summer. Never has the air been so filled with a wide variety of rare treats—musical and otherwise—as now. Dance music, symphony concerts, stirring talks—happiness and recreation for all!

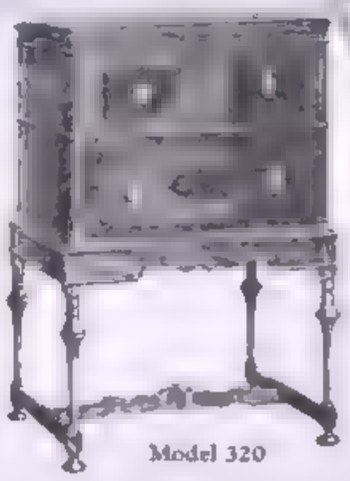
To enjoy summer radio entertainment at its best, you will want to have a genuine Stewart-Warner Radio—the only *Matched-Unit* Radio on the market. All its units—Instrument, Reproducer, Tubes and Accessories—are made by Stewart-Warner and *matched* to function together in perfect unison, assuring satisfactory performance every day.

Twenty years of successful precision-instrument making, together with ample engineering and financial resources, are behind every Stewart-Warner Radio.

There's an authorized representative in your locality who will gladly demonstrate the model of your choice in your own home, without obligation.

Radio Tube
Model S W
501 A - - - $2.00
499 (for dry cells) 2.25

Model 325



Model 320

Cabinet Models

Model 300 - $65
(As shown in illustration)
Model 330 - $65
(dry cell set)
Model 325 - $75
Model 340 - $75
(dry cell set)
Model 305 - $95

Console Models

Model 310 - $175
Model 335 - $175
(dry cell set)
Model 315 - $250
Model 320 - $400

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N, 1826 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Stewart-Warner

TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE ARE TODAY USING STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

ESSEX

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT

"6" Announces the NEW COACH

With All-Steel, Bolted and Riveted, Clear Vision Body

The Product of Our Own New $10,000,000 Body Plant That Was Erected Especially That This Car Could Be Possible

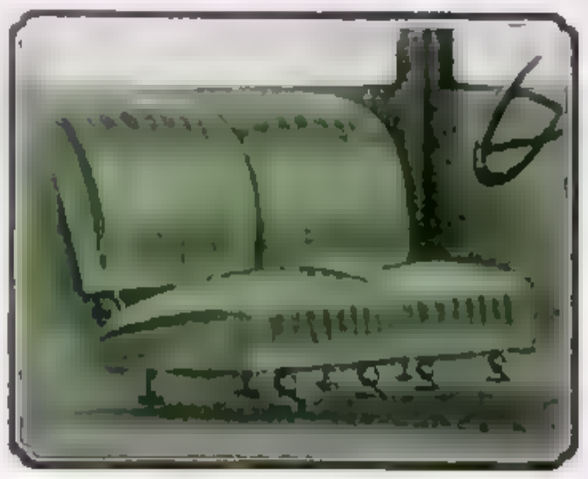
Many of these advantages you will recognize at a glance. But you will have higher appreciation of their meaning when you know that a plant of 18 acres, which with equipment approximated a cost of $10,000,000, was first built and that special machinery had to be designed, to make possible the New Coach your dealer is now showing.

Again Essex "6" offers in the design and construction of the New Coach as radical an improvement as was the original Coach itself, which we created.

It is all steel, bolted and riveted, and so rigid that squeaks, rattles and distortions, are as unlikely as in a steel building. Doors are so hung that a man may hang on an open door while the car is being driven over rough roads, without springing it out of true.

And it is so designed and constructed as to permit the use in a totally new manner of a high baked enamel, most lustrous and lasting finish. This has made possible new combinations in finish that will please your eye.

There has been constant improvement in the chassis from the first Essex shipped. Every week has seen some betterment. But only by the accumulation of the resources, the information, experience, and the skill that have resulted from the purchase of 350,000 Essex "Sixes" in a short period of time, was it possible to erect the plants, to perfect the machinery, to create the designs that have resulted in this car which we ask you to inspect and to drive as the best looking, best value, best Essex ever built.



Adjustable Front Seats

A new feature by which the height of the seat and angle of the back may be adjusted independently to suit the comfort of the individual.

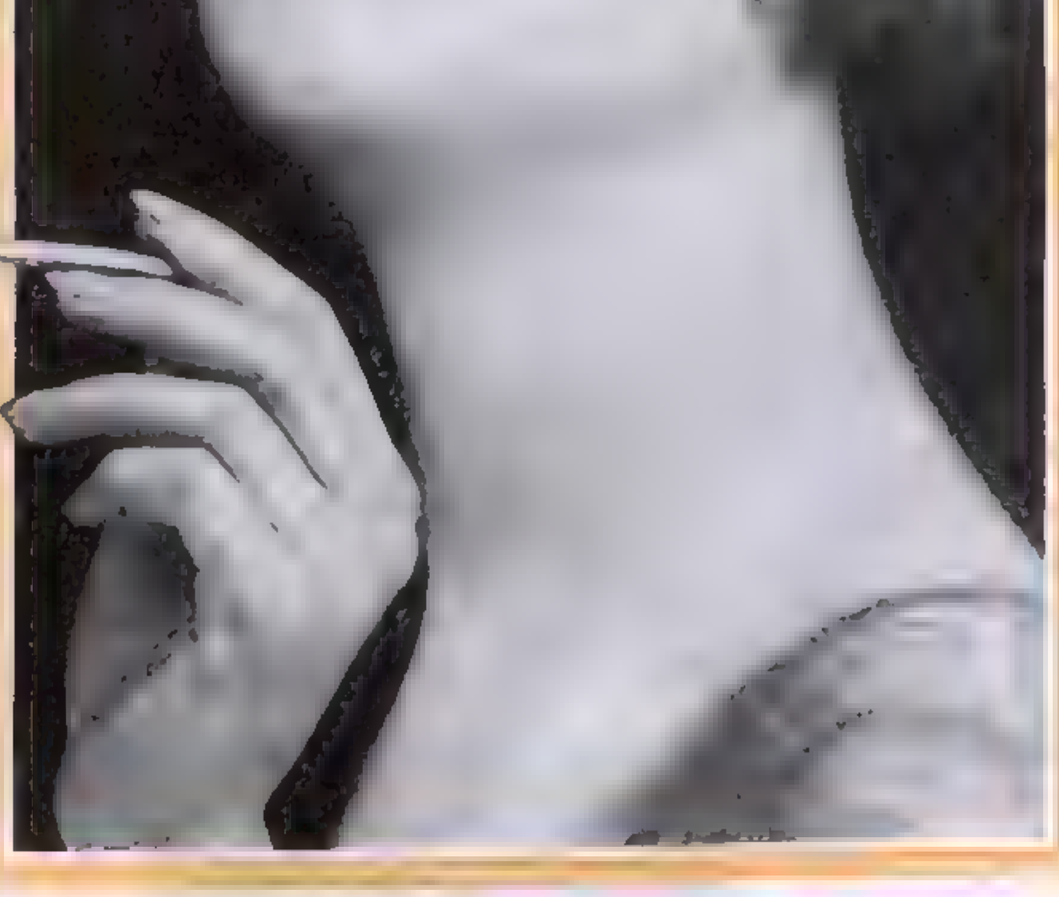
HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY .. DETROIT

Your brush must reach *ALL* your teeth if you are to keep them all

THIS tooth brush is a scientific instrument. No guesswork enters into its construction. It cleans teeth thoroughly. Skilled professional men for years studied the teeth, and after experiments laid down certain requirements for the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

"Above all else," they said, "this brush must reach *every* tooth." So they curved the bristle surface to fit the curve of the teeth. They curved the handle so that you can get the brush far back into your mouth. And they put a tuft on the end of the brush to make the cleaning of back teeth as easy as possible.

How carefully was your brush designed? What features has it that enable you to reach *all* your teeth? Can you afford to take a chance with your teeth when you could so easily be sure of giving them complete protection? See that your next brush is a Pro-phy lac-tic and give your teeth the 100% cleansing that they need.



Your teeth are not flat. They curve—as your jaw curves. And that is the way your brush should curve. Otherwise it can't reach ALL your teeth. The first consideration in designing the Pro-phy-lac-tic was to produce a brush that would reach all your teeth.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are:

Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c;
Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c;
Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c.

Made in three bristle textures—hard, medium, soft. Always sold in the yellow box.

Made in America by Americans

PRICE 50c at all druggists'

YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH TWICE A DAY, but——if you use the same brush each time, the bristles never get a chance to dry out. Our advice is to buy two Pro-phy-lac-tics at a time and use them alternately. Dry bristles not only last longer, but they give your teeth a more thorough brushing. This means money saved and cleaner teeth.

FREE—Booklet containing valuable information on care of the teeth

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY
Dept. 1Ha, Florence, Mass.

Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

(Continued from Page 52)

but he gat no heat." And he thought of his grandfather, huddled in the sun, shrouded in his shawl.

And he read: "See, the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed." And he chuckled, thinking, "Isaac must have been chopping wood that day." And then sat more soberly again, thinking how June had seemed to him at times like a fallow field that lies smoking in the sun.

And he read how Jacob said: "I will serve thee seven years for Rachel." And he thought, "Then I certainly can stick this out six months or so for June."

For he still persuaded himself that he stayed here only as a subterfuge to win her to his side.

And on another night he turned to those recording pages in the midst of the great volume and searched them through, considering the dates, bringing to life before his eyes the persons whose passing was recorded there. Read: "'Minnie Overlook, July 8, 1864. She had blue eys.'" And read, a line or two below: "'Chester Overlook, July 3, 1876. Of stomach.'"

And a moment later, with a faint start of recognition, saw three or four lines in his own hand; the record there set down of his father's birth and death, and then below:

"'This entry made by Walter Overlook, the fourth, born August 2, 1891. I know no other descendant of the original Walter Overlook who is still alive. I am the last of the line.'"

And he remembered with what decision he had written the words, feeling as he did so a dramatic value in the act; and he remembered, too, how a moment afterward he had seemed to feel about him in the old room ancient presences, who looked on him with disapproving eyes. He touched the lines with his finger tip, stroking them, feeling the faint roughnesses where his pen had scratched the glaze upon the paper; and he sat a long while, looking at that which he had written, considering it with sober eyes. Till by and by he smiled a little smile.

He bought supplies at the store, hauling them in the cart down the rocky road. A barrel of potatoes and a barrel of flour and a barrel of apples; two or three bushels of turnips and carrots and beets—"roots" in the local term. He bought half a dozen squashes yellowed by the frosty sun; and he bought a bushel bag of beans, and smiled as he ordered a barrel of sugar and a ten-gallon cask of vinegar too. He bought coffee and baking powder and salt and tea; abandoned himself to an orgy of purchases, yet held at the same time to a certain austerity, limiting his prospective fare, willing by the manner of his life this winter to link himself more closely to the past. To do this meant, he remembered, that salt pork must be his staple victual; and he made some inquiries at the store and of Will Hepperton; and he learned that Joel May of custom raised a considerable number of pigs. Accordingly one afternoon he went afoot to Joel's farm to dicker with the man. There made his trade: the pig to be slaughtered, the hams and bacon cured, the pork salted and the sausage ground.

"But wait," he directed, "till the weather's colder, till it will keep in my cellar."

Joel was complacently pleased. "You'll like my Poll's sausage," he promised. "She makes as good as anybody I ever see."

"Mrs. May?" Overlook asked, and Joel shook his head.

"My daughter," he corrected. And Overlook remembered suddenly that Pot had confessed an ancient impulse to wed with this young woman.

"Guess I've never met her, have I?" he asked.

Joel shook his head. "She ain't to home today," he confessed. "Pot Riddle come and took her off to the fair over at the Trotting Park in Liberty." He added irresistibly: "He used to be around here a pile, 'fore he married May Haradeen. I guess June figured she'd lay holt on him when May died; but my Poll she's a smart girl when she has a mind, and it's time she was marrying."

Overlook felt rising anger, but amusement too; felt also a quickening pulse at this word that Pot was seeking Polly. On the homeward way he wondered, considering the matter; wondered whether this might mean that Pot had had his final negative; that June had bade him find himself a wife abroad—clung to this hypothesis.

"I've won that much at least," he told himself. "She's seen she can't ever marry him."

September passed and mid-October came, and the hillsides which had blazed with color were assuming now a duller hue as the bright leaves fell and the gray limbs and branches of the trees reared stark as skeletons. And one night there was a flurry of snow that lay white against the black growth and beneath the hardwoods; and across the meadow it melted as the sun climbed the sky, and the dun grass broke through, assuming brighter colors by contrast with the whiteness of the snow. And toward sunset, the snow that lay in the shadow of the barn wore a veil of blue.

He made no haste toward June. He saw her now and then, by chance or by design. But there was in the words that passed between them now a lighter tone; there was more often a smile in her eyes or a smile in his; they wore each a certain gayety, as though all sober things between them had been said and only happy laughter waited now. He made no haste toward June, content with the passing of the days; content with the slow growth of time, savoring life as it was and life as it was to be. And his thoughts went yearningly down the long vistas of the years. And he fell into June's fashion of going sometimes to the brookside to watch the water flowing there; flowing as it had yesterday, and did today, and would tomorrow. Discovered for himself, by slow and pleasant ways, that in this valley where the present lay so peacefully lay also all eternity.

One day in mid-October he saw Pot by the bridge, and went to him and spoke of buying a cow. "Two cows in fact," he explained. "That horse of mine gets lonely in the big barn there, and I've hay enough to winter them. And I remember you said you sometimes have a cow to sell."

He dickered with the man, chaffering amiably, relishing this encounter; he went to Pot's tie-up to see the beasts Pot recommended; he appraised them with what he hoped was a wise and a judicious eye.

"Father always did the milking," he confessed. "But I guess I can get onto it in a little while."

Pot nodded and spat. "You won't have any trouble," he promised. "Them two, they give down easy, to me or anyone."

The trade was not immediately consummated. The tie-up in Overlook's barn needed some small repairs. "I'll get it ready for them in a day or two," he explained, "and fix up the fence along the lane. Get some wire from the store. Won't try to pasture them till spring."

"They don't need a fence," Pot declared. "They're clever; and if they do stray off they'll just come along over here."

Overlook chuckled. "Don't want to keep having to drive them home," he remarked. "But I'll be ready for them by tomorrow night."

"I'll drive 'em over," Pot agreed, "any time you say."

Overlook next day engaged himself in preparations for their coming. He replaced broken boards in the tie-up, repaired the cribs. There was much to do; it occupied him all the morning, and he returned to it in the afternoon. There would be needed staves, to set upright in sockets there provided, pinning the necks of the beasts between; and he remembered a growth of oak trees on a knoll behind the orchard, where for this purpose saplings might be found. So, early in the afternoon, his ax in hand, he went that way; and he went through the orchard, noting as he passed the ravages which time had made among the old trees there, and he came to the knoll.

To these young oaks the leaves still clung, crisp and brown; and the grass beneath them was brittle and dry, crackling under his feet. He searched to and fro for saplings that would serve his end, and found one and felled it with a stroke on either side, and trimmed away the upper end and looked about again. Moving to and fro, he rose a woodcock sunning itself upon the knoll there, and it whistled away into the black growth toward the brook. And the level sun cast long shadows on before him as he moved. And he turned by and by and saw June coming through the orchard toward him there.

She had a little knitted jacket on; and her head was bare and the sun behind her seemed to thrust her on toward where he stood. He looked at her as she approached; and he felt a tumult in him, deep and full of strange affright and full of comfort too. And then she was near; and she watched him, and he stood still, his ax head on the ground, a sapling half stripped of its branches like a lance in his hand.

"Hello, June," he said smilingly.

"I could hear your ax," she explained, "so I could tell where to look for you."

He questioned her: "You wanted me?"

She seemed to feel, now that she was come to him, that no need for haste remained. There was a bowlder near, and she sat down upon it.

"I didn't aim to bother you," she apologized. "You're such a powerful busy man."

He chuckled. "Surely am," he agreed. "Never did work so hard."

"Pot says you've gone and bought a couple of cows off of him," she remarked, and he nodded.

"Yes; getting staves for the tie-up now," he explained, and began to chip away the branches of the sapling in his hand.

"One cow'd be all the milk you'll need, and more," she suggested, "it looks to me."

"Well, I'll tell you," he said gravely, "I'm not sure I can milk a cow, and I thought I'd have a better chance with two of them than with only one."

"Was that all the reason?" she asked, and he hesitated. His glance swept off to the open land above the orchard where he had thought a truck patch might be set.

"Well," he said, almost reluctantly, "I've got that hay in the barn; they might as well be eating. And I'll need dressing for the garden in the spring."

And after a moment, he chipped at the sapling again. She watched his bent head thoughtfully, and presently she smiled.

"You talk like you was figuring to farm the place," she hazarded.

He looked at her then, and he said gravely, "Well, I don't know how long I'll be here. I may be quite a while." Seven years, it seemed to him in that moment, need not be so very long; eternity unrolled ahead.

And June, sitting on the bowlder in the sun, smiled across into his eyes. "It just looked to me," she explained, her lips half smiling—"it just looked to me that if you was going to farm the place you'd need a woman by."

XVII

HIS wife was to Overlook a mine of delight and of surprise. There was about her the richness of good fruitful soil; and there was in her at times the humor of a girl; and there was always a rare composure and a still strength upon which he could lean. And their hours were full and fine.

One day in January, after the second great snow, they tramped together far up the Sheepscot through the wood, the broad webs clacking on their feet, the stillness of the forest all about. The upper snow was feathery; it clouded up around them to the waist as their snowshoes kicked it through; it clung to their garments like fine frost, and upon their legs caked and fell away and caked again. Low branches laden, disturbed by a touch, unloaded all their burden of snow upon the two who brushed below. They followed up the brookside, where open water ran blackly in caverns beneath the high-banked snow. And they turned aside to avoid the tangle of a cedar swamp, and broke up through the hemlocks to the rising ground, and came back along this higher land, and so down through the orchard home.

The hour was toward sunset, and the snow was rosy with reflected light. Above them to the eastward rose the high rampart of the ridge, cloaked with skeleton trees and mottled with black growth here and there; and down the valley lay the meadow, and to the west the sun was bedding beneath a crimson coverlet. Upon the roof of the barn, and along the roof of the house, the snow banked high, its borders and its angles geometrically exact; and from the chimney top a blue ribbon of wood smoke meandered welcomingly. Thus they came to the warmth within.

While she prepared their supper he stayed in the dining room, and she saw him thoughtful. Because she was wise she did not ask him what his meditations were; but also because she loved him she was all concern, till he saw her worriment and laughed, and said, "It's all right, June. I'm just feeling sorry for myself—for the way I used to be."

She used that tender asperity she sometimes showed toward him. "You were always one to be sorry for yourself, like any man." And went about her business of providing. But that evening, when the lamp glowed between them, she confessed to him: "When I see you thinking so, I'm always going to wonder if it's because you're sorry, now it's done."

He said teasingly, "Now what's done, June, that I should be sorry for?"

"Now you're married tight to me." And he laughed at her then, very gently, and knew how to reassure her, so that she said at last, "I've never really been afraid."

"I know," he agreed soberly. "You've always known; known what you were worth and what you could be to me, before I found it out at all. But I know now, June."

He had not always been so sure; was not always even now so sure as he pretended. But his hours of doubt were no longer so utterly desperate.

When, a little while after that day upon which she came to him among the sapling oaks, he went to Liberty to see the town clerk there, he had built firm his whole resolve; and he was, while he explained to the clerk his desire for a license to marry June, very sure of himself and of what he wished to do. They were to be married that day.

But it appeared that a five-day interval would be necessary; thus was the law designed for the protection of those who would rush too swiftly on. And when he heard this, Overlook wished to overbear the provision; but then a doubt broke into his mind, and he accepted the delay as an interval which might be used for last considerations; explained to June that it was necessary; that they need wait only this little extra while.

So during the first day of the waiting he began to question whether he did wisely; and through the long second day the question did harass him sore; and by the third day he was in a mood of panic, fit for flight, needing only the resolution necessary to break the bonds that held him here and get away. It is easy to embrace delight with a rash and unconsidered ardor. But both danger and delight, when scanned overlong, may assume a fearful mien. Thus Overlook. He had time to think of many things, to contrast what his life had been with what it was like to be, to scan himself and discover how deep his resolution ran, to appraise his weakness and to discover all the weaknesses—if there were weaknesses in June. And he was a very miserable man.

It rained that third day, or he would have gone; and the fourth day again it

(Continued on Page 59)

Coffee direct from the plantation

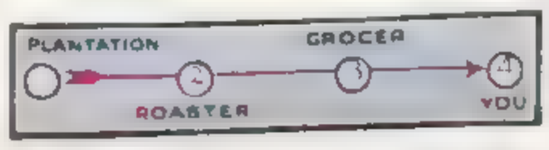
How our distributing method brings you the world's finest coffees for no more than you now pay for ordinary kinds

Today millions are drinking a blend of the rarest coffees the world produces. The cost of these choice coffees would be prohibitive under the usual cumbersome distributing methods. Actually we place them within reach of every coffee lover. This is due to our method of distributing that eliminates 50% of the steps the average coffee takes between the plantation and your table. A method that brings coffee direct from the plantation by the shortest route. Note charts at right.

Four Profits Saved

Students of economics long have been agreed that most coffee passes through too many hands before it reaches you. The plantation sells to the foreign buyer. The importer takes it off the foreign buyer's hands and passes it on to the broker. The broker sells to the roaster who supplies the wholesaler. From the wholesaler it goes to the retail grocer and then to you. A chain of seven separate and distinct links. And

How much coffee comes to you—a slow, indirect, costly method of distribution. We eliminate four links in the chain—the foreign buyer, the broker, the importer, the wholesaler.



How Monarch Coffee comes to you—a quick, direct, money-saving way. Four links of the distributing chain are eliminated by the Monarch method. Four profits saved. That is the reason you can buy the world's choicest coffee for no more than you pay for ordinary kinds.

each man in the chain naturally derives a profit from his transactions.

Now compare, on the chart, the route taken by Monarch Coffee. The shortest, most direct route possible. Only three steps. From the plantation, where our coffee buyers are permanently located, direct to our own roasting plants. Then *direct* to the Independent Retail Grocers and you. No waste. No lost motion. Our book, "Coffee Blossoms," sent free on request, tells the whole story. Write for it.

Consider These Points

Monarch Coffee is a blend of the choicest berries grown, and high quality is never cheap. But note this fact well. Regardless of price tags, Monarch is inexpensive, because it is the biggest coffee value on the market today. Many coffees retail for more than Monarch. But none excels Monarch in quality. If you were to pay $1.00 a pound you couldn't buy a better coffee.

Give Monarch a trial. See how our "direct-from-plantation" method gives you a blend of the world's choicest coffee at a price no greater than you pay for ordinary kinds. Make the test today.

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MONARCH
Quality *for* 70 Years

OUR MONARCH COFFEE comes to you in sanitary, air-tight 1 and 3 pound containers under 4 seals. It is never sold in bulk.

Monarch is the only nationally advertised brand of food products sold exclusively through the men who own and operate their own stores.

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COFFEE

Some of the 1001 Monarch Quality Food Products

Coffee	Sweet Relish	Sliced Pineapple	Teenie Weenie
Tea	Chili Sauce	Salad Mustard	Sweet Gherkins
Cocoa	Wax Beans	Peanut Butter	Sweet Mixed Pickles
Spinach	Sweet Peas	Apple Butter	Mayonnaise Dressing
Catsup	Lima Beans	Mincemeat	Thousand Island Dressing
Olive Oil	Asparagus	Pork and Beans	Yankee Beans with Pork
Tomatoes	Beets	Green Beans	Golden Bantam Corn
Succotash	Sauer Kraut	Sweet Potatoes	Sweet Crosby Corn
Pears	Strawberries	Sliced Peaches	Extra Small Peas
Apricots	Blackberries	Vegetable Soup	Canned Spaghetti
Sardines	Red Cherries	Clam Chowder	Early June Peas
Salmon	Cherries	Loganberries	Red Kidney Beans
Tuna Fish	Fruit Salad	Pimentos Cups	Grape Fruit Hearts
Shrimp	Blueberries	Preserved Figs	Yellow Cling Peaches
Spaghetti	Pimentos	Tomato Soup	Orange Marmalade
Pumpkin	Grape Juice	Food of Wheat	Prepared Mustard

(Continued from Page 57)

rained, with wet snow falling in the chill of afternoon and melting as it fell. But by that time his thoughts were all confused; he neither desired to stay and wed nor to flee and be free. And in this mood of harried hesitation he still waited, still sat thus supine, till it was too late to remove himself from that which so inexorably impended.

Yet, though it was too late, he might at the last moment still have fled but for one circumstance. They were to be married in his house; and in the morning of the day, an hour or two before, while he was still alone, Overlook went so far as to seek out his bags, to think of packing them. But before he could begin this business Pot came to him to make sure that he was ready; came thus as emissary. And Pot had news of his own to tell.

He was right glad, he confessed, that matters had chanced thus. "I've always been a mind that I'd like to marry Polly May," he explained. "But June, she took to the children so, and them to her, that it looked to me I'd ought to marry her. She's a still kind, fit to scare a man. Times she is. But I'd done it if she'd 'a' had me. She hadn't any place else to go." But now, it appeared, he felt that June's future was provided for, and he and Polly were of a mind. "I'm right pleased it come this way," he said again.

So Overlook saw June as an outcast who had laid the world aside for him; had him or had nothing.

He had no high resolve; went, rather, resentfully to his wedding hour; went like a truant child dragged to its punishment, dragged to the rigid discipline of a hateful school. Fretted inwardly, and fumed against the net of circumstance, and had no peaceful mind at all till, in the last moments before the words were to be spoken, he saw June again, and found his comfort and assurance in her sure and steady eyes.

She knew always how to comfort and to reassure him, and to delight him and surprise him too. In such a small matter, for example, as her clothing. He had hoped, when they were married, she would know how to use wisely the resources at his command; yet he half feared, half expected to find in her something of the narrow and blind frugality of these rigid hills, to find her strict in small and mean economies. But when, after they were married, they went to Augusta to fetch back the car, she was ready enough to buy the things she needed, and other things besides. Light vanities, some of them; and other garments that so long as she stayed on the farm she was never likely to require.

"But I can get the use and feel of wearing them," she explained sensibly. "There'll be times we'll be away from the farm, and you'll want me to know."

He was amused also to find that she had her own ideas as to what he should buy. When he first plunged into the small tasks about the farm he had acquired overalls and stout shoes and a blue shirt of which he had become inordinately fond. But she changed these matters.

"A man needs work clothes," she agreed. "But he can have the right kind, and enough of them, and change when he's a mind." He found himself acquiring khaki knickerbockers and heavy shoes and khaki shirts of cotton and of wool.

"You'll have me looking like a gentleman farmer, June," he protested laughingly. But she made no comment, save her still and reassuring smile.

Afterward, when they were come home again, he discovered her afresh; he had been so used to seeing her in scrubbed and faded blue that the metamorphosis amused him, and amused them both. Even while she laughed, tears came in her eyes; but to his question she would only say, "It's only that I've always thought a lot about you, Walter, and wondered if you'd be coming back again, the way you have."

And he said honestly, "I didn't know it at the time, June; but—maybe I've always been remembering you."

She said, with a smile behind her eyes: "There must have been something, or you never would have come—alone."

"I'm beginning to think I got the farm in my blood when I was a boy," he confessed gravely. "I like it more and more. It's where I do belong."

"It was in your blood before you were ever born," she reminded him, and smiled again. "And likely always will be," she predicted. June had always this way of casting back, and casting into the far future too.

Cash came to make a last appeal to Overlook. The snows held off; the ground froze and the roads were passable. So, early in December, Cash came.

When Overlook had the announcement of his coming he felt some doubts and fears; shrank from a possible ridicule, dreaded that he might see June through the eyes of the other man; mustered to meet the ordeal a certain bold bravado. And because he needed her strength, he confessed this to June; told her something about the other man, described Mrs. Cash to her.

"This is the sort of life he knows," he said, and explained that life as best he could.

And she listened, with a grave attentive eye, and when he was done, nodded understanding.

"You're wondering if it'll be different with him here," she commented.

"I am, June," he confessed; and she smiled at him in a fashion full of wisdom.

"You can tell me when he's gone," she said.

Cash came in the late afternoon; a smooth little man, with a crisp mustache and white piping on his waistcoat and spats about his ankles to ward away the cold. He would, they had decided, stay the night. Overlook, in khaki, met him at the Corner and brought him home, down the steep road where the deep and frozen ruts made passage perilous, and the car Cash had hired in East Harbor bounded dangerously and lurched drunkenwise.

"I am planning to fix this road in the spring," said Overlook; and Cash surveyed him with a sidelong eye. Otherwise they had few words; and those they had were only of the countryside.

June came to the kitchen door as they turned in from the road. She wore a blue dress, for she was always thus inclined; and it was crisp and fresh, and it fitted her. Her hair was heavy and fine. And thereafter it seemed to Overlook that he was thrust aside; that between these two, the dapper little man and the woman of the farm, an interchange went forward from which he was excluded. They sat at meat about the warm lamp; and afterward Overlook and Cash were left in the dining room together while June was busy in the kitchen. But she was constantly passing through the dining room to the buttery at one side, so their talk was not of the visitor's errand, but of all the plans for the farm and for the valley and for the town which Overlook was beginning more and more definitely to form. And Overlook, who had feared that he might see June through the other man's eyes, began in fact to do so; to see her—and his heart leaped at the discovery—to see her as strong and wise and fine.

When her tasks were done she came into the dining room and spoke to Overlook. "I thought I'd go over to Pot's," she explained, "to see how the children do with Polly May."

He understood that she wished to leave him and Cash together; so he went with her to the kitchen door, and felt her lips press his and her hand grip his hand. And then he came back to where Cash waited in the dining room.

He came a little fearfully; but he need not have been afraid. For Cash, in his first word, reassured him. "I did come to talk you into coming back, old man," he said frankly. "But I'm not even going to give it a try."

"Oh, I'll be back in the spring," Overlook assured him. "Or, anyway, in the fall, after I get the orchard planted here and things started—in the fall."

Cash chuckled. "I thought you'd gone crazy," he declared. "Holmes and Sigbert and others will still think so—unless they come up here and see her and talk to her."

"She's fine, isn't she?" Overlook agreed. The other man did not in words respond; but there was for a moment a twist of hopeless longing in his eyes. Then he laughed again.

"You know," he declared, "you belong here. I can see it now. You've always been a farm boy, Overlook. Remember I had to talk you into getting a valet? Your shoes never were blacked properly. And that butler of yours, and the chef—you never liked them, man."

He laughed again, remembering some episode; and he recounted it, and then another and another.

And Overlook, who had learned to think of himself as a thoroughly sophisticated man, began to see otherwise; he began to see a man miserable and alone, caught in a swirling current, fighting against it, hungering always for half-forgotten things.

"Like a creature caught in an eddy, trying to get back into the main current of the stream," he thought, and ceased to hear what Cash was saying at all. "Trying to get into the current and go on," he amended. "Instead of standing still. Instead of spinning in a circle, to go ahead, keep going on."

And he had a momentary glimpse of the future as a challenge, heard the word "Forward!" like a battle cry.

When Cash presently paused, lighting another cigarette, Overlook said thoughtfully, "I see. Of course it's different with you and Mrs. Cash. You're born to it; that's where you belong."

Cash hesitated; and then in a still way he laughed, and Overlook was sorry for him. For—"I was born in Iowa," said Cash. "And so was she."

When in the morning he took himself away, Overlook watched his car trundle out of sight toward the bridge; and then he turned back to June, waiting in the kitchen door; and he came toward her slowly, savoring his delight.

"Was I all right?" she asked appealingly when she was in his arms. "Did you want me different?" And found her comfort in the word he said.

Spring came eagerly, like the victor in a battle, jubilating after many harsh repulses; and the snow blanket thinned and wore threadbare, and the drifts drained away, and the Sheepscot roared through the short nights when the airs were all so still and warm. There was throughout the valley the song of new life, springing in the sun.

Overlook's days were full; they hurried past him, tumbling one upon the other's heels; and he made what haste he could to fill each with as much of life as the span of it would hold. He was gripped by a furious and bounding energy, his thoughts as much engaged as were his hands. Yet had his hours for meditation too.

He had no sense of finality in this thing which he had done; had never the feeling that anything was finished or complete. Saw, too clearly, otherwise. Before he married June he saw the enterprise as irrevocable, like a curtain drawn across his world; it seemed to him to put a period to the past, to put an end to all his strivings. It wore in his eyes the aspect of a vast negation. But already he perceived his own lack of understanding; began to look forward, into the far ways, as June's habit always was. Discovered that marriage is not an end but a beginning; not an achievement but an undertaking; not a conclusion but a challenge fine. He had had and would still have hours of black doubt and all discouragement and despair; yet he had learned already that with wisdom these hours might be endured and all passed by. And he began to see in their due proportion the obstacles that may cause one who walks

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Most golfers find that they get 15 to 25 yards farther when they play this best of all good golf balls!

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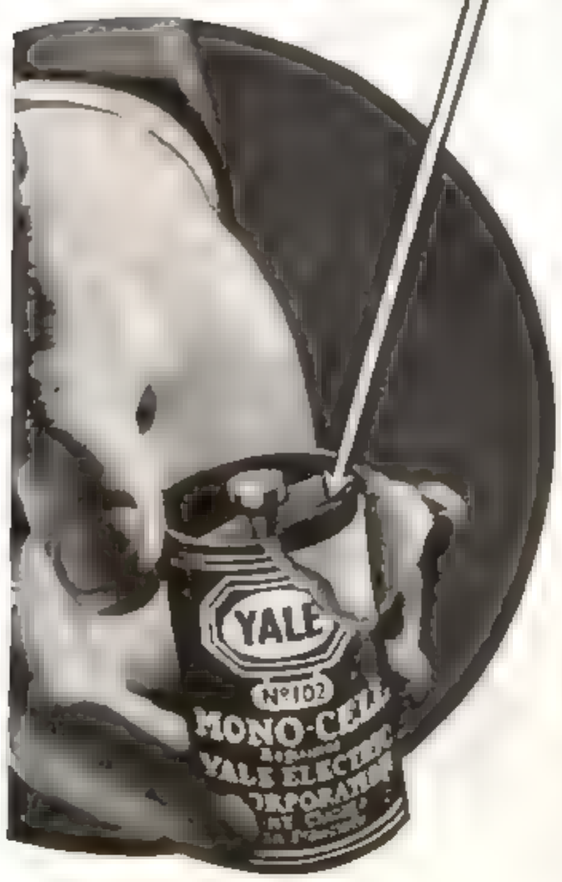

A *Positive* Power Protector

THE tremendous amount of energy that is packed into every YALE Mono-Cell is guarded against escape by the Safety Seal. This feature—exclusively YALE—grips the cardboard jacket *permanently* to the cell; it *cannot* slip, expose metal and cause power-wasting short circuits!

YALE Mono-Cells deliver brighter, whiter light; fit *all* tubular cases, make any flashlight better—and YALE Flashlights *best!* Insist on YALE.

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blindly to stumble, but can never halt a strong and vigorous stride.

There were so many things to do; such a flood tide of life to be maintained at full flow, and in all its richness passed along.

It happened that one evening, while June was in the kitchen at her business there, he opened the old Bible and wandered in it, to and fro. And while he read, casually, he remembered that evening when he discovered this Book where his father had put it last away; and he remembered how he read the scroll of old names, and the ever-recurring name which he now bore.

And remembered how he had written, with a sense of dramatic finality, that he was the last of his line.

He sat a moment, smiling, as he thought of this; and he looked toward the kitchen and toward June. Then the man reached for his pocketknife and tested its smaller blade. It was keen and clean, ready for such an enterprise as scratching out and forever obliterating an injudiciously written word. And he turned the pages till he came to that one which he sought.

Then smiled again at what he saw—for June had been before him there.

(THE END)

THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S

(Continued from Page 15)

such a famous delineator of character rôles. Here it is, exactly as served:

To half a pound of crab meat add a few cooked fresh mushrooms cut in slices, three tablespoonfuls of thick cream sauce, and season well. Place on a toasted hot muffin, spread with anchovy butter, and place over the top grated Parmesan cheese and bread crumbs. Bake and brown in a quick oven. Serve on a napkin and garnish with parsley.

It was really not quite so formidable as it sounds. The canapé citation meant anything that was served on toast or a muffin. It only had the wheel base of a sandwich. And that is what it was—an open-faced sandwich. The canapé was simply tacked onto the menu as the elephant was put in the riddle—just to make it more difficult.

I learned the recipe in Paris, where I had gone to observe the secret culinary rituals and savory machinations of the French chefs. I was detailed to this gastronomic espionage in much the same way that military men of a neutral nation are assigned as observers with the entangled armies of warring countries. Except that, in this case, I was an active participant in all the clashes of the pots and pans.

It came about in this manner: There was intense rivalry between ourselves, Delmonico's and Sherry's. Mr. Louis Sherry went to his reward but recently. Although many of his patrons thought he was French, he was, like ourselves, intensely American, having been born in Vermont. With the wine, the music and service being about equal in the three establishments, the rivalry naturally centered on the food. It was the ambition of each host to outdo his rivals in rare and toothsome viands. The tides of favor and patronage would fluctuate between the big three as each establishment flung a new and tantalizing aroma to the breezes, and noses would crinkle daintily in anticipation. Diamond Jim Brady had been to Paris and brought home with him glad tidings of a famous dish—fillet of sole Marguery, prepared only in the Café Marguery.

On the Trail of Sauce Marguery

At that time we were getting along famously, and I was studying law at Cornell University. Nevertheless, my father sent me to Paris in spite of the fact that I was in my third year at college and was preparing to graduate.

I never did get that diploma, but little dreamed of the honors which awaited me in Paris. I came to New York, consulted with Diamond Jim and my father, and received instructions, like the Spartan youth, to return either with the sauce Marguery or in it.

I still remember the jewels Diamond Jim was wearing that afternoon. He had been down to the track, and he wore the famous vest with diamond buttons, each button glittering like a harvest moon. His scarfpin was a horseshoe set with diamonds. When I say a horseshoe, I mean one for a race horse and not for a Shetland pony. Like a farmer weighing hay, Jim did things on a big scale. His fingers were literally handcuffed with precious stones. When he pulled out his lead pencil I noted it particularly, for where ordinary pencils usually carried a rubber to erase mistakes, this prince of pencils carried a diamond the size of a nickel, but worth much more. The possessor of that diamond required no eraser for his mistakes.

His faithful bodyguard stood at his elbow, as always. He was a husky individual with an eternally tanned face—doubtless sunburned from continual exposure to Diamond Jim's jewels. We consulted all evening and I was appointed ambassador to the kitchens of Paris in order that Mr. Brady should again sop up the sauce Marguery. This is accomplished by holding a morsel of bread between the thumb and the index finger and sopping up the gravy. I think it is now called dunking in Greenwich Village, but there were no dunkers in our time. We lived in the sopping age.

Before going to Cornell, I had served two years in our own kitchens and was a qualified chef. I was in Paris in less than three weeks after Diamond Jim had evinced a desire for fillet of sole Marguery. It was with some trepidation that I presented my credentials at the Café de Paris, because I was to serve a belated apprenticeship in this restaurant. For, though the A. E. F. could say "Lafayette, we are here," I was forced to prove my ability before I could say I had arrived.

I worked for eight months as an apprentice cook in the kitchens of the Café de Paris. I learned the proper temperature of croutons, the correct humidity of consommé in an establishment where even knives and forks are laid out in true relation to the magnetic north and toothpicks have their latitude and longitude. Everything was figured out just so. The slightest swerve from ancestral routine was punished with reduction to the ranks.

But I was still far from sauce Marguery. There was another two months' sentence to serve as a bus boy to a venerable waiter who smoothed out a tablecloth as lovingly as an operating surgeon pats his apron. I learned to move silently and swiftly. Then came my promotion to a journeyman waitership with ceremonies befitting a coronation. But I had a good deal still to learn about a nation that has the culinary art drawn so fine it can detect the difference between the juice of the clam during times of political unrest and the same juice extracted from the clam at a period when the franc is at par. I had just served a regular patron sauce Bordelaise with cèpes, a dainty dish which this particular patron indulged in once every year, making an overland trip from Petrograd through a territory which, even then, was seething with dissension. He was a baron of old Russia with the finest beard I have ever seen hanging from a single chin. He was an epicure, but everything had gone along fine until this dish, which I was to bring over later and introduce to Rector's. As all the ingredients can be procured but one, I will tell you the secrets of sauce Bordelaise with cèpes Rector. We always added the word "Rector" to an imported dish:

Chop fine two ounces of eschalots and place them in a saucepan with a lump of fresh butter and a little sweet oil. Allow to simmer for a few minutes. Add chopped cèpes and a glass of good claret. Allow it to reduce and add a pint of brown sauce.

All the necessary components of this delightful dish can be readily procured, except, of course, the glass of good claret. I know of no capable substitute. There was a benevolent look on my client's face as I served the dish, which was absolutely perfect and could only have been improved by the addition of a rainbow over the sauce. But one spoonful of the concoction and he exclaimed, "In the name of the sacred perfume! The curses of the Seven Orphans upon you! This is impossible!"

His taste was so fine that he had detected the fact that I had added the sweet oil before I had dropped in the fresh butter. I knew that he was right, but I had been careless and knew better than to argue with a patron. We were not so painstaking later on in America, where even the best of waiters might have lost patience and added the fresh butter to the baron's whiskers and distributed the sweet oil in the form of a shower bath. After this I was a bus boy for another thirty days.

It was as a bus boy that I think I saw the finest discrimination ever displayed by a diner. This gentleman was very finicky about his food and seemed to order for the pleasure of complaining. No one was just sure at what special moment this connoisseur of mistakes would break out in a tirade of shrill denunciation directed at the food, the service or just general topics of the day. Everything had proceeded nicely in this instance and we were all hoping that he would break his own strict rule and leave in a good humor.

Prunes Wrong End To

Suddenly a plate crashed within an inch of my head and shattered to bits on the wall. A fleeing waiter dashed by me in a magnificent sprint which just enabled him to keep a pace ahead of a flying carafe. The gentle patron had suddenly gone berserk and was engaged in wrecking the place, while at the same time he was calling down the wrath of all the carved images of the South Seas on the waiter, the proprietor and all his friends, even unto the third generation.

It was with great difficulty that a dozen of us managed to subdue him without retaliatory violence. A patron is always your guest—until he has paid his check. The head waiter sought to find out the trouble, but temporary *rigor mortis* had set in on the diner and his speech issued in the form of soap bubbles. We finally managed to get him seated in a chair, but he would not be satisfied until we sent for a gendarme. Meanwhile the offending waiter was in hiding in the linen closet. Whatever his crime, the patron was assured that justice would be meted out. He was able to talk coherently in about fifteen minutes. During that time the gendarme stood with pencil poised ready to take down notes or call for more gendarmes in case the situation grew worse.

Seeing that he had calmed down sufficiently to converse, the head waiter asked, "Your pardon, sir, but were you visited with bodily harm by that atrocious waiter? I assure you that we stand ready to meet any reasonable financial settlement, provided that we can keep it out of the daily journals."

"Name of a cabbage!" the diner answered. "I was not attacked. I can take care of myself. I was a soldier in the Third Empire. What is bodily harm to a man who fought the Prussian Guard in '71?"

With that he became more violent and was led out by a new convoy of gendarmes, who escorted him, with some concerted effort, to a hospital. Going out the door, he shrieked, "He brought the prunes in backward! He brought the prunes in backward!" *(Continued on Page 62)*

There are Times When Only a Marmon Will Do

Just suppose some one at luncheon today says, "Let's pack up and go to the woods over the week-end—we'll make a party of it—your family and mine."

That's decided right on the spot—it's a sparkling good idea. The only question then is: whose car shall we take—*your* car or mine?

It makes no difference what car yours is—it's a hundred to one you'll agree to take mine.

My car is a Marmon.

When people get ready to go places, and want to get a real thrill out of the going, what other car can even approach a Marmon?

You want to go speedily—yet leisurely.

You want to go safely -yet not think about it.

You want to go comfortably—yet with a feeling for adventure.

What other car has this added something of Marmon—that by-product which you get in addition to Marmon's distinctive looks, its day-in and day-out faithful service?

Even if you consider Marmon merely as the equal of other cars you might buy if there's a question in your mind between Marmon and one or two near rivals—there's one thing that will decide the whole issue.

What we would like you to do as quickly as you can is to ride in a Marmon on a road. No other car feels like Marmon. No other car seems so *custom-built* for all road conditions.

But why tell you *all* about it? It takes labor to write and it's so pleasant to ride.

NATIONAL ROAD DEMONSTRATION

Marmon dealers all over the country are now prepared to place a car at the disposal of all established families. The Marmon company is particularly desirous of having all interested in owning a Marmon first make their own road tests before deciding to purchase. Appointments may be made on application.

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$2000 Reward

Give This Man a Fitting Name and Win a Big Cash Prize

Go to any Twinplex Dealer and get an entry blank. It will explain the simple conditions of this contest. Here's a lot of easy money for somebody. Why not you?

1st Prize	$1000
2nd Prize	$500
3rd Prize	$250
4th Prize	$150
5th Prize	$100

Morning after morning millions of shavers give their Twinplex Stroppers a few turns and then get velvety smooth shaves. Ask one of these millions of happy Twinplex owners and he'll tell you how foolish it is to go on spending time and money buying new blades—and then kicking about them. A Twinplex Stropper improves a new blade 100% and keeps it keener than new for weeks.

ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS

Take one of your new unused blades to a dealer and have him strop it free on Twinplex. Get your contest entry blank and then go after the cash. Don't delay. The contest closes August 31st.

Ask Your Dealer or Write Us

If your dealer cannot strop a new blade for you, send us his name and one of your *new* blades, properly protected. We will strop and return it with entry blank, free.

If you prefer to save yourself this bother, we will send you a New blade stropped on Twinplex, an entry blank and a ten shave sample of the wonderful new Twinplex Shaving Cream, all for 10¢. Name your razor when writing.

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1651 Locust Street, Saint Louis

New York London Montreal Chicago

Twinplex Stroppers
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

(Continued from Page 60)

Questioning of the frightened waiter seemed to verify this charge. He said everything seemed normal until he served the prunes. The patron looked at them in an amazed manner, clutched at his own throat before making a grasp for the waiter's neck, and screamed, "They're backward! Name of a pig, they are not forward!"

Such was the case. There was no doubt that the prunes had been served the wrong end to. It showed fine discrimination on the part of the patron that he had been possessed of the keen eyesight necessary to detect this colossal blunder. As for myself, since that time I have examined many prunes, both en masse and singly, but I have never been able to tell when one was backward or forward.

I have merely cited this incident to indicate the fine point to which dining in the old country has been drawn. The slightest error is detected by an epicure, and resented.

My time being over, I was then sent to the Café de Marguery to get the hang of the famous sauce. It required two months of close application in the kitchens before I felt qualified to say that I had absorbed the technical details of fillet of sole with sauce Marguery. During those entire sixty days, for fifteen hours a day I experimented with sole and sauce, until I managed at last to produce a combination which was voted perfect by a jury of seven master chefs. It was a dish that even a Brady might sop or a dunker dunk.

Cooking in a Foreign Language

Rewards followed swiftly. I was loaned by the Café de Marguery to the Palais de Champs-Élysées as a visiting cook, the occasion being a dinner in honor of King Oscar of Sweden. I was there to prepare the sauce Marguery for the King. It was the proudest moment of my life. It seems strange that I could absolutely forget three years of intensive training in a law school, and a good law school, too, and become a heart-and-soul chef. That was what I had finally evolved into. My entire life was bound up and centered in preparing the sauce Marguery for King Oscar. I felt that I was treading on air. The air itself would have been a stable foundation when word was sent back that the King's favorite dish was filet mignon Hederer.

But I knew how to prepare filet mignon Hederer and was permitted to assist another chef in the cooking. Here is the recipe exactly as we wrote it down that day:

Carefully trim a tenderloin of beef. Cut in small steaks and fry in butter. Lay on each the soft part of stewed oysters. Garnish with blanched marrow. Serve with sauce Bordelaise and cèpes, adding a pinch of finely chopped parsley

It is a dish worthy of a king. For this I was personally decorated by the French Government with the Cordon Bleu and made an honorary member of the Société des Cuisiniers de Paris. I was the only American to be thus honored at that time, and, for all I know, may still be the only one. This was the fine courtesy extended by a grateful government to a guest chef in Paris in recognition of my efforts to learn the secrets of French cooking. I cabled my good fortune to my father, who answered with congratulations and instructions to proceed with the second stage of my journey.

There may be some people who do not understand the meaning of the word "cèpes" used in the recipes I have given. Cèpes are of the family of mushrooms. They are a delicacy in France and they grow as wild in that country as whiskers do in Russia. They are more easily distinguished from the toadstool than is our own mushroom because they are of a darker color and have a flatter top. They say that the way to tell a mushroom from a toadstool is to eat it. If you live, it's a mushroom. It may surprise folks to know that cèpes grow in the woods. Since earliest boyhood we have been warned that a mushroom found in our woods is a toadstool. A cèpes farmer must depend on his eyesight and luck, as they grow at random in the forests of France and there is no set rule for discovering them.

But a cèpes collector is well off when compared with the truffle agriculturist. For the truffle is the queerest animal in the vegetable kingdom. It is of the genus Tuber. The mushroom belongs to the same family, although the truffle, like a famous American jewelry firm, has absolutely no connection with any other firm of the same name. This subterranean flower is a fleshy, fungus structure and prized as a garniture for highly seasoned dishes. When you chop up the truffle and throw it in goose liver that has been well mashed, and then stir the dish up, you have pâté de foie gras, a name which has probably puzzled many diners.

It was the custom of Rector's to import pâté de foie gras directly from Strasburg, in Alsace-Lorraine. The truffle is found in the southern section of France around Angoulême, not far from Bordeaux. It grows in clayey, sandy soil and gives absolutely no indication of its presence. It has no stem, no buds, no leaves and no roots. It is just a gob in the ground, a few inches below the surface.

There is no man on earth who can detect the presence of a truffle. Directions for unearthing them are as vague as discovering gold, which is where you find it. But there is a friend of man who has a keen nose for the elusive truffle, and that friend is the hog. The hog is passionately fond of the truffles and never fails to root them up.

The farmer allows the pig to run at large, and when the pig starts to root he unleashes a trained pack of truffle hounds, who proceed to drive the faithful porker away from the buried treasure. Thereupon a fierce battle follows, with the hog determined to stick to his truffle by premier rights of discovery and conquest. However, the dogs always win, and having no flair of their own for truffles, the queer-looking plant is added to the farmer's crop.

You may think that the expression "truffle hound" is merely a pleasantry, but such animals actually exist in France and are highly prized by the peasants. A truffle about the size of an orange is worth about ten dollars on the hoof. They are prepared for the American market by being packed in brandy, or at least they were formerly prepared this way. As a good sauce is always nine-tenths of the dish, you can well imagine that truffle in brandy was not without its steadfast adherents. As I have been retired now for the past eight years, I do not know whether any truffles have been arrested for having brandy in their possession. I never cared much for them myself, as they tasted something like a well-worn rubber heel. Truffles, terrapin, lobster, canvasback, imported fillet of sole and other fancy dishes gradually got so on the Rectors' nerves that it was nothing unusual for us to sneak out the back way disguised as tourists and plunge into a white-tile restaurant for good old flapjacks and a thousand on a dish.

Jumping on the Grapes

I had learned all that was possible of Parisian cuisine. I now packed my bags and took a train for the southern part of France, my destination being the Bordeaux district, where the finest of vintage grapes are raised. The Bordeaux sector is the vineyard for the world's best wines. I was to spend six months here, studying the making of champagnes and other wines. It was very interesting, as my duties called for tasting practically every famous wine on the list. As I consider this too late a day for anybody to take offense, I can tell you that the Bordeaux grape is not squeezed in a press. The juice is forced out by the bare feet of the French peasants, man, woman and child, who jump up and down on the grapes. The jumping effect of the grape seems to be transmitted along with the wine itself, because I have often seen men under its influence busily engaged in jumping on one another.

The reason for the pressing by bare feet is that machinery would not only crush the grapes but also crush the seeds, and one seed in a vat of wine would spoil the entire vat. The seed is bitter and a wine buyer could detect the presence of one-hundredth of a seed in a hogshead of wine. This is why the peasants jump on the grapes in their bare feet. They work in a big trough and I can still see the juice bubbling up between their toes.

The squeezed juice is drawn off into a lower trough and then pumped up by hand into a tremendous vat. Then all the refuse, the grape skins, leaves, vine and dregs, are shoveled on top the wine in the vat, where the mass sinks to the bottom. Then through the slow process of fermentation the entire matted bulk is forced to the top of the vat. It forms a crust over the top. This crust becomes as hard and as solid as a parquet floor. I have seen men walking on it.

The wine cools off under its odd lid for a month. Samples are then drawn off and sipped by the wine merchants of Bordeaux and England for appraisal. At one time the wine merchants of America also took part in this ceremony. Bids are offered and refused or granted. The highest bidder often buys in the contents of five or six large vats and barrels it for shipment to Bordeaux. There it is sold again, or bottled, and the output of that season is known by the name of the district and also recognized by the imprint of the year it was made.

The price of the wine also is fixed at the first tasting at the vat, although, of course, the price would increase as the wine grew older year by year in the storehouse. I can give you an idea of the size of the vat when I inform you that the contents of four or five might amount to something just below 2000 barrels.

Chef and Guest of Honor

I bought no wine, as the American trade was monopolized by three or four big interests.

I thought that I had learned all I could about the wine industry and cabled my father for leave to come home. I had been in France so long that I spoke the language perfectly, which accomplishment was to be a big help to me in separating the dollar from its American owner who likes a foreign accent with his food. I was glad to be headed for home again. Lest you think that my six months in the Bordeaux district was an orgy on wine, I will state that though I was cited by the French Government for my cooking in Paris, I won no medals for my drinking in Bordeaux. Although you might claim that a small boy in an apple tree was not up there to study botany, yet all the wine I tasted was merely for science and research.

I suspect that I sampled many hundreds of vintages in Southern France. I was glad that the ordeal was over. I took the boat for America and bade farewell to France, having been the happy recipient of all the honors ever bestowed on an American chef. In order that my dexterity in making sauce Marguery should not languish through lack of practice, I received permission from the boat steward to use his ovens on the trip. The dish was much relished by the passengers, although there was an unusual amount of seasickness for a smooth, pleasant voyage. However, I had ample confidence in my mastery over the sauce and looked forward to new laurels and glory in my native land.

I landed in America in triumph, having gained more honors single-handed than General Pershing did with two million soldiers. I was the sole American carrying the secrets of centuries of European civilization. I was greeted on the wharf by Rector's Russian Orchestra, my father and Diamond Jim Brady, whose first words were, "Have you got the sauce?"

An elaborate dinner was tendered to me that evening by my father. I was the guest of honor and also the cook. First, I prepared the dinner and then sat down with

(Continued on Page 64)

NASH

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The Victory of Greater Value

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The processes of appraisal and approval whether of man or motor car continue to winnow the greater from the lesser with impartial and inexorable exactitude.

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And so it is with Nash. The manifestly greater value, greater quality, and finer performance indubitably inherent to the Nash product are earning their due and just reward.

The quickening force which is sweeping Nash sales higher and higher with incredible rapidity is nothing but the working out of a natural law as old as the ages, as fundamental as that which sends the river to the sea.

For it is purely an human instinct to turn from one thing to another seeking that which is best — and finding it to bestow upon it unmeasured recognition.

This is the simple and singular truth which underlies the great public movement in Nash sales.

In that characteristically American restless searching out of value more and more men are coming to the same exact conclusion — that Nash does offer more for the money in every way.

Down thru the months and years the eager demand has grown and multiplied so swiftly that long ago the rise in Nash sales matched and passed the forward pace of the industry — matched and passed it and swung far out into the lead, racing on ahead and alone with accelerating speed.

This is the story of the Nash Victory of Greater Value, written in facts and figures so sharply luminous that fine phrases could neither embellish nor emphasize them—

—though during 1925 the entire industry gained less than 18% in sales over 1924, the Nash increase for 1925, soared nearly 80% above the Nash 1924 sales record.

And already the first six months of 1926 have turned in a volume of Nash business equaling close to 82% of the total sales for the whole of 1925.

For 22 consecutive months—with one exception — Nash sales have surpassed the high mark set by the same month of the previous year.

No other American car is gaining ground with anything like this speed and continuity.

This is the reward and this is the Victory of Greater Value.

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Continued from Page 62

the other guests, who included Sam Shubert, newly arrived from Syracuse, and just starting to show his strength against the famous combine of Klaw & Erlanger. Dan Reed, the tin-plate king, Alfred Henry Lewis, of Wolfville fame, Marshall Field, Adolphus Busch, Victor Herbert, John Philip Sousa were present, and, of course, our old friend Jim Brady.

I prepared fillet of sole with sauce Marguery. Diamond Jim dipped a spoon into it, sipped it, smacked his lips and said, "It's so good I could eat it on a Turkish towel."

Here is the recipe for the sauce Marguery—given entirely from memory:

First, you must use none but imported sole from the English Channel, which must be shipped over alive in tanks. Cut the fillet with a very sharp knife. There are four fillet to a fish Take the rest of the fish and put them into a big boiler with plenty of leeks, onions, carrots, turnips, lettuce, romaine, parsley and similar vegetables. The whole mass is reduced by boiling from eight to twelve hours. This leaves a very small quantity of a jellylike substance, which is the essence of the fish. If properly prepared, only a handful of jelly will be obtained from two hundred fish.

In another pan we place the yolks of four dozen eggs. Work a gallon of melted butter into this, stopping every ten minutes to pour in a pint of dry, white wine of good Bordeaux quality. Add from time to time a spoonful of the essence of fish. This is stirred in and cooked in a double boiler in the same way as you would make hollandaise sauce.

Strain the sauce through a very fine sieve. Season with a dash of cayenne and salt. At no time in the preparation of the sauce should it be allowed to come to a boil.

Now we take the fillet, which should be kept on ice to retain their freshness until the sauce is ready. Place them in a pan with just sufficient water to float them a little. About half an inch of water should be sufficient to cover them. After they boil for ten or fifteen minutes remove and place on a silver platter. Garnish the dish on one end with small shrimp and on the other end with imported mussels from Northern France.

Pour a liberal amount of the sauce over the whole platter. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and place on the grill for the purpose of allowing it to simmer to a golden brown. Then serve.

The Café de Paris Crown Jewel

This completes the famous dish, known throughout the world, which Marguery himself not only created but served to patrons for fifty years. It created a sensation in New York, although I never guaranteed that you could follow Diamond Jim's advice and eat it on a Turkish towel. That's rather a large assignment, and I advise ambitious eaters of table linen and dry goods to start in by first trying to eat the sauce on an ordinary doily. If successful in that they can then try a napkin and work up by easy stages to a Turkish towel.

I followed up the sauce Marguery with crab meat Mornay, which I learned to prepare in the kitchens of the Café de Paris. If Marguery could be digested on a Turkish towel, then Mornay would have been palatable between a sandwich consisting of a doormat and a horse blanket. The recipe is very simple:

Every housewife knows how to make a rich cream sauce using butter, flour and cream. After the cream sauce is prepared, place it in the oven and allow it to get so hot that it will brown on the top.

Immediately remove this thin crust from the top with a spoon or ladle. While the sauce is very hot, add small pieces of fresh, sweet butter, stirring very rapidly. Also add a liberal quantity of grated Swiss cheese. The whole secret of the sauce is constant stirring, the butter and cheese being added alternately.

When the cream sauce, the cheese and the butter have become well blended, which should take a good fifteen minutes of steady whipping, strain through a fine sieve and season with cayenne and salt.

Pour over large individual flakes of crab meat and allow it to brown under the grill. Serve on a silver platter without garnishing.

All good Americans may go to Paris to die, but not one of them goes there to diet. Crab meat Mornay was the crown jewel of the Café de Paris and no tourist had seen Paris until he had tasted this dish. I have given you recipes for two dishes, which are also recipes for success, because they added over a million dollars to the Rector fortune.

A big wager was laid out in Chicago that a man couldn't eat a quail every day for a month. The betters were James Gore, of Chapin and Gore, and Freddy Stanley, who was Nat Goodwin's closest friend. Chapin and Gore were the big wine merchants of Chicago. Stanley essayed to eat one quail a day for a month and gave up after the twenty-third day. Yet I have seen Charles Frohman and Charles Dillingham eat crab meat Mornay every night for weeks, months and years.

A Cure for an Epicure

This may have been due to the superiority of the French cuisine and the marvelous ability of the French to disguise dishes with sauces. In fact, they carried out their ingenuity to such an extreme as to befuddle many an epicurean. There is a time in every peak hour in the restaurant business which resembles that minute in a family dinner when unexpected visitors had arrived and the cry, "F. H. B." went up. "F. H. B." was a secret code which meant that some particular dish was running low, and, out of consideration for the visitors' appetites, it could be deciphered to mean "family hold back."

When that moment arrived in some restaurants, and a patron ordered a dish which was on the menu card but not in the kitchen, it was often the proprietor's habit to employ a substitute disguised in sauces. Rector's practiced this deception only once, and then because of a wager. The victim was Dave Montgomery of the famous team of Montgomery and Stone, then playing in their success, The Red Mill.

Stone was a very plain eater while Montgomery was an epicurean. Fred grew tired of hearing Dave boast about the many complicated dishes he enjoyed in Rector's on his nightly visits after the show, and especially of his love for the diamond-back terrapin.

He determined to teach the epicurean a lesson. He conferred with me, and, much to Dave's surprise, agreed to accompany him to Rector's to share a dish of terrapin. After the meal, Dave said, "George, this diamond-back terrapin is the finest I have ever tasted."

A roar of laughter from Stone was followed with the explanation that the diamond-back terrapin was nothing but small pieces of stewed rabbit in sauce Maryland. The meat of the rabbit hidden in the sauce is similar to terrapin and the deception is completed by the very small bones which are found both in rabbit and in terrapin. I do not doubt that many a confiding patron has paid for a terrapin which is still swimming in Chesapeake Bay while a mournful rabbit waits in vain for its mate.

Another easy counterfeiting process is substituting milk-fed veal for chicken à la King. The veal is chopped into small chunks and mixed in with an equal quantity of chicken in very much the same way as the famous butcher prepared his half-and-half sausage with half a pig and half a mule.

There are more queer things hidden under sauce than there are under the canvas of a circus.

Another trick employed by unscrupulous restaurateurs is flaking halibut to resemble crab meat. Once again the sauce is the camouflage. I forgot to mention that all these sauces are laced with sherry or Madeira, which completely dominates the diner's palate.

A prime fillet of lamb, marinated in claret, could fool anybody who has the habit of ordering venison stew out of season. And the lamb has the advantage of always being in season. The next time you order venison ask the waiter to bring you the antlers.

Even then, devotees of the canvasback, king of water fowl, think they are certifying their choice when the canvasback is brought in with a real canvasback head on the platter. However, in nine cases out of ten the head is canvasback while the body is mallard. One canvasback head will often act as honorary pall bearer at the gastronomic rites of a hundred mallards. The difference in price in my time was two dollars for the mallard, and four dollars for the canvasback, which will not touch fish but lives on wild rice and celery. Once again, a sauce of brandy helped to dull the diner's sense of taste.

Sauce for the Geese

The reputation of Rector's was of such a high standard that we would never dare to attempt a deception. I learned how to make these synthetic dishes while talking with numerous chefs in Paris. They are secrets of the trade. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander" is an old adage that should never be brought into the kitchen.

In spite of the fact that two sauces made Rector's over a million dollars, I think that the diner who lets complicated sauces alone and sticks to plain broils and roasts is better off and has fewer liver complaints in the long run. Furthermore, he gets roast beef when he orders it, and not a concoction of cracker dust, gravy and anchovies that might have been prepared on a stove or gathered up in a carpet sweeper.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Rector. The next will appear in an early issue

Skye Mountain, Nova Scotia

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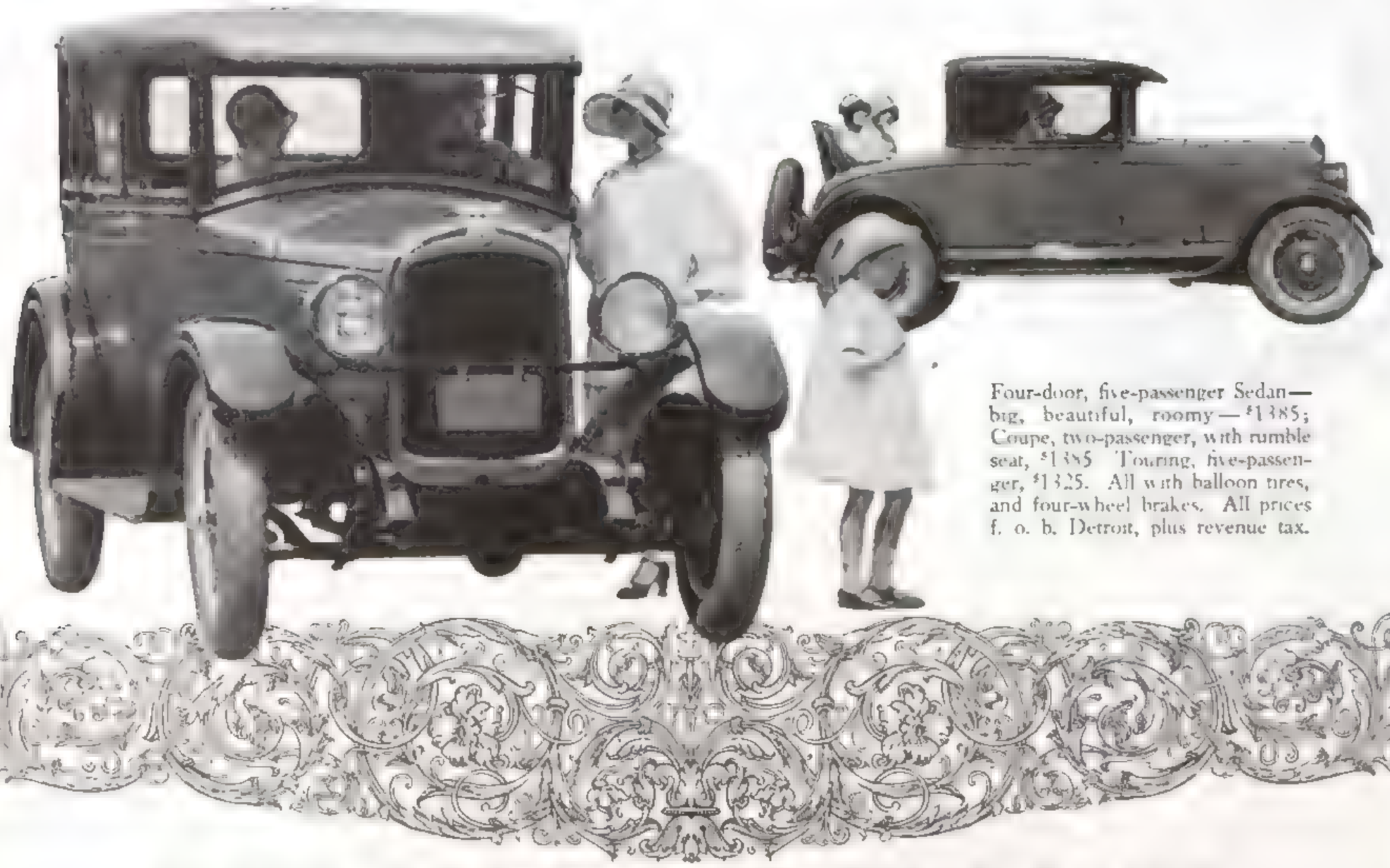

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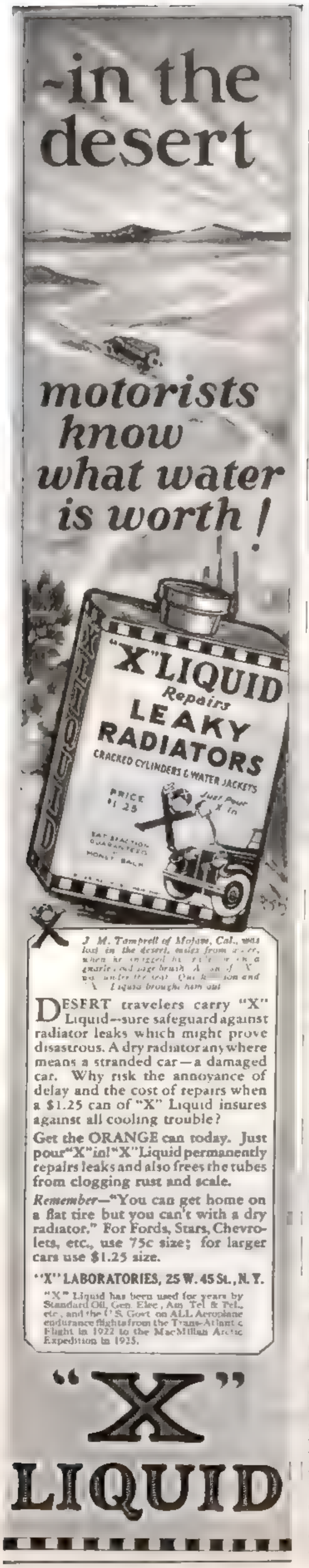
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BRITISH SELLING AT HOME AND ABROAD

(Continued from Page 38)

British salesmanship at home is keen, resourceful, made so by some hundreds of years of intensive competition. Those business men who lack energy, lack initiative, are automatically crowded out of the running. The British domestic trader goes after business and gets it. The results are reflected in government statistics that reveal, even in these slack times through which the kingdom is passing, an actual increase of volume in many retail trades.

But in export trade there has been no such hardening competition. A hundred years ago England embarked on the system of what in those days stood for mass production—substituted machinery for hand labor—and in this the English were many years ahead of any competing nation. It was not until approximately thirty years ago that American and German manufacturers began to branch out for world trade, and by more modern methods of mass production and more active salesmanship began to cut into business that for three-fourths of a century had been considered practically a British monopoly.

The British are slow to change. It was in the spring of the present year that I met, in Southern Spain, an illustration of what may easily happen when the idea prevails that business will come without effort. Framed on the wall of a Spanish mining company there is a curious exhibit, comprising copies of six letters written and received by the concern during the summer of 1912. In that year, it appears, the Spanish company desired to purchase certain machinery of a heavy type for use in its mining operations The letter marked Number One is written in Spanish and addressed to an engineering firm in Birmingham, England. In this is described the exact nature of the machinery desired and a request that the English firm name a price on same.

Letter Number Two is the reply from Birmingham. This was written in English.

"We have received your communication," it states, "and infer that you wish to purchase certain machinery that we manufacture. There is, however, no one in our employ who understands the Spanish language, and we are therefore returning your letter with the request that you rewrite same in English. Upon its receipt we shall be glad to quote prices and terms."

Tripping Through Spain

The Spanish firm did not accede to this request. Instead a letter, also in Spanish, was written to a manufacturer of mining machinery in Germany, and the German's letter is displayed on the wall alongside the one from Birmingham. The German left no doubt as to his eagerness to please. He wrote in Spanish of faultless construction. He gave exact information as to the time required to fabricate the desired machinery, the route by which it might be most economically shipped, and named his price in terms of Spanish money. He appreciated the inquiry and hoped he would be favored with the order.

Next to the German's letter on the wall is a second communication from Birmingham. Having received no reply to its former missive, the English firm asked to know the reason why. The Spaniards responded in a brief note:

"We beg to inform that we have placed our order for the machinery with a German firm."

The moral of all this, if any, is not that the British are poor sales people, but rather that for too many years they had things rather too much their own way in export trade. There is no getting around a certain basic quality in human nature; namely, that people will work no harder than they have to; that they increase their efforts only as they are forced to by competition.

It was also in Spain during this spring that I chanced to occupy the same compartment on the twelve-hour ride from Cordova to Madrid with a young Britisher from Sheffield, who was making a tour of the larger Spanish cities in the interest of a manufacturing firm in his home town. His father, it appeared, was managing director of the firm, which perhaps accounts for the young man's somewhat sketchy sales methods. Personally he was charming, with all the social graces of the fortunately placed young Englishman. He had sold in Cordova, he said, six guineas' worth of his cutlery; and he laughed merrily as he admitted that this was more than he had done in most of the other places he had visited. Of course he was a little handicapped by his limited knowledge of the Spanish language; when interviewing a client, he stated that he could catch about every fourth word, and filled in the balance by mental deduction. Usually he took along an interpreter from his hotel, but this was not always possible. Anyhow, he always left his price list and asked the client to write to Sheffield for anything needed.

Turning Down a Nice Order

Business with his father's factory, the young representative said, was pretty rotten. Working on short time, and all that sort of thing. He intended giving Madrid a rather cursory visit, a single day, in fact. Things were so quiet he was convinced there would be little or no business in his line and, besides, he was anxious to get home. There was something doing in a social way the following Monday. He could leave Madrid on the fast train Friday morning, be in Paris Saturday morning, and, if connections worked out all right, would be at home the same night.

Manifestly it would be misleading to judge the business methods of an entire industry by the activities of a single representative, no matter how agreeable personally; but the thought occurs that if the young Britisher's father had been in retail trade and doing business locally, there would have been more pointed attention in his work.

The British textile industry, centering in Manchester, probably approaches in export operations nearest to the standards of sales efficiency set by British domestic traders. Manchester manufacturers support regular classes in Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, and a dozen other Oriental languages. The young man who expects to become a foreign salesman goes into a mill after his graduation from high school and learns manufacturing methods by actual work at the machines. Then he serves a year in his firm's office to learn the shipping side. During his whole period of apprenticeship he studies the language of the country where his work is to be. After this preparation he is sent out to his post for three or four years, then has a year at home to keep in touch with new methods of manufacture.

There is no denying that the British are thorough. Yet thorough as is the Manchester export manufacturer, there is not quite the resourcefulness, the get-the-business quality that obtains in domestic selling. It was only during the present year that the president of an American manufacturing firm was in England on a visit to his London branch, and while there conceived the idea of purchasing certain materials for use in the American factory. Accompanied by his London manager, an Englishman, he went to Manchester for this purpose. Entering the office of a prominent export concern in the textile trade, the two asked to be shown samples of broadcloth, intimating that, if suited, an initial order might be placed for ten thousand yards of the fabric.

The sales person in charge was polite, but distant. He showed his samples of broadcloth liberally, but when the American suggested that slightly different colors and widths were required, he replied positively that his firm's products were standardized as to colors and widths and that no deviations could be made. The American, anxious to buy and believing an order for ten thousand yards of expensive fabric might receive special consideration, insisted that the salesman should consult his superiors before turning down the proffered business. The salesman retired to an inner office for a brief consultation and presently emerged with the message that the firm had been in export trade many years, had never been required by foreign buyers to alter its established standards in any way, and would not consider doing so in the present instance.

Thus rebuffed, the American and his English subordinate went out into the street, the former a little shocked by his contact with British export tradition. The Englishman understood the situation better.

"I think we've been in the wrong sort of place," he said to his chief. "If you don't mind, I'll take you to a firm in the domestic trade. We'll get what we want there, never fear."

Just around the corner was a concern catering only to British buyers, and to that the two men made their way. There were found approximately the same goods as in the export house, but in everything else conditions were decidedly different. When the sales person learned the American's needs, he went without suggestion to the private office to ask if alterations might be made. The head of the firm came out to interview the visitors, and, when he learned the exact requirements, stated he would at once telephone for the factory foreman. The foreman came; and, when the situation was explained, volunteered the information that the required changes in colors and widths could readily be made. Within the space of an hour the American's order was booked for a purchase running close to the twenty-thousand-dollar mark.

The Goad of Competition

It was the young Englishman himself—the London manager for the American firm—who told me the story. How I asked him, did he know his superior could get service with the concern in the domestic trade, when it had been impossible to do business with the export concern? Why should two houses, both British and within fifty yards of each other, display such difference in business methods?

"I knew by the way they acted at the export place," he answered, "that they still labored under the delusion that England has no competition in world trade and that customers have to do business their way or not at all. It is a heritage of the years when British exporters really had no serious competitors.

"How did I know we would get service at the other place? Because I knew any firm whose business is domestic has to give service or go bankrupt. Competition in England itself has for three hundred years been keener than in any country on earth. There have been times when the exporter could prosper on a take-it-or-leave-it policy; but the home trader has always had to fight for business. He has to be a real salesman!"

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OUTSIDE, the gloss of a custom finish and the grace of a custom line.

INSIDE, the riches of custom detail and the *cachet* of custom appointments.

Disc wheels, four-wheel brakes and the quiet Studebaker L-Head Motor, the most powerful in any car of its size and weight.

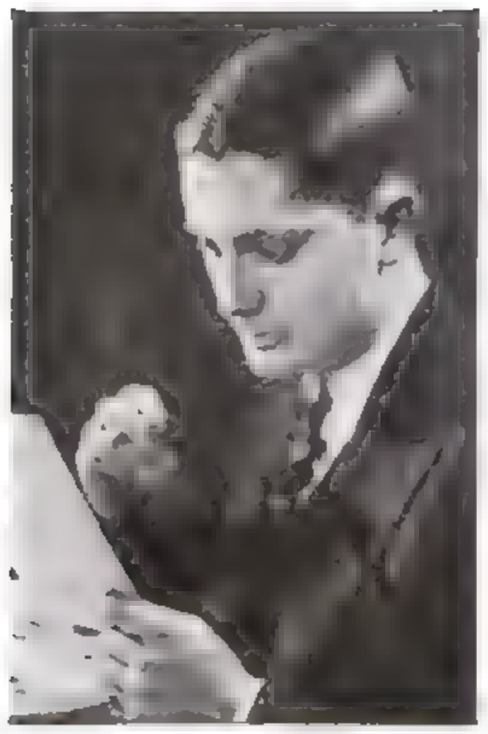
And on the radiator the silvered figure of Atalanta in flight, symbolizing the futility of pursuit.

Ask for a demonstration — that's all Studebaker asks!

Equipment

No-draft ventilating windshield, bumper and bumperettes, engine heat indicator and gasoline gauge on the dash, coincidental lock, oil filter and air purifier, automatic windshield cleaner, automatic spark control, rear vision mirror; and two-beam acorn headlights, controlled from switch on steering wheel.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA • SOUTH BEND INDIANA



You *know* your hair is right

AN important luncheon engagement—you want to look your best—you must have complete self-confidence, perfect ease. Yet—

Your hair! . . .

For years men have worried over this—the most conspicuous part of their appearance.

But now this embarrassing problem is solved for every man.

The solution—Stacomb.

With Stacomb you *know* your hair will stay right—all day long. Stacomb gives your hair a healthy smoothness—brings out all its natural sheen.

The most rebellious hair quickly throws up the sponge when Stacomb gets into action. Forget those misguided days when every morning you doggedly brushed your hair—only to have it get out of place again—one hour—two hours later.

Forget *all* those moss-grown methods you once tried in a vain attempt to make your stubborn hair "lie down." Wetting with water for instance. Water only dried your scalp out, making it an easy prey to dandruff.

Stacomb never does that—Stacomb supplies the very oils your hair needs to prevent dandruff. Yet never leaves it matted or greasy-looking.

Try it tomorrow morning and then—forget your hair! Whenever your appearance counts you will know your hair looks *right*.

Stacomb comes in jars, tubes and liquid form. Any drug store. In Canada, address Standard Laboratories, Ltd., 727 King Street, West, Toronto.

Stacomb

KEEPS THE HAIR IN PLACE

Free Offer

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. A 87, 113 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.

Send me, *free*, a generous sample of Stacomb. I prefer the kind checked.—

Original, cream form ☐ New, liquid form ☐

Name

Address

BONDING HUMAN NATURE

(Continued from Page 25)

look a lot better to me than it had before I came into that room. I was finding out that, after all, surety companies themselves are also human, from the youngest employe to the highest.

"Yes?" asked the president.

"Mr. Smith told me I could speak to you about getting a raise."

"You've not been bringing in much money in premiums," said the president briefly. "Sorry, but we have to judge a man by the results he gets."

That started me! After running my feet off all over the city on little one-horse investigations, to be told that I wasn't getting results! After all my pride in my $500 and $1000 bonds! I forgot all about being in the office of the president. I forgot all about my embarrassment. All I saw was red!

"That's not fair!" I almost shouted at him. "I've had my addresses given to me. I haven't had a chance to get anything except small premiums. I've——" And I went on and gave him the whole story. It must have been quite a tirade. At first he only raised his eyebrows. Then he stood up. I kept right on. Nothing in the world seemed so important as to make him see that I was right; that to judge me on the total amount of the premiums I'd brought in was utterly unfair.

"I ought to be getting your support," I ended, "instead of criticism. I've been given little piffling odds and ends to look up all over the city, and I've done a good job with 'em. Now I want something more important."

Perhaps it was my dead earnestness that impressed him; it may have been the energy, the confidence, the conceit, if you will. I always talk best when I'm mad.

"If you can talk to other men the way you've just talked to me," he told me, "you've got the making of a real salesman in you. We'll give you your chance."

I walked out of the office on air!

Bonds That Bind

The outside agent of a surety company has plenty of places to look for business. Every store has its employes, its bookkeepers or clerks, who may need to be bonded. Every club has its steward or manager. By watching the daily papers an agent can get innumerable leads; every formation of a partnership, every notice of incorporation means a new business. Every municipal project—a new town hall, a new school, a new bridge across the river—means bids and eventually the awarding of a contract. Those bidding will have to put up bid bonds to guarantee performance if their bid is accepted. The surety company writing the bid bond almost inevitably gets the chance to write, later, the contract bond guaranteeing successful completion of the project. Every news item concerning arrests or litigation offers its possibilities of writing bail bonds, appeal bonds, or what not; even the obituary column indicates where executors may be bonded, or trust estates, also requiring bond, created. When business is dull the full gamut is completed; for even each notice of bankruptcy means the appointment of a receiver who will have to furnish his surety bond.

During the past twenty years the surety business has developed along many different lines. Beginning with guaranteeing the fidelity of servants, it spread first to cashiers, sheriffs, and all manner of employes, down to the watchmen and doorkeepers of banks. Then a vast new field opened up, in guaranteeing the performance of contracts. For example, you cannot supply the United States Government with anything—coal, machinery, army supplies—without a bond. The same is true of state governments, and most municipal governments as well. In 1926 something like $1,000,000,000 worth of roads will be constructed in the United States, and every one of the projects will require a surety bond guaranteeing satisfactory performance. The premiums on road bonds alone will total nearly $15,000,000. So you can see that, with the business still feeling its way out into new fields, still only partially known and understood, it was not hard for me to find customers.

But my experience with the small fraternal bonds in different parts of the city had shown me I would have to go after big business if I wanted to get big returns. My talk with the president indicated I would be judged on gross results. Petty investigations, I decided, could be left to chaps who weren't so much interested in big figures as I was. So I got lists of prospects from the Stock Exchange. I got suggestions from men whom I'd met in my mercantile-agency investigating. Best of all, I got lists from my former mercantile-agency friends. Before I got through I had what seemed like half the important concerns in New York on my list. Then, to save time, I grouped them by localities, by streets or by single big office buildings. I'd begin on one side of a street and work straight down that side, then come back along the other side. I'd begin at the top of the Woolworth Building, or the Equitable, or whatever it might be, and work down from floor to floor, taking in every firm I had checked on my list, and often a lot more as well.

My First Big Sale

One of my first prospects was the head of a concern employing nearly 1200 men. I tried to get him to take what is called a "schedule bond"; a form of fidelity bond that protects against dishonesty on the part of employes occupying any of the positions enumerated in the schedule. The total premium ran into the thousands. I explained the advantage of doing business with the company that I represented. He listened, noncommittal. He was a typical American business man—glasses, iron-gray hair and close-cropped mustache.

"You're carrying hundreds of unbonded employes," I told him. "Any one of them, right while we're sitting here talking, may have gone wrong and made away with, say, $12,000 or $14,000 of the company's money. Yet you've taken no measures to protect yourself against such a possibility."

"I'll think it over," he said.

I got up to go.

"There's a chance you'll do it? You're not definitely deciding against it?"

He smiled. "No, I'm not deciding yet, one way or the other."

I called on him again, and again and again. Each time I ended up with that final question: "There's a chance you'll do it?" I didn't want to waste time if he was merely kidding me along until I got tired. Then I made the question more emphatic. "Is there a good chance you'll do it?"

Finally it got to where he really had to decide one way or the other.

"I'll let you know tomorrow," he said.

"Look here, Mr. Brown," I told him. "If you're ready to decide tomorrow, can't you just as well do it now? Then I'll get a good night's sleep, instead of lying awake thinking about it."

"Oh, you'll sleep all right," he answered, "either way."

"I didn't last night." It was the truth.

He looked at me again, as though he had not realized how young I was, or how green. Then he smiled, and I knew I had won.

"All right," he said. "We'll fix it up today."

That was my first big sale. My commission amounted to nearly $1500. It brought home to me afresh the newness of the surety business and its abundant opportunities.

All together, that very first month on my own as an outside free agent, my earnings amounted to nearly $2500. It still stands, I think, as a record.

Later, naturally, I didn't take things quite so hard, but I had to hustle to keep anywhere near that mark I established in my first month.

Each time I sold a bond it had to be passed on by the company's underwriters before the deal finally went through. As I began to bring in important bonds, I had often to go personally into the underwriters' room and explain why I considered the business under discussion a good risk. On one of those occasions I overheard a conversation that opened my eyes. A contract bond that beggared anything I had yet thought of was under consideration. It ran far into the millions, and was to guarantee successful completion of a new subway extension. The contractor was experienced in subway building, of unquestioned integrity, and financially sound, with a long record of successful achievement to his credit. To guarantee performance seemed safe. Yet, because of the size of the risk, every possible consideration had been looked into minutely. As I came in it was decided that the risk would be accepted. Then one of the vice presidents thought of something else.

"Look here," he said. "Isn't that subway tunnel going to cross under the elevated tracks where they're usually far above a street level?"

They looked at the plans again to make sure, comparing them with the surface maps. Certainly the subway would run under the high elevated tracks at that point. But what of it?

"It's the first time," explained the older man, "that a subway has been put under an elevated structure as high as that, over which trains have been passing for so long a time. What has the effect been on the rocks below the surface? Isn't it possible that some new difficulties of construction that haven't been figured will be encountered there, if the bedrock has been affected by the vibration over so many years? Isn't there a possibility of bad cave-ins that will affect surface property and mean a big loss in damages?"

Because of that possibility it was decided to split the risk up after all; it was divided among eight different companies.

"I've never realized before," I remarked a little later, when my own business had been approved, "how many things you underwriters have to take into account."

"Successful surety underwriting," the vice president answered, "is the intelligent anticipation of every possible eventuality, no matter how improbable. Do you happen to know that yesterday in this room we passed judgment on more than $12,000,000 worth of risks? And the daily average is close to $7,000,000."

Bonds and Blondes

It would not take very many days of bad guessing, at that rate, to put even the strongest surety company of all out of business. Where in life insurance, or even health and accident insurance, decisions can be rested on definite figures and percentages, in the surety business, which is continually underwriting the unknown quantity, the weakness of human nature, the mistakes of human judgment, each separate decision, in the very nature of things, has to be different from all the rest. Each separate application—a fidelity bond, guaranteeing honesty; a bid, or contract bond, guaranteeing performance; a fiduciary bond, guaranteeing fulfillment of trust; and each of the rest—has to be passed upon and accepted or rejected on its merits. Is it any wonder that during the past two years one of the big surety companies has taken in nearly $50,000,000 in gross premiums and yet lost money?

Wherever the risk of a bond I had secured was great I learned to ask for collateral as definitely as a bank would ask for security

(Continued on Page 70)

Truth from a child

THE next-door neighbor in this little girl's town used to call every now and then. And each time when he came he would pick her up and kiss her.

Always she remonstrated, tried to escape; for it was really a sort of ordeal to her.

Finally one day the visitor determined to find out why the child acted so curiously.

It was really a surprise to him, but so often you get the real truth only from a child.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

(Continued from Page 68)

on making a loan. You can see how essential this was. Take court bonds, for instance, of which there are some twenty-six different varieties. An appeal bond, guaranteeing payment of the award and costs, if the decision of the lower court is sustained by the court above, means that in something like three cases out of four the payment must eventually be met. Naturally no surety company is going to underwrite a bond of that sort, which is the equivalent of a promissory note, unless adequate collateral is put up. They'd be crazy to underwrite, for a nominal premium, a bond they'd probably have to make good on themselves, unless adequately protected. Moreover, they have to see that the collateral is such as a bank would accept, readily negotiable, to avoid expense, risk, and unnecessary delay.

In these cases where I secured collateral I came to realize that any surety company has to exercise the greatest care in safeguarding it, just as a bank has to protect the property of a trust estate assigned to it. My sharpest lesson came when a litigant for whom I had secured a $40,000 bond on a case under appeal deposited with us $40,000 worth of Liberty Bonds. That was all right so far. Then one day he came around and wanted to take the bonds out to register them. It seemed to be a reasonable enough request and they were turned over to him. But when a couple of hours had passed and he hadn't returned them somebody began to feel uneasy, and an effort was made to locate him. It appeared he'd got word from his lawyers that his appeal would unquestionably be decided adversely. He had converted as much property as he could into cash, dropped around to pick up the bonds, and disappeared. It developed later that he'd left for Mexico, accompanied by a very beautiful blonde.

Pity the Poor Defaulter

As I gradually came in touch more and more with the ramifications of the business I found that a big modern surety company operates in four directions.

First, it investigates risks the trustworthiness of a bookkeeper or trustee; the skill, integrity and financial standing of a contractor. To get this information it applies to a mercantile agency for the credit rating of the man or concern under investigation. It sends out men to ask questions of janitors, gas companies, butchers, watchmen, banks, business houses.

Second, having completed the investigation to its satisfaction, it underwrites the risk, guaranteeing performance.

Third, in case of loss it pays the deficit to the amount of the bond, like any insurance company.

Fourth, it salvages whatever of value may be secured to reduce the loss, following a defaulting bank cashier and compelling him, perhaps, to make restitution, or possibly taking over and completing an unfinished contract.

This last division of surety-company work—the salvage department that attempts to cut down losses by recovering part at least of the sum made away with—handles one of the most dramatic phases of the business. It reveals astonishing kinks in human nature. In one case not long ago our claim agent went to a small-town bank cashier who had managed to get away with close to $50,000 in speculation and high living. He made a clean breast of the whole affair, but the money was gone.

"Haven't you any assets at all," our adjuster asked him, "that you could turn in to make even partial restitution?"

"Not a thing!" he answered cheerfully.

"But the automobile you're driving," the adjuster persisted. "What about that? Isn't it yours?" The ex-cashier was known to be driving an almost new, expensive car.

"Sure, I've got a machine, all right," he replied readily enough. "But you can't expect me to give that up! Why, I have to have it to get around in!"

He had stolen close to $50,000 of the depositors' money, and felt unjustly treated when asked to give up a $5000 automobile he had purchased with part of it!

Occasionally the salvage-department detectives are able to pick up a hot trail, with surprising results. One day recently a big automobile drove up to the curb in front of a New York candy store located on Seventh Avenue. A neat, businesslike man stepped out, leaving an attractive woman in the car, and bought a pound box of candy. He was rather fussy in his selection, finally choosing an expensive variety. He gave a twenty-dollar bill in payment, receiving in exchange a ten-dollar bill, a five, and some ones. When he got back to the auto, he returned and reëntered the store, apparently having just examined the money.

"This five-dollar bill you just gave me," he challenged, holding out a bill, "is counterfeit."

A Profit From a Loss

The proprietor of the store was called, looked the bill over, admitted it was a counterfeit, and gave the man another five in place of it. The customer thanked him, went back to his machine and drove off. The proprietor, going over the transaction, looked at the twenty-dollar bill and discovered it, too, was counterfeit. He happened to be the holder of one of the small fraud bonds that our company issues, protecting hotels, stores, and other business concerns to the sum of, say, $500 against forged checks or other losses that result from human crookedness.

He took up his telephone immediately and called our home office. Two detectives were put on the case at once. They were at the store in less than twenty minutes. The inability of the counterfeit passer to resist the temptation to add another five dollars to the twenty he had already received had resulted in their striking a hot trail. Within three-quarters of an hour they had located the big machine and arrested the man and woman, still working on Seventh Avenue less than a mile from the store that had turned in the alarm. Under the rear seat of the car they found fourteen boxes of candy!

Recoveries on all claims—theft, embezzlement, defalcations of all kinds—run between a third and a half of the amount originally taken. But when the expenses of making the recovery are taken into account it is a good salvage department indeed that can get back a net 30 per cent of the original losses over any extended period.

I learned of another important phase of salvage work that comes when a company takes over the completion of a contract or business project on which the bonded contractor has been unable to make good. One of the most striking examples of this was furnished a few years ago when one surety company wrote a contract bond for the corporation that was to put a tunnel, planned to increase the New York water supply, through the Catskill Mountains. The tunnel was to be horseshoe shaped, eleven feet high, eighteen and two-tenths miles long. Merely planting the job—getting the men on the ground, housing them, preparing all the necessary arrangements for holding them, even down to movies for their entertainment—cost $1,000,000. Then, because of the war conditions that prevailed at the time, the price of labor went skyrocketing and the contractor went broke. He couldn't complete the job.

Three courses were open to the surety company: They could pay the bond and take their loss, which would run to several million dollars. They could back the contractor further, and make him finish the job, standing for whatever loss there might be above contract price. Or they could take over the work and finish the job themselves. They sent out engineers to make surveys and advise them as to the best thing to do. On their recommendation a subsidiary company was formed to take over the work. New York City granted an additional year's time for the completion of the contract. The new tunnel company worked effectively. It had greater resources, both in money and materials, at its command than the original contractor. It was able to comb the country for the best engineers. It developed new methods of drilling that went 50 per cent farther on a single blast than did the old method. The job was finished eight months ahead of the time set in the original contract, and the surety company cleared more than $1,000,000 on it!

Little by little, during the past ten years, selling a bond of one sort here and a still bigger one of an entirely different type the next week, I have learned almost all there is to know about surety. Yet the business has grown so fast, and is so diversified, that I am kept jumping by the new details that crop up with each new risk. For example, one of the contract bonds I was working on a while ago—which failed to go through when, after long negotiations, the principal was finally unable to get together the security we demanded—concerned a $1,000,000 deal in reindeer. It seems that nations with possessions in the Arctic and Antarctic develop the reindeer industry in order to foster the animal life that is necessary to support human life in those cold latitudes. Some years ago the United States Government went into reindeer breeding in Alaska, and imported a herd from Norway. The animals died. The Alaskan climate wasn't right. Siberian reindeer, sold to us by the Russian Government, did better, and are now being bred successfully in Alaska. Recently, when the British Government wanted 4000 reindeer, it went to one of the biggest reindeer dealers in the world, who lives in San Francisco. He was to drive the reindeer 1000 miles, from Alaska to British Columbia. The herd, it was estimated, would increase by 1000 in the two years necessary for the trip.

The British Government demanded a surety bond that the reindeer would be delivered. Even though the deal fell through, the project gives an idea of how large transactions in little-known businesses may be.

An amazing variety of bonding is necessary where, in businesses for which Federal, state, or municipal governments require permits or licenses, surety companies have to guarantee that the licensees will not overstep their permits. The list includes dealers in hog-cholera serum, fortune tellers, embalmers, collectors of birds' eggs, clam dredgers, manufacturers of lightning rods, and enough more to make you dizzy. Three surety companies now own half the entire supply of pure prewar gin officially acknowledged to be in this country. There are 105,000 gallons, made in Peoria, Illinois. It was taken as part of the collateral when a steamship corporation failed for a big loss under a $1,000,000 bond which the three companies had underwritten together. Storage charges alone, on that gin, run to $10,000 a year.

We Buy Some Jewelry

In fiduciary bonds it has been found that the trusts that should be the most sacred are, as a matter of fact, the most often abused. The trustee of the estate of an incompetent, perhaps of a child, is most apt to abuse the confidence reposed in him, probably because the opportunities afforded make the temptation so much harder to resist. At the same time it is true that carelessness and the gradual dissipation of funds over a term of years more often result in loss than any deliberate intention to take advantage of the helpless beneficiary of the trust.

Bail bonds, which in the early days made up an important part of the surety business, gave the companies a bad name, and have proved, in the long run, less and less satisfactory. They were underwritten originally on the legal supposition that every man is innocent until proved guilty. During the war this assumption began to be beaten down when the companies refused to write bonds for men accused of treason or other crimes against the Government. This attitude has spread, until now the best companies ask "Is the man really innocent?" and have begun to refuse cases where the evidence is all against the defendant. An illustration of how bail bonds may interfere with larger and more legitimate lines of business was furnished recently when a jewelry store, covered by burglary insurance through one of our subsidiaries, announced the theft of $300,000 worth of jewels. We paid the loss. Investigation showed that the police had already succeeded in arresting the thieves, who had furnished high bail and had been turned loose. Our own court department had written the bail bond that had set them free, accepting as security the same jewels that we were paying the jewelry company for!

Bonding Finance Companies

My own interest has taken me into a comparatively new department of the surety business that has been becoming increasingly important during the last few years. This is the field of finance bonds. Each year sees more and more business done on the installment plan. Each year sees a further extension of credit, by means of finance companies, from dealer to customer.

More than three-quarters of all the automobiles sold in the United States today are sold on installment. Even in the secondhand market, automobiles change hands now to a very great extent on time payments. With nearly 20,000,000 trucks and automobiles now in use in this country, with an estimated value of something like $12,000,000,000, it is probably not too much to say that $5,000,000,000 worth of deferred payments are due today in the automobile business alone.

When you add to automobiles house furniture, books, electric equipment, phonographs, pianos, radio sets, and all the thousand and one other things that go to make up the living equipment of the present-day civilization, you get a staggering total. Into this the surety companies are reaching each day more widely. One trucking concern now has $7,000,000 in payments due. The surety bond guaranteeing those payments makes it possible for the company to finance its huge projects and go ahead on a scale that would be impossible if only its own credit were available. Yet, as in so many other instances, the surety company takes a surprisingly small risk, and the banks that advance credit on the surety-company bonds take almost none at all. The security runs as follows:

First, there is the purchaser's note, given after investigation of his financial standing, with his agreement to pay according to the sale contract. Second, there is the indorsement of the local agent selling the truck, making him also responsible with whatever business assets he may have. Third, there is the truck itself, as collateral that can be repossessed in case of nonpayment. Fourth, there is the indorsement of the finance company that advances the money to the local agent. And fifth, there is the surety bond, guaranteeing that the finance company will meet its obligation to the bank.

Installment field dealers don't often go wrong for petty amounts. They don't often go wrong at all, for that matter, but when they do it's as well planned and deliberate as the defalcations of married men, and usually runs to big figures.

I've never regretted my choice of the surety business for a life work. I've seen it progress, step by step, to bigger and bigger fields. It has given me, personally, a larger return each year in both satisfaction and money. From the very start of my work as an outside agent, following my years of drudging at sixty dollars a month, I have made good. Today I have my own selling staff, organized as a separate corporation, to follow up and complete the business I bring in. I am looked upon as one of the go-getters of the entire industry, and enjoy a personal income from my commissions that usually runs above $2000 a week.

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The Knight sleeve-valve engine—patented, protected, exclusive. An engine you'll never wear out. The only automobile engine in the world that actually *improves* with use . . .

In this modern, extremely efficient motor of the Willys-Knight Great Six Sedan, you have one of the great features responsible for the sale of more than 25,000 of these superb Sixes in the last 12 months—a sales gain of 62% in the first six months of this year. A success-record never before equaled in the same length of time, we believe, by any luxury car.

With no carbon troubles, no valves to grind, the Willys-Knight Great Six Sedan cuts the customary up-keep costs in two. At the same time it completely wipes out the frequent and always inconvenient lay-ups the carbon-cleaning and valve-grinding nuisances necessitate in all cars of poppet-valve design . . .

. . . "Such a feeling of power, yet so delightfully quiet . . . As close to an ideal means of getting about quickly and comfortably as I can well conceive of . . . Certainly no woman could ask for a more charmingly appointed or more easily handled motor-car" . . .

Blanche Bonaparte

Its engine requiring practically no adjustments, no repairs, in the Willys-Knight Great Six Sedan you have a car that stays out of the repair shop and in your service, uninterruptedly, day in and day out. Owner after owner will tell you that, throughout his entire period of ownership, he has never been without the use of his car, because of engine troubles, for a day or a single hour.

From the first turn of its sleeve-valve engine, the most powerful, most highly efficient and quietest in operation of all cars of its type or class—the Willys-Knight Great Six Sedan—to a mileage point still undetermined— *gains* in power, *gains* in efficiency, *gains* in smoothness and silence *with every mile.* Thus you are forever protected against that weakness inherent in all poppet-valve cars—their tendency to become noisy, *less* powerful, *less* efficient after a few tens of thousands of miles.

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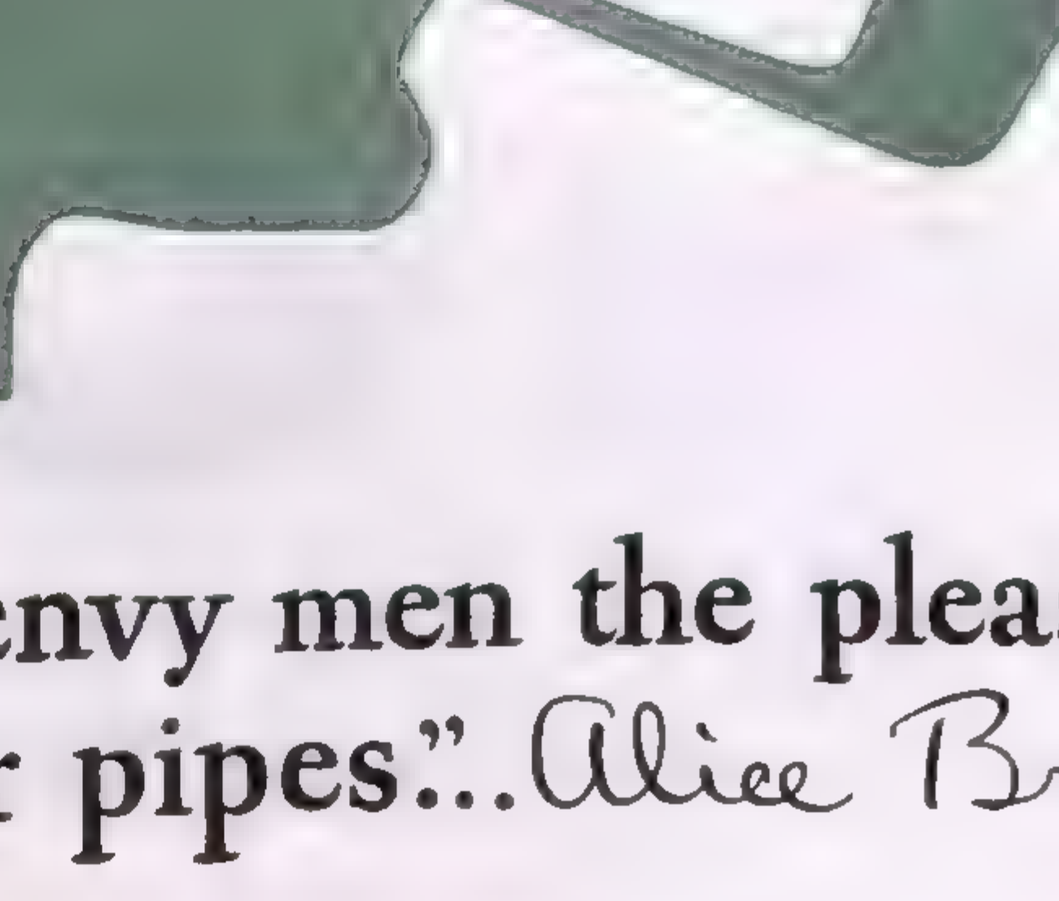
"I envy men the pleasant puffings of their pipes"...Alice Brady



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INCORPORATED

THE NATURAL SELECTION OF MR. PETHICK

(Continued from Page 23)

"'The youngest is seventy-four, sir.'

"'What—and he's an orphan?'

"'Do you doubt it?' he said. And I didn't, come to think of it. I was about to apologize to him for seeming to impugn the good faith of his enterprise, when the lady horned in.

"'Bosh,' she said, leading me astray. 'Let me ask you just one question, sir. What is our national bird?'

"'The eagle, madam,' I said.

"'The bald-headed eagle, sir,' she said, narrowing her eyes at me. 'Why did you gag on that damning word, sir? I'll tell you—it was because you were ashamed. You are an American, sir, and proud of your country in most respects, and you blushed to say that your national emblem and mascot was bald-headed. Does such a stain rest on the escutcheon of any other nation? No, sir. France has the Gallic cock, with tall crest erect; England has the lion of plentiful mane; even Russia has the hairy bear—but the American eagle is bald-headed. As director of public relations for the United Coiffeurs of America, I am fostering a patriotic movement for scientific experiment to grow hair on the American eagle, or in the alternative, to provide him and each and every one of him with a decent and seemly toupee.'

"'Come in, Mr. Pethick,' said Miss Heyduke, opening the parlor door. She said to the others, blocking them off, 'You'll excuse us, won't you? Mr. Pethick is here on business, so we shan't detain you long. Do wait, please.'

"She was a woman of about thirty-eight, rawboned and homely, with brilliant and uneasy blue eyes. She had much manner, and I wondered what she had to hide—she smiled so energetically, widening her eyes and showing twelve teeth of her uppers, and tilting her bobbed head. She shouldn't have bobbed her hair, poor woman; it gave her nothing with which to hold back her ears. An imported suggestion of the masculine is fetching in a pretty woman, there's no denying.

"'I have received a letter addressed to father,' she said cordially. 'But, Mr. Pethick, father is dead.'

"'What!' I exclaimed, visibly taken aback. 'My old friend Pearson J. Heyduke is dead? You don't tell me. Why, this is a great shock. It seems only yesterday that he was in the office making a payment on that lot and telling me that he had received an offer of eight hundred dollars for it as soon as he had the deed. Why, he was one of my first customers. He came in the office, it seems to me, about six months ago, on the very day that I bought the property ——'

"'Oh, no, Mr. Pethick,' she said, laughing politely. 'Father is dead just fourteen years last Wednesday. Yes, we put the annual reminder in the newspaper that day for the eyes of his sorrowing friends. He had many dear friends, Mr. Pethick. You yourself must have been very fond of him to have kept his memory so green. Is it possible that you didn't know of his death?'

"'It escaped me somehow,' I said, getting up to go. I would need time to mull things over if I was to collect that last payment on the lot; the account was suspiciously old. 'Good day, Miss Heyduke. I'm a bit shaken by this news of my old comrade, but I want you to feel that I am your friend as I was your father's, and if you want any real-estate advice ——'

"'Oh, but I do, indeed, Mr. Pethick,' she said, detaining me. 'I asked you to call on the chance that you might be a former friend of father and able to advise me in a real-estate matter. And now I'm so glad.

"'It is about this house, Mr. Pethick. My father advised us—my brother and me, the only children—never to sell it, and I am sure we did well not to sell it hitherto. The rents have increased so greatly of late years. But now I am urged by various brokers to seize a chance to sell; they tell me that the rents are about to fall substantially. Do you think I should sell it? They tell me that they can secure for me a price of three hundred and ten thousand dollars.'

"'For this house?' I said. 'Absurd, Miss Heyduke. The men who so advised you are an unprincipled crew of bandits. Yes, certainly the rents will fall; but that does not say you need get panicky. Let me have the particulars, and I'll study it over and suggest something tempting.'

"'You are good,' she said, giving me a set of figures from an escritoire. 'The agent compiled this for me to show the brokers. These business matters are foreign to me. I have been active in worthwhile causes and movements, but ——'

"'Pardon me,' I said, recollecting the name. 'Weren't you identified with woman's suffrage? Are you perhaps the prominent leader known to the newspapers as Colonel Heyduke? By George, to think that you should be the daughter of my old friend! And since the Nineteenth Amendment put the quencher on that racket, in a way of speaking, haven't you been a bit of a socialist? I do think I saw your name in connection with that mill strike at Fall River.'

"'I went to jail there,' she said, lifting her chin proudly.

"'You have my complete understanding, Miss Heyduke,' I said. 'I have been in jail myself, several times.'

"'Oh, how fine of you!' she cried with enthusiasm. 'Your nature has been deepened by suffering and made sweet. Tell me, did you make a book of it?'

"'That was the glaring injustice, Miss Heyduke,' I said. 'I was only the sheet writer, and the fellow who made the book bought out. But don't let's talk about those days, please.'

"The door opened and her brother lounged in, with his hands in his pockets and his hat on the side of his head—a slow and heavy youth of thirty or thirty-two with a spoiled sense of humor, a complete loafer who had never done a tap in his life. He gave me a harsh look and said to his sister, 'Who's the gentleman in the white chest protector, Renée? What bunk is he steering for?' He spoke in a heavy nasal drawl.

"'Mr. Pethick is an old friend of father's,' said Miss Heyduke sharply. 'My brother, Norval, Mr. Pethick. Mr. Pethick has just heard of father's death.'

"'Go away,' said Norval, giving me a limp hand. 'Heard that, has he? Give him time; give him time, and he'll be as wise as any of them yet. Here's one for you, Mr. Pethick—do you know that a big steamship has been sunk and thousands of people drowned?'

"'Why, no,' I said, startled. 'When did this happen? What ship was it, Mr. Heyduke? By George!'

"'It was called the Lusitania,' he drawled, 'and it happened only about ten years ago. I thought you'd be surprised. Say, Renée, this old fellow is fun. Where's he been parked all these years?'

"'Among other places,' she said frostily: 'he's been incarcerated for a cause.'

"'And they gave him back the same old vest,' said the young rowdy. 'Were you just going out, pop? I'll go with you and explain things or you'll get a stroke. Let me have ten dollars, Renée, will you?'

"'Not another cent,' she snapped, 'and I'm sorry I have to give you any money at all.'

"'But any money at all is what I'm asking you for, Renée. Can you tie her for a hard heart, pop? So you were a friend of dad's. Come on out with me. I know a place.'

"'Be back here at seven for dinner, Norval,' she called after him, as I left the room with a promise to call shortly.

"The lady friend of bald eagles bolted through the parlor door and shut it firmly after her.

"'Seven sharp it is,' said Norval, lifting down a clock from the foyer mantel and putting it under his arm. 'I'll just take this with me and set it up in a hock-shop window across the way from the place so I can watch it and not keep dinner waiting. Step in here, pop, and I'll show you what's called an elevator. Don't yell now, or I'll drop the clock. I'm jumpy.'

"He spoke clearly and he did not stagger in his walk, but he was certainly under the influence; and a man is a thoroughly experienced drinker when alcohol does not disorder him. Those heavy souses seem to hold the booze like camels. He was a mournful example of the result of giving an unambitious young man an ample income and releasing him from healthful work.

"I went with him. We talked over the family affairs for several hours.

"I had another talk with Miss Heyduke the next day. I offered to lease her land from her for the purpose of building a new fifteen-story apartment hotel on it, and pay her fifty thousand a year. That would show her a much bigger income than she had from the old seven-story flat, and no trouble of management or worry about falling rents, and she could devote her carefree time to causes and other rackets.

"All I asked her to do was to let me mortgage the fee for building money; that is to say, her lease was to be subordinated to a first mortgage only. I told her, what anybody would tell her that knew financing, that savings banks and trust companies would not lend if the new house was to be built on leased ground, and they would have to have a first lien.

"'But, Miss Heyduke,' I said, 'such institutions cannot lend over sixty per cent of the value of land and improvements, so you will really be much safer than you are at present. I will get you appraisals from real-estate experts up to any sum you care to name. Let me, for instance, get you an appraisal showing that the completed operation will be worth eight hundred thousand dollars over the first mortgage. How is that?'

"'But if they don't pay me the rent any time?' she said.

"'Then you take over the house and win their eight hundred thousand dollars,' I said.

"'And we would own the property at all times? You know, Mr. Pethick, father told us not to sell it.'

"'And very wise of him,' I said. 'Yes, you would own the property at all times. You are only going to lease it, understand? That is what you are doing now, except I am advising you to lease the whole thing at once and let a big improvement be made. Such a new house will rent for two hundred thousand a year, and you can see that I can easily pay you your rent of fifty thousand a year and have something handsome left for myself. I will be quite candid with you, and tell you I am going into this to make. If there was no fat in this for me I would not put it on the fire.'

"'Mr. Pethick,' she said, coloring with pleasure, 'it is a relief to hear you say that. I know it is mean of me to feel so, but so many people tell me that they are only out to do good and sacrifice their health and strength. I will be much interested in your proposition.'

"Well, Conway, you know how that leasing game is worked, as there has been quite a lot of it in New York the last few years; and so long as we can stick the whole thing onto the rent bills of the tenants everything is hunky-dory. An owner is entitled to only five or six per cent on a ground lease, isn't he? That is what first-lien money is worth, and he has the best security.

"But they've been signing up for these propositions to lease their property to a builder and let him put a first mortgage on ahead of their lease, and that shows them twelve per cent or more on the value of

He Hit Him a Slap *on the* Back

It was a boisterously friendly greeting from an old friend who approached unannounced. The greetee was sitting at his desk writing, and the wholehearted slap on the back drove the pen point through the desk pad and into the mahogany. The friend was all apologies. "Forget it," said the writer as he grasped the outstretched hand. "It's an *unconditionally* and *perpetually* guaranteed Conklin Endura. They fix 'em free—no questions asked. You try one." In black, mahogany, red, and sapphire blue—$5., $6., $7., and $8.

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Happy Faces

Men tell us this makes shaving a morning joy

Please accept a full 10-day tube of this olive-oil-containing shaving cream that corrects 5 mistakes of old-type shaving soaps

GENTLEMEN:—Here's a shaving cream made by experts in skin care that softens the toughest beard in one minute, that leaves the skin as soft and fine as if a lotion had been used. It ends the use of lotions, as unnecessary.

Men by the thousands are quitting old-time shaving soaps for it. One of its chief ingredients is a fine olive oil. 80% of its users were won from rival preparations. Consider what that means.

May we send you a tube to try? We worked some 18 months perfecting it. Made up and discarded 130 different formulas before we found the right one. It excels in many ways any shaving soap you have ever tried.

Five mistakes corrected

1. *Lather too scanty.* Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times. A tiny bit, just one-half gram, suffices for a shave.

2. *Slow action.* Palmolive Shaving Cream acts in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15% of water. And that makes a hard beard wax-like, soft.

3. *Dries on face.* The lather of Palmolive Shaving Cream maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

4. *Hairs lie down.* That is due to weak bubbles. Strong bubbles are essential to support the hairs for cutting. Palmolive bubbles are strong . . . they hold the hairs erect for the razor.

5. *Skin irritation.* The palm and olive oil content of Palmolive Shaving Cream leaves the face in fine condition. Men like the after-effects.

Let us prove this

We ask your permission to prove these things—to send you a tube to try. We are masters of soap making. One of our soaps—Palmolive—is one of the leading toilet soaps of the world. We have worked hard to excel in a Shaving Cream.

Will you do us the kindness to mail this coupon?—for your sake and for ours.

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10 SHAVES FREE
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After Shaving Talc

Send to Dept. [illegible] The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 105 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

Please print your name and address clearly

T[illegible] the [illegible] touch to shaving [illegible] we have created [illegible] After Shave Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. To the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. These are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now

their property. Well, there is nothing the matter with that, if they do not kid themselves as to where the increase is coming from, and if they understand they are giving up the ownership of their land for what amounts to a second mortgage, and they stand a daisy chance of getting wiped out if rents soften too much.

"They could sell their land for cash and buy a second mortgage that would show them twelve or more per cent, and it would not run for twenty-one years and renewals either. Well, people like to kid themselves, and it is like a party refusing to sell his country estate for fifty thousand, and swapping it for city income at a pumped-up exchange price, and the operator turns around and shoots the country stuff for thirty-five. Right?

"I went down to see Zibeon Cloker, the loan man, on lower Park Avenue—you know old Zib Cloker. I dare say that old buzzard has finger-printed about three million dollars in the last ten years, and he has nothing of it left now but about two million nine hundred and ninety-five thousand. The rest of it—outside of his living expenses for ten years—went for wine, women and song. Easy come, easy go, that's Zib. Marked money is the only kind he has, and anybody that borrows it is in for a trip through Zib's wringer. Zib and I have dealt before, and I think he likes me; he lent me three dollars once for old times' sake and he's still wearing my light spring coat.

"'A man who won't pay a bonus don't need the money, Pethick,' he said once, in that high-and-tight voice. 'Lending him is only encouraging sinful waste.'

"You know he swings big loans; he's in cahoots with a group of merchants whose cash piles up faster than they care to feed it back into their own rackets.

"I gave him the guts of the proposition, and he had a look at the atlas and said he'd do six hundred and fifty thousand. 'Six per cent on the whole loan from the date of acceptance, Pethick, and twelve per cent to cover.'

"'That's about twenty per cent for the first year, Mr. Cloker,' I protested.

"'Better,' he said. 'Better, my boy. The bulk of the money wouldn't be advanced until the house was completed, but you'd be paying interest on the whole sum right through. Do you want my advice? Don't take the loan.'

"'I'll take it,' I said, 'if you'll write in a participation.'

"'For how much, Pethick?'

"'Up to a million. You advance six hundred and fifty, less your charges; but the mortgage will be made for one million dollars.'

"'Who gets the three hundred and fifty thousand odd?'

"'That'll be cut several ways,' I said. 'We need an architect, a builder and a couple of experts. My piece will be in that surplus too. The property will be mortgaged to you for a million dollars, and that will be on record; but we will have the customary private participation agreement showing that you really own only six hundred and fifty, and certain parties own the balance.'

"This arrangement was not new to Zib, of course, as he's made such deals forty times; but you know how the old pirate is. He wants everything said right out and put down in black-and-white and no equivocation. The result is that he can strip a victim of his last dollar and look him in the eye afterward and smile and tell him he told him so.

"'I get my charges on the whole million, I suppose, even though I'm engaging to advance only six-fifty of it?'

"'You have a rich and flaky crust, Mr Cloker,' I said.

"'Don't take it, my boy,' he said, lifting a hand. 'Don't be blinded by greed for money. Rents are weakening, and this proposed house won't stand up under those charges.'

"'We'll do this,' I bargained: 'We'll give you the last fifty thousand. I don't know whose money the six-fifty will be, but we want you personally in this with us and behind us. So that's how we will cut it—six-fifty less your squeeze to be the building loan, the next three hundred to be left with me, and the last fifty to be yours.'

"'You spend like government funds, Pethick,' he said. 'And who is to be the guest of honor?'

"'The Heyduke family,' I said. He knew that from the size of the loan; if the Heydukes went back of a million-dollar mortgage, they were cooked. Well, the house might float for a year or so if it struck the popular fancy and rented up big; but it wouldn't be really worth more than a million dollars. I had picked on that as a figure that would just eat it all up nicely, land and building.

"I got a couple of real-estate experts to appraise the completed job, and as luck would have it—if that is what it was—they hit on the very figure I had in mind; namely, one million eight hundred thousand dollars. Well, I probably mentioned the figure to them in the course of conversation, saying that if I was going to pay any thousand dollars per for appraisals I would expect something to be proud of.

"You know that plenty of new apartment houses and others are financed that way—twenty per cent on the loan for the first year—and a loan of up to a hundred per cent of the job, and if they are going to make the bonds look good to the widows and orphans they have got to make that job worth a lot more. So there is a thriving industry of appraisers who will only ask you how much you would like the house to be worth; then they will sit down and apply their scientific rules and fill a dozen sheets with figures and graphs, and they will hit the figure right on the nose nine times out of ten. They are experts—meaning they can prove what they say, never mind whether it is true or not.

"Miss Heyduke was going out of town for a week on one of her causes and she wished to meet Mr. Cloker first; there was no need for the meeting, but you know how women are. They rely on personalities more than on logic. I told Zib, and he refused to give her any of his time; but I prevailed on him to see her on Sunday afternoon. He called her up, and I got on the extension in his outer office.

"'At 2:15 P.M. then, madam,' he said, 'in the lobby of my hotel.'

"'But how shall I know you, Mr. Cloker?'

"I heard him sigh resignedly. 'You might ask at the desk, madam.'

"'I have it,' she said. 'You can wear a rose—a red rose, Mr. Cloker.'

"'An ingenious suggestion,' he growled. 'But you will let me improve on it, if something of the sort is necessary. I shall wear a red handkerchief; I have one, but no red rose. Is that agreed? Very good.'

"By this time the Styx Trading Company was sunk, so far as I was concerned, and I could devote all my efforts to the projected Heyduke Court. I thought it would be a nice touch to give the house the family name and make it in the nature of a monument to them. Those little flashes of sentiment are good business, Conway, and I like to work them in when they are no skin off my neck.

"Miss Heyduke put the final say-so up to her lawyer, and I took him for a gallop. He was an admiralty lawyer and was not at home on real estate; but you know how people are. They think a lawyer is a lawyer and that he knows everything, including business, when the fact is he is generally not competent in more than a certain part of his own racket. Take one of these big corporation lawyers, for instance, that sits in his office and grabs off two hundred thousand a year—and it may be that he has not been in court since once he fell into a speed trap and was nicked for ten. To send such a legal lum'nary against one of these police-court fellows up there in Jefferson Market would be cruelty, and the forty-dollar-a-week specialist would make the

Continued on Page 78

G & J Heavy Service Cord Tires

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IN the earliest days of the motor car—when mystery lurked beneath the hood—the motorist had one consolation. He was sure of his "Good Old G & J Tires"—for G & J had made good tires for other vehicles long before the first practical automobile.

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Today thousands of users of G & J Tires roll confidently over any kind of roads, fearful neither of bumps nor ruts nor what may come; for their experience (*and many of them have used G & J Tires ever since they owned their first cars*) has given them confidence in the unfailing service of "Good Old G & J."

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The G & J Balloon

A *true* balloon tire, built to render long and *comfortable* service at true low air pressure. Its wide *flat* tread gives longer wear, and better traction and anti-skid protection.

G & J TIRE COMPANY
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The Good Old

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TIRES & TUBES

(Continued from Page 76)

famous jurist miss like a sucker. Well, that is how it was with Miss Heyduke's lawyer. And if I was arguing why he shouldn't libel a ship of mine, he would have me tied and blindfolded and walking the plank in jig time; but when it came to this land deal he was all at sea.

"So we signed articles in his office. I put up fifteen thousand dollars and agreed to put up thirty-five thousand more within one year, that being security for the rent, and gave her a bond for completion. Miss Heyduke leased me the land as owner and trustee for her brother for a term of ninety-nine years or during good behavior. It was agreed that I should be allowed to mortgage the land for one million dollars and put upon it a fifteen-story apartment hotel equal in all respects to sample house submitted. We picked one the architect had the cost sheets on.

"Burris J. Priestley was our architect. You know Burris, and he is a good man. He knows everybody in the city departments and can get plans approved, and that's what a builder has an architect for. As far as the plans are concerned, a builder doesn't know his racket who can't draw them himself, with the help, that is, of a young man who has learned the art of making ink run out of those queer pens they use

"Burris would have to approve payments, so we agreed to pay him five per cent, or a total of fifty thousand dollars. Nobody could fuss about that. I am not breaching any confidences when I tell you that one per cent is enough and plenty for most city work; and a good man who is somewhat on the nut will take half of one per cent on a big job and hope not to be read out of the party.

"You remember I offered you the building of it and you turned it down. I got Joe Pittore to take it—the Bronx builder? There was some talk of a plasterers' strike, and I figured that Joe could hold them, they being practically all Italians. Joe didn't feel strong enough, and he took in Sam Israelson, who could handle the painters and light-iron men, since they nearly all belong to his lodge, and O'Mahony, the mason. They got a Russian house wrecker, and gave the carpentering to Cameron & Svensen, and found an American for the structural iron. It was a strong group, and once the Russian had removed his casualties and left the cellars broom-clean, those boys took hold of the new building with a will and pulled it right up out of the ground.

"Yes, sir; they yanked that building up the whole hundred and fifty feet and had fellows sweeping off the strip oak after the floor-scraping machines, and all in ninety days from the blowing of the whistle. The job cost complete, including Zib's squeeze, the builder's profit and five thousand cash advance to Burris, a shade under seven hundred and fifty. Since Zib went to only six-fifty, that leaves about a hundred thousand dollars paper in the contractors' hands.

"I'm giving you the inside on this thing, Conway, because I am going to want you in the next time and I know you won't broadcast it.

"Well, I was the owner of the skin-tight equity, so I gunned around to see if I could cash it. I wanted to find somebody to take a lease of the Heyduke Court apartment hotel; you know that's a specialty too, and I had to find a hotel fellow who knew the racket

"But the apartment-hotel thing was a little overdone just then, and I couldn't find anybody who would like to sit in between that first mortgage and the ground lease. You see, he would have to pay sixty thousand dollars interest on the mortgage, fifty thousand dollars ground rent, about twenty-five thousand taxes, and then he would have to square me. I was willing to take a short ten or fifteen thousand a year for mine and rent the house to any responsible hotel man for a hundred and fifty thousand a year, but none of them could see it. And meanwhile another three months rolled around and Zib put out his hand for his interest—fifteen thousand dollars. I went to see him.

"I said, 'Mr. Cloker, the time has come to reorganize. In other words, there is a Jonah aboard this enterprise, and the time has come to feed the whales.'

"He said, 'Who do you suggest?'

"I said, 'I'm naming no names, but we have to cut away about fifty thousand dollars from the expenses of Heyduke Court—fifty thousand a year, Mr. Cloker. Now, I have no notion of paying the interest that is due, or the installment, so you better go ahead and foreclose and protect the owners of that mortgage.'

"'Yes, we can wipe out the ground rent that way, Pethick.'

"'That is a contingency,' I said, 'that the Heyduke family must have contemplated when they reached for an income of fifty thousand a year on an investment of only three and a quarter or so. They took a business risk, Mr. Cloker.'

"'I have no sympathy for them, Pethick,' he said sternly. 'Wilful waste makes woeful want, and I never saw two such wasters. I tell you, Pethick, they made me bleed internally. See that fine woman, full of energy, being exploited for all sorts of tomfoolery. See that worthless young sot, her brother. Fools and their money, Pethick. What would they have done with the fifty thousand a year if they got it? Continued the same lives of sinful waste.

"'You say you won't pay that interest? Very well, Pethick. There'll be a *lis pendens* on that property by four o'clock.'"

Pethick tossed away his cigar butt and looked up at the clock. It showed six minutes to twelve. People were entering the auction rooms across the way. He rose, pulled down his gleaming waistcoat, felt his chin whisker and strolled with me to the graveyard gate.

"So Cloker foreclosed," I said. "How much of that million-dollar mortgage belongs to you, Pethick?"

"One hundred and fifty thousand dollars, Conway," he said musically. "That's what I got for my fifteen thousand cash."

"Not bad. And it's quite safe too."

"Zib Cloker is behind me for fifty thousand," he smiled comfortably. "The first six-fifty belongs to the syndicate of merchants that Cloker controls, the next three hundred belongs to my group, and the last fifty is Cloker's. That's the participation agreement. So Cloker has to protect the mortgage up to a million and expenses in order to get his money."

"That's so. And how will you refinance?"

"The six-fifty will be replaced as the first mortgage. We others will then own the house, subject only to that first mortgage. Oh, there will be a few thousand cash to clean up with, but we've that ready. If any stranger steps in and bids more than a million, we'll let him have it gladly, because he will have to pay us off in cash. But no stranger will do that. He would have to have his financing ready; and no institution would go over five hundred thousand on the house in its present empty condition. Still, I think the house is a buy even at eleven hundred, with a tenant ready to take hold."

"I always knew Cloker was hard-boiled," I said, "but I didn't know he'd go into a snide scheme like this."

"Why, I resent that, Conway," snorted Pethick, facing me for a moment. "You don't intimate that there is anything crooked about our deal, do you? There is a private arrangement here, such as there is in many operations, but there is nothing that the district attorney's office can be interested in. I shouldn't hesitate to lay the whole affair open to him, if there was any point in doing so. The case is simply that the Heydukes showed bad business judgment, took a big risk for a big gain and lost out. I don't deny that certain aspects of the affair are confidential, Conway. You'll remember that, I'm sure."

I had to smile. Pethick is a queer man. In some ways he's like a child. He's very shrewd in plotting and executing his jobs, and then he reveals a sort of innocence that is amusing.

"Pethick," I said, "you should be ashamed of yourself. Here you are, one of a little group of wise men, engaged in sending a couple of dumb-bells for all they got. Kid yourself, Pethick, but don't try to kid me."

Pethick shook his head.

"Not at all, Conway," he said in a round tone. "We must look at these things in a philosophical way. It's really a sort of natural selection, if you know what that is. Even supposing there was something off color about the deal, you would still not have the right angle.

"You know, Conway, people can do a lot of harm with money. I mean stupid and well-meaning people. Can you imagine what a mess some flathead could make if he had the money of Ford or Rockefeller? Why, some fakers would get hold of him and he would stand the country on its head. Money is power, Conway. A rich man controls the lives and happiness of a great many people. But no flathead is ever going to get very rich in this country, because there are any number of schemers and grafters out to take him all along his route to riches. Those wise men, Conway, constitute an unofficial board of censorship, and they don't let dumb-bells by. If he gets by he's no dumb-bell. So if we look at it right we see the working of a grand and natural law that if a man hasn't got brains enough to take care of his money he is a dangerous character, and he better have it taken off him. And that is what I call natural selection. Right?"

We entered the main auction room. Twelve o'clock struck. Seven auctioneers who had sales scheduled for that day mounted their seven rostrums, all in the one room, and commenced to read aloud the seven judgments directing and empowering them to sell. The statute said that they must read. As the judgments differed among themselves and affected scattered properties, and as they were read in varying tones, the net result was an inarticulate discord, a roar from which no single word might be segregated. Below each stand waited the people commonly interested in the sale or purchase of the particular parcel of realty. They knew all about the judgment and terms of sale and closed their ears with patience until the auctioneer had had his formal say.

"What am I bid? Start it!"

Only a handful of people were at the stand to which we made our way.

"Six hundred and sixty-one thousand dollars and forty-five cents," said the lawyer for the mortgagee, reading the bid from a slip of paper to get it exactly right. Zibeon Cloker stood beside him.

"Feeling for a stranger," whispered Pethick, mustering a grin; but he looked very hard at Mr. Cloker.

I looked at him too. He was worth a look. He wasn't such an old man, but there was ordinarily something set and forbidding about him; his hair was still black, and he had most of his teeth, but he had a clinched and resolute face. And he wore any shabby old clothes. But now he looked eminently respectable, good enough for an honorary pallbearer at a second-rate funeral. He had on a black frock coat, and his shoes were shined, and his face was shaved in all its wrinkles and angles, and he wore a secondhand high hat. He must have lent money to some old-time cabby to have come by that lid. In one buttonhole was a gardenia; in the other was a big celluloid button showing the head of a mangy cat—there was an inscription, and I managed to read it, but I've forgotten it—some animal-loving enterprise.

"Six hundred and sixty-one thousand dollars and forty-five cents," rapped out the auctioneer, making a bluff with his hammer. "Going!"

"Six hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars," said the stranger that Pethick had hoped for.

"Ah," sighed Pethick audibly; and he smiled on Zibeon Cloker.

I looked at the stranger—all this, you know, was nothing to me, except as a friend of Pethick. And even there I was sitting pretty; I didn't care particularly if he lost his shirt, but I was prepared to rejoice with him if he made a killing.

The stranger was nobody in particular, just a commonplace young lawyer's clerk. But while I was studying him and wondering if he knew that he was being fished for, a lady rose from a chair in the rear of the room and came forward and stood by him. She was of mature years, and a man might be very easily suited and still not find her at all good-looking. She was getting a great kick out of the proceedings, such a kick that she couldn't take it sitting down. Her mouth and blue eyes were open and she was staring at the auctioneer.

"Ah, good afternoon, Miss Heyduke," said Pethick, lifting his hat gallantly. But she never gave him a tumble.

"Six hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars!" bawled the auctioneer. "Are you all done? Going!"

There was a silence before the stand. People interested in others of the seven auctions looked over to see what had stopped the proceedings. They didn't come over and bid. People who know their book don't bid over six hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars on anything without knowing a lot about it. The tip had been passed that this was an inside job, a foreclosure for a special reason, and the regulars had not informed themselves further.

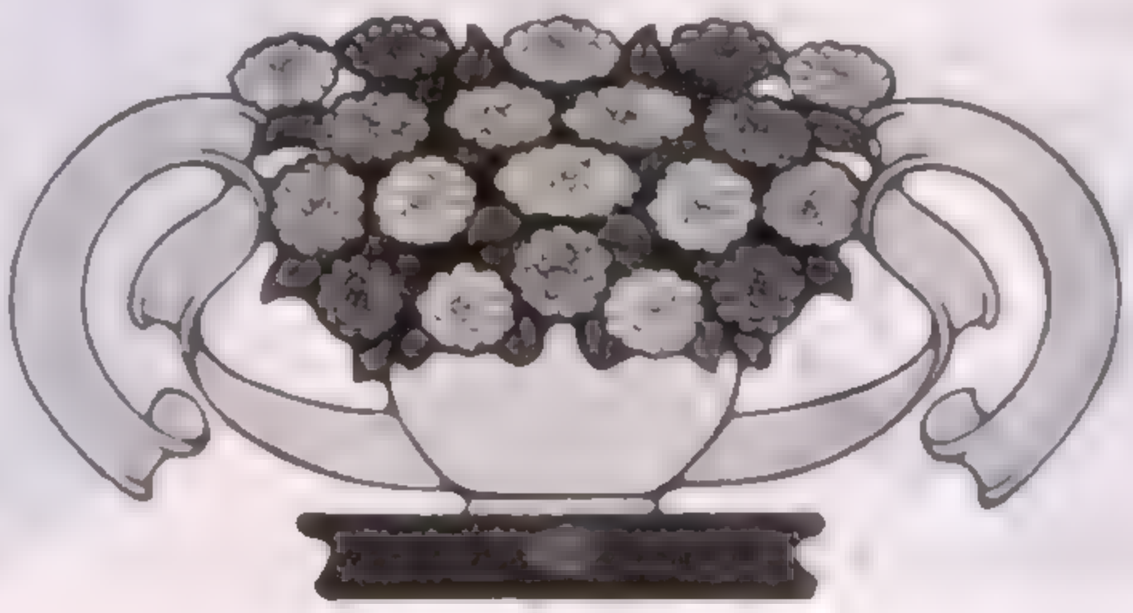
Pethick stepped to Cloker's side and took his arm. "It's our bid, Cloker!"

The loan man turned to him, surveyed him with eyes as hard as marbles and as black as cherries, and said creakingly: "It's not my bid, Pethick. I've stopped, my boy. Go on and raise it. It's a steal up to a million dollars, if you can finance it."

"Any more?" shouted the auctioneer. "Going once, going twice! The bid is six hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars, from this gentleman here!"

"Here," said Miss Heyduke, lifting a gaunt hand on which a single large diamond flashed.

"For the third and last time!" cried the auctioneer. "And the property is ——" He shook his hammer. I glanced at Pethick. I'm sure he didn't believe the hammer was



(Continued on Page 83)

"THERE WITH THE GOODS"

Wherever there are stored goods, wares, or merchandise, Fire lurks. He is always there—there with the goods.

A very important function of fire insurance is to protect the owners of merchandise wherever it may be. Complete, uninterrupted protection can be obtained only through the careful coöperation of a properly equipped agent.

For this purpose and for the solution of every insurance problem we recommend that you get in touch with your local Hartford agent. He is the best equipped man in your community to serve you. He will write you policies in the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, whose strength and unquestioned reputation have been built by more than a century of conspicuous fair dealing.

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HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life

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points the way to carbon-free lubrication

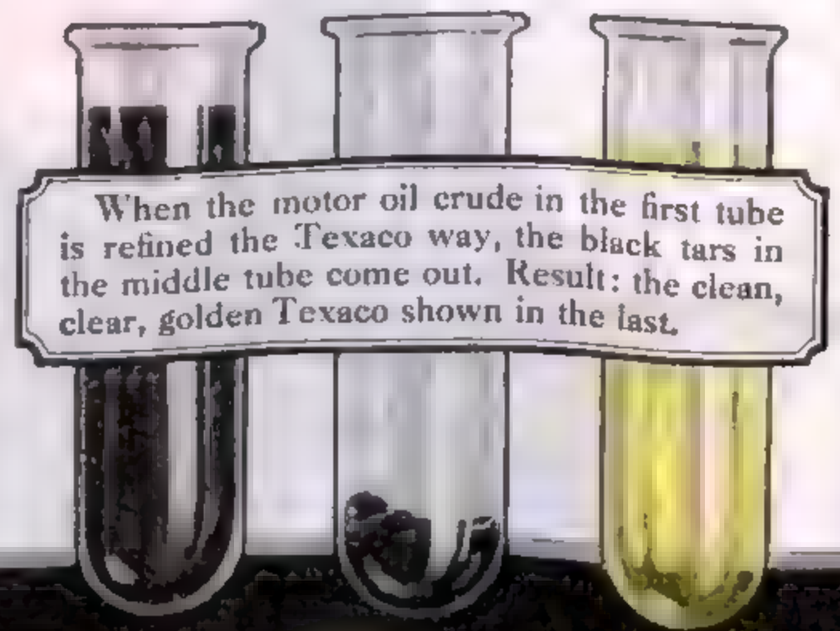
The Texaco Chart points the way. The clear, golden stream of Texaco is the reminder of a perfect product. The charted recommendations of The Texas Company's automotive engineers show the best grade of motor oil for each car.

Texaco Motor Oils vary *only* in body. They are uniform always, never varying in quality wherever you get them—all clear, golden in color, all full bodied, and a grade for every car.

Your car is listed on the Texaco Lubrication Chart. There you will find the right grade of Texaco for carbon-free lubrication.

Texaco Motor Oils are Pure

Purity in a motor oil is one of the essential qualities for lubricating efficiency. Texaco Motor Oils are clean, clear, golden in color—all of them; in all six grades: light, medium, heavy, extra heavy, super heavy and Texaco Motor Oil F for Fords—because of The Texas Company's refining process and the exceptional care given to the final removal of every trace of dark carbon-forming tars.



When the motor oil crude in the first tube is refined the Texaco way, the black tars in the middle tube come out. Result: the clean, clear, golden Texaco shown in the last.

TEXACO

MOTOR OIL

TEXACO
LUBRICATION CHART

KEY TO GRADES

L—TEXACO Motor Oil Light
M—TEXACO Motor Oil Medium
H—TEXACO Motor Oil Heavy
EH—TEXACO Motor Oil Extra Heavy
S—TEXACO Motor Oil Super Heavy
F or FF—TEXACO Motor Oil for Fords

NOTE These recommendations are based on the assumption that the engine is mechanically in good operating condition. Mechanical wear is shown by excessive oil consumption, by worn bearings, by excessive crankcase dilution through long use of a heavier grade of oil than is advised, or by the use of an oil unfavorable to operation under existing conditions. In making these recommendations Texaco Lubrication Engineers accept the latest information of motor vehicle manufacturers.

PASSENGER CARS

NAME AND MODEL	WARM WEATHER	FREEZING WEATHER
AJAX	H	M
AMERICAN	H	M
ANDERSON	H	M
APPERSON (6 cyl. before 1925)	H	M
others	M	M
AUBURN (8-88)	M	M
(others)	H	M
AUSTIN	H	M
BARLEY	H	M
BAY STATE	M	M
BENZ	EH	H
BUICK	H	M
CADILLAC	H	L
CASE	H	M
CHALMERS	H	H
CHAMPION	M	M
CHANDLER	H	M
CHEVROLET	M	M
CHRYSLER	H	H
CLEVELAND	H	M
COLE	EH	H
COLUMBIA	H	M
COURIER	H	H
CRANE SIMPLEX	EH	H
CRAWFORD	H	M
CROW ELKHART	M	M
CUNNINGHAM	H	H
DAGMAR (6-60	M	M
(6-70	H	M
[illegible]	EH	H
DANIELS	H	M
DAVIS	H	M
DE DION	H	M
DIANA	M	M
DODGE	H	M
DORRIS	H	M
DUESENBERG	H	M
DU PONT	H	M
DURANT	M	M
ELCAR (4-40-55	H	H
others	H	M
ESSEX	H	M
FIAT	H	M
FLINT	H	M
[illegible]	F	FF
FRANKLIN	H	M
GARDNER (5	H	M
6 and 8)	M	M
GRAY	M	M
H. C. S	H	M
HATFIELD	H	M
HAYNES	H	M
HERTZ	H	H
HISPANO-SUIZA (57)	H	M
55)	H	M
HUDSON	M	M
[illegible]		
ISOTTA-FRASCHINI	M	M
JEWETT	H	M
JORDAN (6)	H	M
(8)	M	M
KING	H	M
KISSEL (75)	M	M
others	H	M
KURTZ	H	M
LAFAYETTE	H	M
LANCHESTER	S	H
LANCIA	H	M
LEXINGTON	H	M
LIBERTY	M	M
LINCOLN	H	M
LOCOMOBILE (Junior	M	M
(48)	H	H
MARMON	H	H
MAXWELL	H	M
McFARLAN (SV)	M	M
(TV)	H	M
MERCEDES (KNIGHT)	S	H
other	H	H
MERCER	EH	H
METEOR	EH	H
MINERVA	S	H
MONROE	H	M
MOON	H	M
NASH (ap. 6	M	M
others	H	M
NATIONAL	H	M
OAKLAND	H	M
[illegible]	H	M
OVERLAND	M	M
PACKARD	H	M
PAIGE	H	M
PEERLESS	H	M
PIERCE ARROW	H	H
PONTIAC	H	M
PREMIER	H	M
RENAULT (Big 6)	H	H
others	H	M
REO	H	M
REVERE M	H	H
75"	H	M
RICHELIEU	H	H
RICKENBACKER C.	M	M
others	H	M
[illegible]	M	M
(4-75E	H	H
others)	H	M
ROLLIN	H	M
ROLLS ROYCE	H	H
SIMPLEX	EH	H
STANDARD	EH	H
[illegible]	H	M
STEVENS DURYEA	H	M
STUDEBAKER	H	M
STUTZ	H	H
[illegible]	M	M
TEMPLAR	H	M
VELIE	H	M
WASHINGTON	M	M
[illegible]	H	M
WHITE	H	M
WILLS ST. CLAIR	EH	EH
WILLYS-KNIGHT	S	M

FOR GENERAL LUBRICATION

Transmissions — TEXACO MARFAK GREASE or TEXACO THUBAN COMPOUND
Differentials — TEXACO MARFAK GREASE or TEXACO THUBAN COMPOUND
Universals — TEXACO MARFAK GREASE

General Chassis Lubrication

Pressure Grease System — TEXACO MARFAK GREASE or TEXACO CHASSIS LUBRICANT
Grease Cups — TEXACO CUP GREASE
Wheel Hubs — TEXACO MARFAK GREASE
Steering System — TEXACO MARFAK GREASE

TEXACO

TEXACO MOTOR OIL-CLEAN, CLEAR, GOLDEN
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TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

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BUICK
CADILLAC
CASE
CHANDLER
CHEVROLET
CHRYSLER
CLEVELAND
DAVIS
ESSEX
FLINT
HUDSON
JEWETT
KISSEL
MARMON
McFARLAN
NASH
OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE
PAIGE
PONTIAC
STAR
STEARNS-KNIGHT
WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE

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90¢ in Canada

for **FORDS** – The AC 1075

NOW 50¢

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There is a type and size for every engine—YOUR DEALER CAN SUPPLY YOU.

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AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, Michigan

AC-TITAN Levallois-Perret FRANCE

AC SPARK PLUGS **AC SPEEDOMETERS** **AC AIR CLEANERS** **AC OIL FILTERS**

(Continued from Page 78)

going to fall and knock him out of a soft profit of one hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars. He looked quite incredulous. "—— Sold!" yelled the auctioneer, bringing his gavel down with a bang.

"Buyer's name, please?" said the auctioneer.

"Renée Heyduke," said the lawyer's clerk. "R-e-n-é-e H ——"

Pethick was fit to be tied. He grabbed hold of Cloker. People had to hold him. "Look here, Cloker," he raved, "I've been jobbed! But I'll get you yet, Cloker! You've taken me, but at least you lose fifty thousand dollars of your own."

"No more than a reasonable wedding present, Pethick," said Zibeon, smiling blandly into his convulsed face. "When you are quite recovered, and on another occasion, it will be a pleasure and a privilege to present you, as an old business associate, to my fiancée, Miss Renée Heyduke. We shall always have to thank you for bringing us together. Don't take your loss so much to heart, my dear fellow. It was a business risk, and you must expect an occasional upset, you know. You cannot say that I did not warn you of the danger you were running. Until another time?"

He gave Miss Heyduke his arm and they walked together toward the daylight. They were an absurd couple, but if they liked each other that was all that was necessary

Pethick looked at me, and I knew that he felt it would be altogether fitting and proper to pronounce a benediction on the fifteen thousand dollars of his hard and ready that they were taking with them. His underlip trembled childishly.

"If you ask me," I said, plucking two cigars from his white waistcoat and giving him one—pshaw, he'd be robbing somebody by nine o'clock the next morning, in the best of spirits—"I think you have been just naturally selected, Pethick."

"Natural selection be cursed, Conway," he said, clenching his fists. "I'll get that dried-out Romeo yet, mark my words! I have been tricked and betrayed. Honor and a fair intent is the stickum that holds society together—fair dealing and the sanctity of pledges and hands struck together. By all the ——"

"Be a sport," I said, holding a match. "Smoke up!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

BOWL AND LEARNED THAT A QUANTITY OF TABASCO SAUCE HAD BEEN DUMPED INTO IT AFTER A GRILLING. JOHN ADMITTED THAT HE WAS THE GUILTY PARTY. HE EXPLAINED HIS ACTION WITH THE STATEMENT THAT HE UNDERSTOOD SAUCE WAS GOOD FOR FISH. HE KNOWS BETTER NOW. 9:40 P.M.

No father should object to a few domestic responsibilities once in a while. If necessary ——

FLASH

HENRY HAS JUST BEEN WHIPPED SOUNDLY FOR PAINTING A MUSTACHE ON THE FAVORITE DOLL OF HIS SISTER MILDRED. 9:52 P.M.

If circumstances should demand I will not hesitate to remain home from the office for a few days and give things at the house my undivided attention. You need not worry ——

SECOND ADD CANARY

BOB, THE FEATHERED FRIEND OF THE FAMILY, HAS BEEN FOUND DEAD. IN SOME WAY NOT CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD HE BECAME ENTANGLED IN A SHEET OF FLY PAPER ON TOP OF THE KITCHEN CABINET, AND THE UNFORTUNATE SONGSTER NEVER SUCCEEDED IN EXTRICATING HIMSELF. EACH MEMBER OF THE FAMILY IS EXONERATED, SINCE THE ACCIDENT WAS CLEARLY DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES OVER WHICH NO ONE HAD ANY CONTROL. 10:17 P.M.

Now, Marg, have a good time, and do not worry about things at home, for they are in capable hands.

With love, your husband, Roscoe.

10:20 P.M. —*David B. Park.*

Ballad of Turkish Delight

(News Item: The wives of the former Sultan of Turkey, expelled from their country by Kemal, are reported to have been booked by a Hollywood film company.)

A PALACE on the Dardanelles
Housed fifty Turkish demoiselles;
The Sultan's wives
Led gilded lives,
The envy of less favored belles.

All over Turkey cuties tried,
By hook or crook, to break inside;
To Allah prayed
For heaven's aid.
What bliss to be a Sultan's bride!

The Sultan's lovely trousered pets
Smoked water pipes and cigarettes;
Why should they dote
Upon the vote
And all such woes of suffragettes?

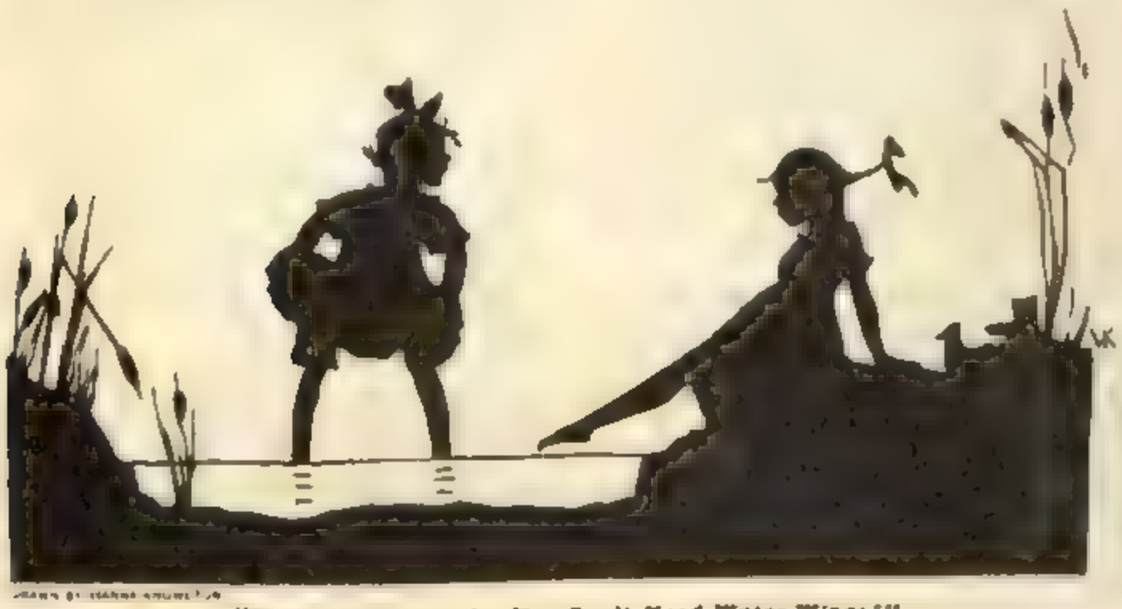
They lolled about on soft divans
And toyed with jeweled peacock fans,
As snug as bugs
In Turkish rugs;
They never wrestled pots and pans.

But now Kemal has queered the game,
And poor old Turkey's not the same;
The Sultan banned,
The harem canned—
The picture's missing from the frame.

No more can harem beauties shirk;
The Sultan's wives have got to work.
They must begin
To toil and spin;
A dreadful fate for any Turk.

And soon to Hollywood they'll go,
And on the silver screen they'll show
The Sultan's queens
In harem scenes;
Reel life in a seraglio.

—*Arthur Moss.*



"Come on in, 'Freddy! You Don't Need Water Wings!"

SUMMER RAIN
WET RUBBER
Chainless!

Of course, there's no choice. You wouldn't hesitate to demolish your car to save a precious little life—even if it meant your own life in exchange.

But why take chances with wet, slippery rubber on smooth roads? Why not have your car under control in wet weather as well as in dry, and be on the safe side always? It's so simple a matter to stop a few minutes and put on your WEEDS . . . the chains that mean safety and freedom from a life-time of regret.

Carry a set of WEED Chains with you, and use them when tires and roads are wet and slippery. Insist on WEEDS because they are the original anti-skid chains—they have stopped forward and side skids ever since 1903—they have met the acid test of public satisfaction for over 23 years.

Look for the red connection hook

You can identify genuine WEED Chains by their red connecting hooks, galvanized side chains and brass plated cross chains with the name WEED stamped on every hook. Sold everywhere by good dealers. Get a set today.

Don't take chances—use

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"Simoniz Sure Restored the Luster to Your Car"
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SIMONIZ
Motorists Wise
SIMONIZ
KLEENER
KLEENER
THERE is no need to drive a stained or discolored car when by SIMONIZING you can easily remove dullness and stains, restore the luster and keep any car looking new and beautiful
For DUCO, Lacquers and all fine finishes SIMONIZ is in a class by itself.
SIMONIZ is more than a polish — it creates and preserves BEAUTY.
FOR DUCO AND LACQUERS

REPLICAS FOR REALITY

(Continued from Page 4)

"I'm not sure," Gerald admitted; "they are elaborate for American, the splat has a very fine acanthus, and yet they are not characteristic English." Lane said he would like to see them and Willie Gerald replied that it would be very easy. They were down in Jasper's garage now, uncrated. Lane asserted that he would buy the first good set of Chippendale chairs offered to him.

"Outside of three places in England," he added concisely, "I haven't seen an honest set for seven years."

Gerald demanded at once, "What do you mean by honest?"

"Eight or ten matched chairs with less than 10 per cent new wood in them," Lane replied. "And the natural surface of time; I mean years of rubbing with no more than wax. I know it's romantic, no more than a dream, but I still hope to find such a thing."

"You are, of course, a very romantic person," Gerald pointed out. Mrs. Crenshaw laughed. "And your pursuit of an ideal is more than touching. But you will, I am certain, realize it."

Jasper Carlin leaned forward. "Fairman, I'll be more liberal yet. You can have the eight chairs in my garage. At a great personal sacrifice, supported by the fact that, as I said, I already have five sets, I will consent to their sale to you."

Mrs. Crenshaw objected at once. "I think you are very inconsistent, Jasper. You have already promised to lend us Willie Gerald and then you turn around and practically offer him, or as good as him, to Mr. Lane." She turned to Gerald. "My dear Mr. Gerald, you ignore them both and talk to me confidentially after dinner. Mr. Lane knows so much about such things that I'm sure he won't give you a fair price. Experts, I've noticed, never do."

Gerald briefly replied that he hadn't understood he was on the market. He was decidedly annoyed at both Jasper Carlin and Lane. Carlin took too much for granted—this was the first time that his material activities had been publicly alluded to.

"After all," he permitted himself to say, "I am not an antique dealer. If Jasper has no place for the chairs, why, I will have, and I'd be very glad to own them."

Ann Carlin gave her husband an annoyed and commanding glance. "I have no idea what you are all talking about," she announced. "I knew Willie was going to be in Virginia and I asked him to get me any good chairs he happened to see. They were for a wedding present, and I wish I were giving them to my second husband."

That was very decent of Ann, Gerald reflected; it gave him a pleasant feeling, too, to realize that he meant what he had said about the chairs—he could buy them, and very soon he would have a place for them. He'd give Jasper Carlin a check for sixteen hundred dollars tomorrow—the chairs had cost that—and have them carried over to Rose's.

Mrs. Crenshaw was a woman singularly devoid of tact. "If it is necessary," she persisted, "we can have a small private auction, and if there is anything else Jasper has too many of we'll bid on that as well."

"Do shut up, Olive," her husband muttered. "Ann, can't we start bridge and get her thinking about the odd tricks? My idea of Willie Gerald is that he ought to be kept exclusively at playing cards, or he'd be good at banking, and not allowed to sell old furniture to the wives of busy and ignorant men."

The moment had come, Gerald realized, for a show of the best good humor imaginable. "But, Crenshaw, if women didn't occasionally buy something good what would your houses be like? You must get some dignity into them. And it's a question if you are busy about the right things, since you admit the ignorance. Let me show you, tomorrow, why a chair lasts a hundred and fifty or two hundred years and more, and what a beautiful design is; how furniture can be at once light and graceful and strong. It isn't good because it's old; it really isn't; it is old because it was good."

Crenshaw replied, "Show Olive, but come in and play bridge now. . . . Fairman, I know you don't care about it; Ann said she had a lot of letters and bills; so that leaves Olive and Jasper, you, Willie, and me. If you'll agree to let me play a set game with Willie Gerald I'll promise to buy a hundred ancient chairs before breakfast."

He must cut and take his chances with the rest, Jasper Carlin said decidedly. "I saw Rose Brincker today," he continued to Willie Gerald. "I told her you were arriving today and she sent you her love. We tried to get her to come to dinner, as informally as this, but she thought she wouldn't. In black she's better looking than ever. Better than ever, Willie. And I don't know a woman who is more admired than Rose."

Later Gerald's annoyance at Jasper Carlin spread to include all Carlin's largely thoughtless and self-satisfied world; Willie Gerald was sick of it; with Rose he would live very differently. Ever since his years at college he had been absorbed by social prestige and planned his existence, with little money and a background that gave him no assistance whatever, to have a part in it. Rigorously repressing his own inclinations, he had studied the desires and habits of the important individuals in his class, and very soon, indeed, he had come to resemble them; he managed to wear very much the clothes they wore, he frequented the places where they were to be found, he talked like them. Willie Gerald did this without an obvious loss of personality; his opinions seemed to be his own as well as those with whom he shared them; he exhibited a correct independence of tone.

As a result he was invited to join a purely social and rigidly exclusive college society, and his associations of later years were formed—the weeks on house boats in Florida and short amusing trips to a formal England and informal English country houses. But, Willie Gerald realized, perhaps for the first time, it had been at the cost of a long and ceaselessly maintained effort. While the men, the women, he was familiar with were usually completely at ease, lounging spiritually and morally, he was always watchful, concerned in his current situation: he had to gamble without losing any large sum of money; he had to be confidential but not intimate, infinitely patient and without any trace of personal resentments. What, he concluded, was more difficult than all this was the fact that he could express no ideas outside those held in common by the small unintelligent group of people he was a part of; there was absolutely no speculation, no generalizations, among them. All the conversation was personal and carefully bigoted.

As he had grown older—he was now forty—this seemed to have become increasingly oppressive to him; his interests had widened, but his opportunities had remained the limited same. His absorption in antiques had opened new worlds to Willie Gerald; it had shown him the past shifting imperceptibly into the present; a beginning historical viewpoint had added to his knowledge of the present a sense of humor, fatal to his living if it were allowed to appear.

And yet, in spite of his patience and understanding, he had been referred to, tonight, practically as a purchasing agent for Jasper Carlin. The fact that this was the simple truth had no bearing on his situation; he had been brought up against a very ugly alternative—either, in essence, to tell Jasper to go to hell, or accept Carlin's unintentional intimation of social inferiority and continue with a diminished position and the mere millionaires.

This didn't involve his ability to make money; that, he felt, was constantly increasing; no, it only touched the life that had seemed so desirable, so essential, to him. It was still more attractive than any other; but not in his present circumstances; its essence lay in that sacredly preserved right to be purely arbitrary, disagreeable really, at any time. But all alternatives had been made unnecessary for him by Jim Brincker's death. Gerald could completely escape the threatening present—with Rose. He made up his mind how, for the next ten years, they would live—very simply, both in New York and the country, and he would devote himself to that enlarging of their resources. Nothing at all, except the smallest infrequent parties, for ten years, and then—he drew in a deep breath—everything.

A servant brought up a late breakfast tray; and after he had dressed as slowly as possible, Willie Gerald went down to the garage to see the chairs he had bought for Carlin. Gerald's interest, since now, probably, they would belong to him, had grown sharper. The room over the garage was bare and dusty and the array of Chippendale chairs, their slip seats covered with a faded red damask, was very impressive. They were uncommonly large, he told himself, and except for casual surface marks, quite perfect; the back legs were finished with an unusual suggestion of a foot.

He couldn't positively identify them as American, and yet, as he'd told Lane, they were not characteristically English. It was just possible that one of Chippendale's workmen had found his way to America—but not farther north than Maryland—in the third quarter of the eighteenth century and kept up his trade of cabinetmaking. For a little, Gerald entertained the thought of William Savery, in Philadelphia; but there was nothing in the chairs to support that. Savery's treatment of wood was definitely different. He turned a chair over and cut a small splinter from a side rail, it was white and very tough in fiber. "That's interesting," he said to himself. "Oak." It was, but at the same time it disposed of all question of American manufacture. The set of chairs was English. That a trifle cooled his enthusiasm for them, since Gerald's opinion was completely opposed to Fairman Lane's. He thought that, in America, only American antiques could hold and justify their present cost; anything that had actually been a part of the life of the colonies, he insisted, must in a very few years be priceless. But English furniture, even the authentic productions of the three great masters of cabinet work, of the three great styles, would have locally no more than a fluctuating value.

Willie Gerald was debating whether he would keep the set of chairs or sell them, perhaps to Fairman Lane or perhaps to Mrs. Crenshaw, when he heard footsteps on the narrow ladderlike stair from below, and Lane appeared.

"I was told you were here," he explained promptly. "I thought you wouldn't mind if I came along to view the discovery."

Gerald said at once that he was very glad to have him look at the chairs. Naturally. Fairman Lane touched an arm with an inquisitive and sensitive finger; he studied the carving of the design in the splats, and himself turned one over. The upholstered seat was supported by a cross-banding of linen tape, and that he pushed aside.

"They are English, of course," Gerald commented. "I can see now the corner blocks are conclusive."

Lane returned the chair to its legs and carefully dusted off his fingers with a handkerchief. He gave Willie Gerald a prolonged sharp scrutiny. Yes, they were English, he agreed. Then, saying nothing further, he turned toward the stairs.

"But, Lane," Gerald protested, "you must tell me more than that. I can't let an

(Continued on Page 86

Etching made for the Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, by O. Kubler, Pittsburgh

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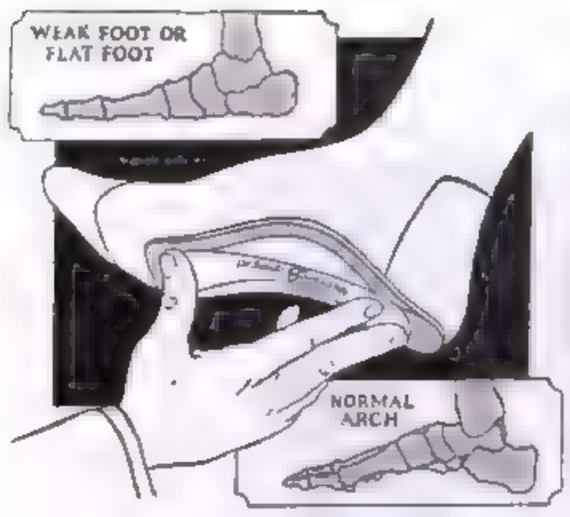

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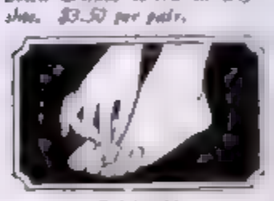

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Dr Scholl's
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(Continued from Page 84)

absolute authority get away from me as easy as that. Since you agree with me they're English, don't you think they are exceptionally good? Isn't there a chance they were made by Thomas Chippendale himself?"

"They are good," Lane replied dryly. "I should say the best I have seen. But they're not by Chippendale. Felderman and Mortimer made them in London, I should say last year."

"You mean they are replicas!" Willie Gerald cried. "Duplicates! I can't believe it."

Fairman Lane had started downward, only the upper part of his body was visible. "Of course you may believe what you prefer," he replied; "or even say what you like. Not many, certainly, can contradict you. It just happens that I know. If you will examine them with a greater care you will see that they are put together with screws. Pegs, it has been my experience, were usual." He vanished, leaving a highly unpleasant impression of his opinion of both Willie Gerald and his chairs.

There was no doubt in Gerald's mind of the correctness of Fairman Lane's assertion; in an instant, as though they had been exposed by the drawing of a veil, the chairs appeared for what they were—skillfully executed imitations. Gerald saw it now in a score of ways. He had noticed the absence of a proper pegging, but ignored it, conscious of a confusion in his memory about the antiquity of screws. What he had accepted as surface rubbed smooth by long usage and care was no more than a varnish treated with rottenstone. The carving was mechanically perfect. He couldn't see how he had made such a ridiculous, a humiliating, mistake. Sixteen hundred dollars gone to the devil! That was what it amounted to. An anger at himself increased until he was acutely uncomfortable; not only his pride but his sense of security, his hatred and distrust of waste, had been rudely assaulted.

And yet, in a minor way, he had been fortunate. Jasper Carlin hadn't bought the chairs; already he had announced his willingness to take them. What, he wondered, would Lane say? How and where would he say it? Lunch was over, all the people staying at the Carlins' were sitting in an inclosed porch, and that question was answered for Willie Gerald at once.

"You know, I haven't seen those chairs yet," Mrs. Crenshaw reminded him. "But I suppose I'm too late; if Jasper didn't take them, Mr. Lane will have them packed already." Gerald paused, Fairman Lane was seated looking away from him, and he turned a swift glance toward Gerald.

"Oh, no," he said, answering in Willie Gerald's place, "I wouldn't pay for them."

Well, Gerald thought, why didn't he go on, explain that the chairs were worthless? That would be like him, a heavy directness of statement which took no account of any involved feelings. But Lane returned to his original position without adding more. Yet, it seemed to Gerald, there was a certain alertness, an aspect that was almost challenging, in his bearing. The truth was it was impertinent; it suggested that he wished to cover the fact that the chairs were valueless; and not, Gerald added to himself, from a permissible effort to hide his mistake, but from a far different and less admirable motive.

The thing to do was for him to speak at once, to laugh and admit his judgment had been wrong; to dismiss it as a humorous and trivial incident. Yet he felt it was a very bad time for such an admission; it would give Jasper Carlin, at that psychological moment, the impression that he had a concrete reason for bringing their relationship to an end; he would instantly and finally reach the conclusion that Gerald's judgment was bad; and Mrs. Crenshaw's good opinion of him would utterly collapse. People like her, mere echoes, reflections of other more solid facts, were like that. Anyhow the time had gone by when he could speak; the chairs, he could see, had already vanished from the thoughts around him. And besides that, it was unimportant whether he made an explanation or not. He had no intention of selling the chairs to anyone present, to anyone at all, as genuinely antique. Such an act would be impossible, unheard of, for him. At the very worst, he'd let them go to some auction where the purchasers would have the privilege of the fullest inspection.

Fairman Lane, he understood, was leaving before dinner, and no one, Gerald was certain, would be sorry to see him go. A supremely disagreeable individual! He had an impulse to follow Lane outside and make his position where the chairs were concerned unmistakably clear. He was now utterly exasperated, and he would have welcomed an actual disturbance. But, he reminded himself, that would not be wise; it was necessary for him to avoid all unpleasantness that wasn't absolutely forced on him. Nothing Fairman Lane might say could possibly affect his position, threaten his security of place. He was what he was, and what, after all, was Willie Gerald? A sense of injury, of futility and isolation, succeeded to his anger; and then that was triumphantly banished by the memory of Rose.

He looked at his watch; it was past four o'clock, and at six he would be with her; for she had told him to come early. There was so much they'd have to talk about. Only the thought of her freed him from the exasperation of Lane and the spurious chairs. Rose was the answer to everything in his life. In imagination he heard himself explaining to her the humor of Fairman Lane and the copied antiques. "My dear Rose, it was plain that he took me for a crook." Her cool, delightful laughter followed. Rose Brincker was the most aristocratic woman possible. Jasper Carlin had said and repeated how well she looked in black; and there had been a secondary meaning, a special application to himself, in Carlin's words. But of course it would be very generally understood that, with Jim Brincker dead, he'd marry Rose. His old long love for her was known by everyone who knew them and their world.

He dressed with his accustomed great care; downstairs he found a bowl of yellow rosebuds, and, with one in his buttonhole, he had a servant ring for a car. The house where Rose was staying—it belonged to Jim's mother—was small and old-fashioned, a variously painted wooden cottage, almost Swiss in type, that stood on a bluff over the shining blue water of Seal Harbor. The keen October air, the brilliant light, however, had been softened by the hour; the blue of the harbor was tender; the scarlet of the maples was veiled in a lavender haze. Mrs. Brincker would be down directly, a maid told him; and, with a cigarette, he looked aimlessly over the books on a table. They were mostly modern works of philosophy and histories of the day, and in the front of each was written in a firm and clear hand: Rose Leylan Brincker.

That surprised Gerald, for he had no memory of Rose engaged with such serious topics; the fact was that he could recall her reading but little. On the contrary, she had been the ordinary socially smart, largely aimless girl and woman.

"Rose," he exclaimed, when she came in, "these are very impressive books with your name to them! Where do you keep the ones you really read?" There, at last, was her miraculous laugh.

"But I do read those," she assured him; "and I like them a lot. Aren't you frightfully curious about the reality of things? The one there about microbes, for instance. And why we do what we do. I suppose I never thought of any of it until very lately, but you'd be surprised how well I'm coming on."

"Jasper said you looked simply splendid, but he wasn't even near the truth," Gerald told her. He sat close beside her, with her hand in his. Soon, he thought, he would kiss her, but he had no impulse to hurry that perfect moment and act. It was natural that she would come to him slowly; nothing could be hurried; nothing need be hurried. Willie Gerald saw, with a sharp contraction at his heart, that her hair was definitely gray; her face, with the exception of her eyes, showed traces of grief and time. Rose was—yes, she was about his own age. But her eyes kept the serenity, the untroubled clear confidence, of her girlhood. He could never decide what their color was; hazel, he had heard, but that was a word without exact meaning for him. They were yellow—but of course they weren't; and that was as near as he could come to it. She wasn't as slender as formerly, either. Time again. His tranquillity was invaded by the feeling that, since years had been already lost to them, they must hurry into an awaiting joy.

Willie Gerald carefully put his coffee cup back on its octagonal silver saucer. He was afraid that, in the numbness of misery sweeping over him, he would drop it. Rose had been talking a long while and only very slowly had he come to apprehend her meaning; the conclusion of her carefully chosen hesitating words.

"When you asked me about the books, Willie, I thought you saw that something had happened to me. That I had changed. And I couldn't think how I was going to make it clear for you. You see, the trouble is there is so little to explain; so little that sounds sensible or serious enough. I mean against what we both took for granted. We must meet that, Willie, because we did. A lot of people simply knew that if anything happened to—to Jim we'd be married."

"Long ago," Gerald said, "that was understood between us."

"Yes, I remember perfectly. I told you I had a feeling we must be patient. But I thought it would be for a different end. All that time I loved Jim and you too." He interrupted her to cry that was impossible, and she waited until his desperate protest had subsided. "I loved you both," she repeated. "You were a sort of ideal and Jim was a reality. I wasn't unhappy with him, Willie. I must insist on your believing that. Only I—well, I looked forward to being with you. Perhaps. Some day. I had a curious private conviction about it.

"And now, this is what I can hardly bring myself to say to you. It's so trivial. I don't want to be married at all. I don't want to love anyone. Isn't it humiliating? But it's true. I feel absolutely impersonal. I've simply got to admit to you, though it sounds disloyal, that I like being alone."

"My dear Rose," Willie Gerald exclaimed, almost hopeful again, "we have waited so long and we can, after all, wait a little longer. I don't want to, of course. But if you feel like this, it's the only thing to do."

"If I were younger, yes. But I'm past forty. That isn't an enormous age, naturally. I don't mean I'm an old lady yet. I may be full of the silliest sort of folly, but if I am it must come out. No, Willie, you can't count on me. That is definite. It's so hard to explain! I'm tired is part of it. I just can't face the responsibility of being in love again; of having to have someone—even you—around. It's a luxury now to wake up—to nothing, to no plans. Perhaps I'll go to Morocco in November. If I like."

Willie Gerald gathered himself. "Then you are saying that you won't marry me?"

She nodded, with unhappy eyes.

"Then of course you won't," he went on. He finished his coffee and the brandy in the glass before him. Illogically, the wretched imitation Chippendale chairs came back to his mind. They were synonymous of his life outside of Rose, without her. Imitation. And now that would reach on and on.

"Anyhow, Willie," she added unnecessarily, "you ought to marry a very much younger person. An attractive girl. You know fifty of them, and at least thirty would marry you at once."

He replied that he hated girls and she knew it. "I believe you are advising me to

(Continued on Page 91)

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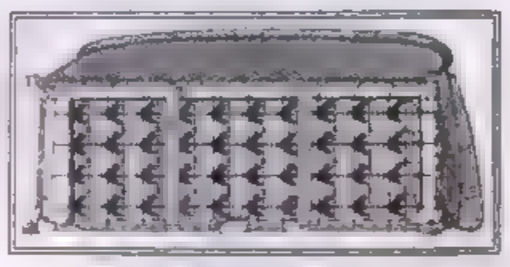

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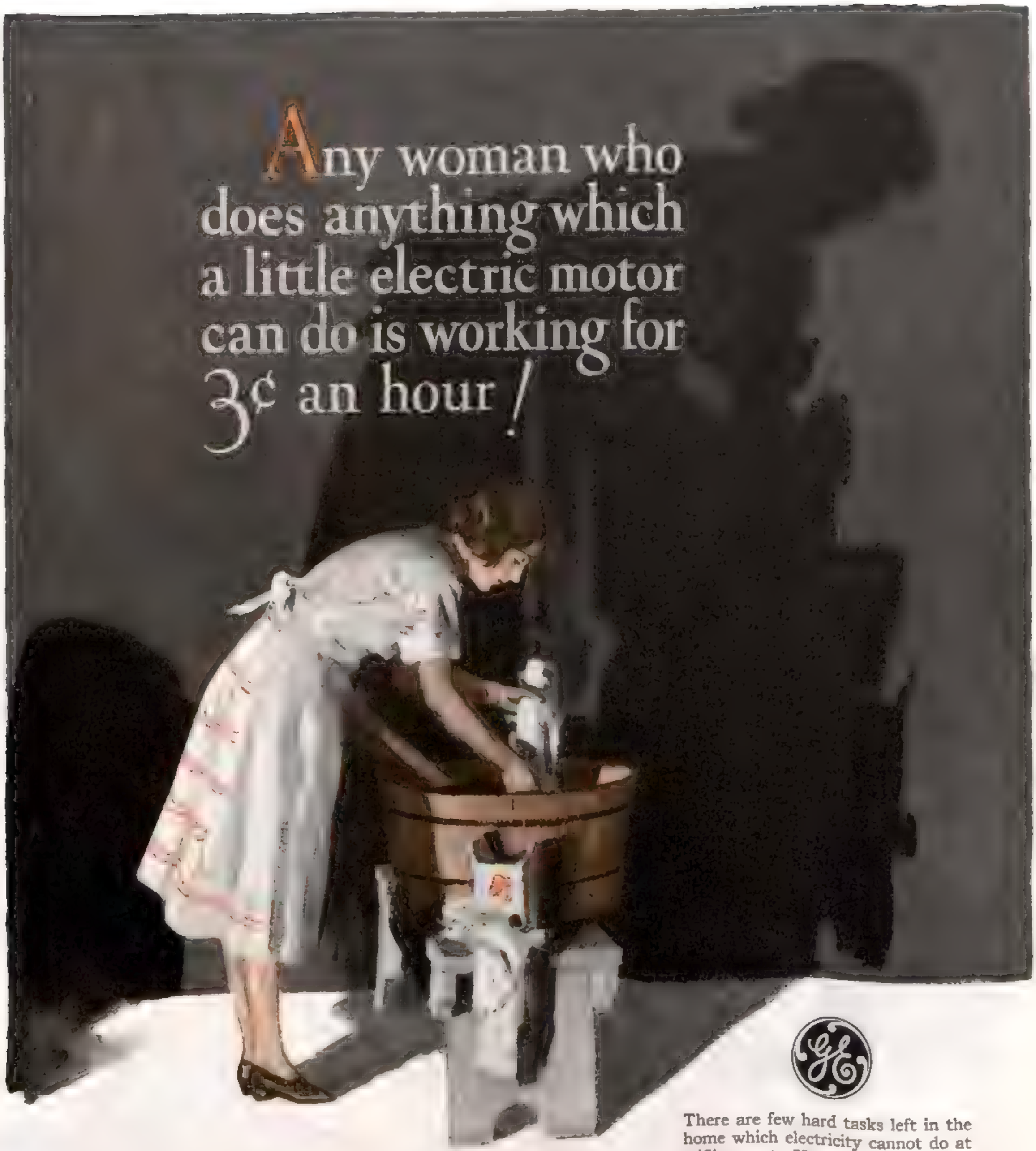

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 86.

marry for money, and that isn't very flattering. With anyone else, I'd say it was expressing an opinion."

"I believe I was," Rose Brincker admitted; "and, do you know, I'm not exactly ashamed of myself. It wasn't such a frightful idea. You like money and need it, and you could make a very charming return. You understand how to live and where to live and who to live with. No, I insist I am wise."

"And yet," he pointed out, "you say you must be free from everyone, and you are urging me into a situation where I'd have no freedom at all. If you're sick of bonds, I'm sicker of them. You really don't know what they are. For years I've been doing things not because I wanted to but because they were correct. In my position. I am in a position, as you've shown. Well, the best part of that, the only possible part, was you; and now you have so neatly vanished I don't intend to go on by making my existence worse."

"Just exactly what do you mean?" she demanded. "I hope this isn't a threat."

He didn't know what he meant and so he was silent. "Anyhow, Willie," she proceeded, "I could never see why you didn't work. I mean exactly that. With your ability. I should have thought you'd have died of boredom years ago. You do lead a ridiculous sort of life for an intelligent man."

"Is that why you dropped me, Rose?" he asked. "Because you reached the conclusion I was useless? It sounds conventional and stupid, for you."

"I told you the reason as well as I could," she half exclaimed. There was even a trace of annoyance in her voice. "Why can't you accept it without looking for hidden and elaborate reasons? I don't want to be married to anyone. I'm a little tired of men; they are so wearing."

"I suppose," he continued, "my life would seem useless to a great many people. But I like it. On the whole I wanted it to be like that and—yes, I still do. I'm not at all what you'd describe as noble and I haven't any inclination to be industrious for industry's sake. I think it's too dull. And I hate cheap people in exactly the same way that I hate cheap clothes and houses. I haven't had to be around them and I certainly won't begin now. Perhaps I am what is usually referred to as a snob, or even worthless, I can't say that it bothers me. Let the men who want to work and kill themselves, kill themselves with work. All that means is they have no imagination; they can't think of anything else sufficiently amusing to do. I would rather have the results and let them take the trouble. That is my idea of trouble."

Rose Brincker said that he fascinated her. "Really, Willie, you sound like a successful criminal. I can imagine one would talk just like that. If he was well enough bred. An enemy of society."

"But there is this difference in me now, if it is an improvement," he asserted; "I will never again put myself in a position where I can't comfortably slap a jaw. I've had what you might call a lesson. But not from you, Rose. All you have taught me is how useless even hope is. I don't know what to do without you; you have practically filled my life. It's as though I'd gone blind. But I won't actually take this as final. Go to Morocco, and when you come back, perhaps it will be in the spring, I'll ask you again—and again."

She sighed. "Willie, you make it so hard for me. I want to see you as much as you like; no one else can quite mean to me what you do, and so I'll have to tell you this. If you speak again of our getting married I will be forced to let you go." She grew more energetic. "Can't you understand, can't you, that I just don't want to be bothered? Must you think that the only explanation, the only excuse really, for a woman is a man? You are as antique as the things you buy for Jasper Carlin. I'm not certain you haven't cabriole legs." He gazed at her with a half-closed glimmering vision, the emotion in him turned to bitterness. She was like all the others—hard and selfish and blind. At heart she was that—the same as Fairman Lane and Carlin and Ann Carlin—in spite of her easy kindness; at the time of a great need they had all thrown him out.

Once more in his undesirable room at the Carlins', Willie Gerald was burdened by a sharp depression; he passed through waves of depression and a rebellious anger. He sat with an unlighted cigarette, all his faculties bent in an inner vision on the calamity which had overtaken him. At longer intervals a deep sense of sorrow, of loss, cut through him; Rose had gone out of his life. Not only the present but the future had been destroyed. These finer moments, however, were lost in the ill temper that took possession of him—a resentment at all the polite world which had occupied and satisfied him for so many years. He was well out of it! At bottom it was cheap, hollow. But there, Willie Gerald was forced to recognize, he wasn't sincere with it or with himself. His anger was touched with envy; he had always envied the smart rich; they were a part of a standard of desire, of social excellence, he would always regard as preeminent.

For that reason his failure really to become a part of that life inflamed him against it. It was very well for Rose to ask him why he didn't work, when Jim Brincker had done nothing by the month; her own father hadn't lifted a serious hand for the last forty years of his life. That advice had really differentiated him from the men about her; it had been equivalent to the admission that he properly belonged on a different, a lower, social level. Well—as he had recognized before—so he did. What of it!

He had intended to stay for ten days more at Jasper Carlin's, but now, he felt, that was an impossibility. He didn't know what Jasper might say to him next; the fact was that he had an idea he wasn't very much wanted. He'd return to his rooms in New York and then—Willie Gerald suddenly realized that there was no conceivable "then" before him; he literally couldn't think what he'd do or where he would go. Some shooting was open to him; the ordinary succession of country houses; but he couldn't bear the idea of them, or the thought of the people he would meet. And Rose was apt to be anywhere. That too—his failure to get her, which would inevitably grow clear—would be whispered about, speculated over. It would undoubtedly hurt him, since he would be invited to a wide number of places on her account. He was certain of that; and now that she had dropped him the others might easily do the same—and be damned to them!

He must, however, have plans of some sort, look ahead; and his thoughts returned to the millionaires, or rather the millionaires' wives, who offered him a living. His evident position in society would open a whole world of doors of the second and the third class of the socially avid rich. But suddenly they seemed absolutely insupportable. What he had told Rose about his need for a comparative liberty had been exact. People like the Crenshaws would patronize him; their manners were simply inadmissible. There was at least something direct, tonic, in the bad manners he was accustomed to; and effort at the truth. But the posing and lies and suspicions of the inferior! Actually they would regard him as an interior decorator. It would be better for him to open a store on Madison Avenue at once.

He didn't want to do that; it was too arduous and too confining; it required a species of patience and politeness which he had spent his adult life in eliminating from his being. It was time, Gerald saw, for him to dress; and, after his bath, he put the black pearl Ann Carlin had given him, in a shirt, the crystal sleeve links Mary Jayne had sent him, in his cuffs; the pumps he wore, made by Lobb, Walter Ambler had paid for, because at the moment of their purchase he had been settling a bill of his own. Gerald wondered satirically if he were a social parasite. He seemed to have most of the qualifications.

At dinner Freda Renant was sitting by Jasper Carlin; she had arrived, Gerald gathered from her conversation, barely in time to dress and appear with the soup; and the spectacle of Freda's warm reception and general air of comfort added further to his discontent. She did nothing in the world but guide certain desirable people into the ranks of the select rich; she lived by just that; yet because it was her own sphere, since she had been born into it lacking only sufficient money, all that she did was excused, laughed at. She was relating now the details of a trip she had taken to Argentina for the collection of certain tiled floors and walls for a Palm Beach house. It seemed there was a native South American tile more amusing than the best Castilian. Hell, it wasn't important what she did or where she went. She leaned toward him

"Willie, I got some miraculous silver, flat silver. You would love it. But Spanish, of course. I like it even better than your cherished American; the fluting is so delicate."

He replied that he knew the flat Spanish plate and agreed with her—up to a point. "The real trouble," he went on, "is that it can be imitated. And then there is any amount that's perfectly honest and new. The patterns have never changed; you simply can't identify it."

Freda Renant thought she could—the parallel lines dug in it to assay the silver were different in different ages and localities. In New York she would show him. Willie Gerald smiled and thanked her. After dinner he found his way into the empty quiet of a small smoking room; but he was no sooner settled with his troubled thoughts than Mrs. Crenshaw followed him

"I did it on purpose," she announced; "I want to talk to you." She sat down, her cigarette lighter wouldn't work, and he had to lean across her scented and obvious body in her assistance. "I thought Miss Renant was no better than ridiculous talking about silver in that decided way. She can't know anything compared to you. And now, my dear Willie—heavens, I don't believe I've ever called you that before—what about those chairs? Are you going to let me have them? May I give you a check?"

"You may not," he replied shortly; "I am going to keep them. They are not for sale."

She still protested. "I won't think you are going to be so selfish. You see so many good ones, even eight with two armchairs. And the heavenly Chippendale designs. I tell you I have got to have them. And you are so impersonal, so severe, about it. I can't imagine that you had a drop, a bubble, of your champagne. Well, any how, now the chairs—you must understand I realize their value—specially coming from you—and I'm not Fairman Lane. They sell at some of the auctions for hundreds, thousands of dollars. Willie, let me make you a check for—say, five thousand dollars. Be a dear—and I'll reward you."

"I couldn't," he insisted. "I'm not on the market. What would Jasper think if I used his place for a sort of shop?"

"He'll never know," Mrs. Crenshaw returned. "I want them for my Morristown house and he doesn't go there. Besides that, neither Ann nor he has seen them. They told me that. You could send them to your New York address and forward them from there." She grasped one of his hands in both of hers, held it tightly for an instant, and then, disappearing, called back, "Wait!" Alone in the smoking room Willie Gerald sat motionless, except for the fact that the somberness of his face changed into a satirical smile. The smile vanished, but it left the shadow, the influence, of its presence on his pinched mouth.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

Pipe smoker's mother happy at son's tobacco choice

Wishes every day was Sunday so she could enjoy aroma of his tobacco all day

There is plenty of evidence to prove that the ladies are not averse to pipe smokers. Provided, of course, that the man in the case chooses the right tobacco.

The following letter from Mrs. Higgins of St. Louis reflects the pride and satisfaction of a mother who feels that her son has made a wise decision.

Read her letter—then show it to your wife:

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

Can a mere woman praise Edgeworth?

When my sixteen-year-old son started to smoke, it was a pipe. I guess he tried all the brands of tobacco on the market, trying to find a mild, cool smoke. He gave up smoking in disgust, saying he guessed he never would be a man if it depended on smoking a pipe. At last an old-timer told him to try a pipeful of his Edgeworth. Now my son is never in too big a hurry to walk several blocks out of his way to get it.

I sometimes wish every day was Sunday so he could be home smoking, for the aroma of Edgeworth is delicious.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. A. Higgins.

While Edgeworth is in every sense a he-man's tobacco, the fact that its aroma is pleasing to the ladies signifies a pipe smoker's good judgment. For if Edgeworth can give the ladies a share of the satisfaction that it gives to men, there must be something about it worth investigating—if you have never tried it.

To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1-U S 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

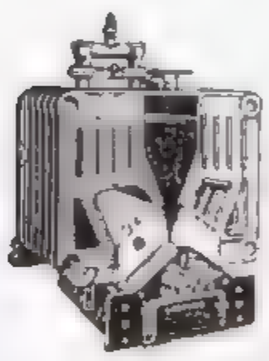
Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters

If You Are Replacing Your Old Heater or Planning a New Home

. . . . . *You Will Want This Book*



SPENCER Double-Grate Heater

THE time to prepare for winter is when the dog days are here and before the frost is on the pumpkin.

Now is the time to settle the kind of heater you are going to install. It is a truly important matter deserving of careful study. On your decision will depend several points vital to your comfort and your pocketbook.

You will want to decide on the type of system best suited to your needs—steam, vapor, hot water; you will want to decide on the kind of fuel you should use; and you will want to decide how much you are justified in investing in a heating system.

To settle these problems to your own satisfaction and profit, you will need the kind of information and helpful facts interestingly compiled in "The Business of Buying a Heating System", a 38-page illustrated book which will be sent promptly on request.

Write for your copy today.

SPENCER FEATURES!

IN ADDITION to chapters on many points of importance in the selection of heating systems, the following features of Spencer Heaters are fully described in this book, a copy of which awaits your request.

Saves an average of $7 in the price of every ton of coal used because it burns low priced No. 1 Buckwheat Anthracite and burns no more tons.

Requires attention only once in twelve to twenty-four hours, because coal feeds by gravity as needed

No blowers or other mechanical contrivances.

Even heat day and night, due to automatic feed.

Equally successful for steam, hot water or vapor

Type for every need from small home to large buildings.

No night fireman required in large buildings.

Easily installed.

Pays for itself by burning low-priced, small size coal

Proven by thirty years' success

Built and guaranteed by a responsible organization.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY

Factory and General Offices: Williamsport, Pa.

Offices in Principal Cities

Division of LYCOMING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Spencer

steam, vapor or hot water

Heaters

Burn No. 1 Buckwheat Coal — Averages $7 less per ton — Less attention required

EUROPE'S MANDATE BURDEN

(Continued from Page 21)

Various clauses are common to all the mandates. Among other things, slave trade is prohibited and no forced labor is permitted except for essential public work and services, and then only in return for adequate remuneration. A strict control is exercised over the traffic in arms and ammunition, and the supplying of intoxicating spirits and beverages to the natives is forbidden. Military training of the natives otherwise than for purposes of internal police and the local defense of the territory—military or naval bases and fortifications are not allowed. The mandatory must insure freedom of conscience and the free exercise of all forms of worship. All missionary nationals of any member of the League may enter into, travel and reside in the territory for the purpose of their calling.

In other details the mandates differ. The Palestine mandate, for example, states that "the mandatory shall be responsible for placing the country under such political, administrative and economic conditions as will secure the establishment of the Jewish National Home and the development of self-governing institutions." The Zionist organization is recognized as the public body to coöperate with the administration in all matters that affect the Jewish National Home and the general Jewish interests. In Irak the British obligated themselves to establish an Arab kingdom.

Mess-Pottering

A machinery for the supervision of all mandates was set up at Geneva in the form of the Permanent Mandates Commission, composed of representatives of the leading League members. It receives and examines the annual reports of the mandatories and advises the Council of the League of Nations on all mandate matters. The commission meets at regular intervals, or when some special emergency arises such as the revolt in Syria, during which the French first bombarded Damascus, thus provoking an extraordinary session at Rome last February. Upon the organization of the Permanent Mandates Commission an American membership was created and offered to W. Cameron Forbes, former governor-general of the Philippines. Upon his refusal to serve, it was taken by M. Ramon Pina, ex-Spanish Undersecretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

We can now take up the major mandates and their operations in detail. First in interest to us is Irak, because of the participation of the group of American oil companies in the Mosul field, where we were instrumental, as you will recall, in bringing about an open-door policy.

British sovereignty in Irak has not stirred organized insurrection or caused bloodshed such as obtains in Syria under the French. There has been plenty of revolt connected with the mandate, but most of it has been manifested at home. In Parliament and elsewhere in England, those who believe that Britain should clear out of the area refer to the government policy as Mess-pottering. Mesopotamia is called Mespot for short. They point to the £77,501,804 which represents Britain's Mesopotamia expenditure since 1920 and maintain that it is just so much money flung into the sand. On the other hand, the government attitude is that Britain committed herself to the nursing of an independent Arab kingdom and that it is a point of honor to see the job through.

Like a Storybook Character

Regardless of the ethics of this controversy, in which we have no concern, the British had good reason to exercise their rights in Irak, because it was the theater of one of her most gallant exploits in the World War. Just as this and adjacent regions are the cradle of Jewish, Christian and Moslem religious faith, so did it also become the real cradle of victory in the stupendous struggle. Allenby's brilliant conquest heartened the Allies in a dark hour, and, with the subsequent successes in the Balkans, brought Germany to the realization that her cause was doomed.

Thanks to the British effort, Arab self-determination was crystallized. It finds its largest expression today in the kingdom of Irak. Though Allenby deservedly was hailed as the deliverer of Holy Arabia, because he drove out the Turks, the power behind him was Col. T. E. Lawrence, probably the most romantic figure that emerged from the war of wars. Because the average American knows so little about him, and furthermore because he was the godfather, so to speak, of what is now Irak, a word or two about his remarkable exploit is an essential part of this narrative. If ever a storybook character existed in real life, it is Lawrence.

He is of sturdy Irish stock, although he was born in Wales, and went through the Oxford mill without distinction. As a tourist, he first visited Syria and became interested in archæology. Now began his wanderings in the Near East, when he mastered the native languages and became as Arabic in speech and temperament as the Arabs themselves.

When the war broke he joined the British secret service at Cairo. It was not long before his extraordinary knowledge of the country for which the British and Turks

(Continued on Page 94)

Nesher Cement Works, the Largest Factory in Palestine

Unusual

ONLY very unusual experiences attract particular attention.

We pay very little heed to the familiar details of our every-day life.

We buy the things we need, use them with a certain expectation of service from them, and if they come up to that expectation we give them no further thought.

Only when something we buy turns out very much better or worse than expected, do we get excited about it.

A tire, for instance, has to surprise you with a whole lot of extra miles beyond your expectation before you really sit up and take notice.

All the talk you hear about Mansfield Tires springs from that trait in human nature.

The explanation of the discovered fact that Mansfields *do* regularly deliver those thousands of extra miles is very simple.

The great Hardware Wholesalers distribute Mansfields at record low cost and we put the saving into better materials and workmanship.

Of course they are unusual tires —and of course they deliver thousands of extra miles of service and save you money.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords Truck Cords Heavy Duty Cords Regular Cords Fabric Tires

The Cost of Distribution is Lower — The Standard of Quality is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

"The World's EASIEST Easy Chair"

A SILENT INVITATION to Rest

CONVERSING
A beautiful, restful, inviting chair for every formal use. Stylish and distinctive.

THIS ROYAL EASY CHAIR is in itself a silent invitation to rest. Its luxurious, yielding cushions promise ease and comfort—and its *exclusive, hidden* comfort features assure complete relaxation and repose. Recline as much or as little as you like—or stretch out at full length—without effort and without getting out of the chair. Just pull the concealed ring or push the button and lean back .... The Royal is as beautiful as it is comfortable. It looks like any other fine chair—and it takes up no more room .... The wing chair shown here (No. 1991 with the disappearing leg rest) is but one of the many beautiful styles shown in our new book, "Royal Comfort". It also shows the famous Royal Easy Bed-Davenport with the box-spring guest bed that does not fold and cannot sag. Mail the coupon for Free Style Book and your dealer's name.

ROYAL EASY CHAIR COMPANY · STURGIS, MICH.

Royal Easy Chairs are sold singly or in Bed-Davenport Suites by 5000 Furniture Dealers

Royal Easy Chairs
"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

READING
Touch hidden pull-ring or button—and recline. Back locks firmly at any desired point.

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Back fully reclined and disappearing leg-rest utilized for complete relaxation.

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(Continued from Page 92)

were battling brought him some degree of recognition. He was the first to realize that if Britain was to complete her job in Arabia and Syria, she must have the support of the Arab nationalists. Due to him, they leagued themselves with the Allies.

When Husein, King of the Hedjaz, Shereef of Mecca and Commander of the Faithful, who for years had been a prisoner of the Sultan at Constantinople, raised the flag of Arab nationalism against his old oppressor, the Turk, it was Lawrence who acted as the liaison officer for the British, planned his campaigns and later made himself uncrowned king of Arabia. When he was not at the front at the head of camel cavalry squadrons, he was speeding in scout aeroplanes over the desert sands or penetrating the enemy lines disguised as a Turkish woman. The one-time poet, philosopher and archæologist not only became a first-class fighting man but was literally the right hand of Allenby throughout those historic struggles.

The Oil Conference

Lawrence formed a close wartime attachment for the Emir Feisal, son of King Husein. He saw that this scion of a line that went back to Mohammed could unify the Arab nationalists. When Damascus fell it was Lawrence who rushed Feisal into the famous city in an American flivver ahead of Allenby's hosts. With French occupation of Syria, Feisal was set up as ruler. His position, however, became untenable. Ultimately, thanks again to Lawrence, he was put on the throne of the Arab Kingdom of Irak, where he now sits as the modern successor of Caliph Harun-al-Rashid, who put the entertainment into those well-known Arabian Nights. The British mandate for Irak therefore is the prop under Feisal.

The cynically inclined regard it as more than a coincidence that Britain got the mandate for Irak at the San Remo Conference. The reason is that this gathering of Allied statesmen in April, 1920, is known in history as the oil conference. Here the German petroleum interests, represented in the Turkish Petroleum Company, were allocated. The German share of 25 per cent went to the French in consideration, among other things, of a right to build a pipe line across Syria to the Mediterranean. Of the remaining participation in the company, England had 50 per cent and the Dutch the balance.

I refer to the San Remo Conference not only because it gave the Irak mandate to Britain, subject to a later confirmation by the League of Nations, but because it led to the entry of the American companies into the Mosul area. The San Remo oil agreement froze us out. It was part of what seemed at the time to be a program to exclude the Yankee oil driller from the whole Near East. After the Armistice, the Standard Oil Company of New York sent a staff to Palestine to operate under a concession granted by the Turkish Government prior to 1914, when the Holy Land was a part of the Ottoman Empire. They were prevented from making progress by the British, then in complete occupation.

As soon as the news of the San Remo agreement became known, our State Department made energetic protests for an open-door policy, with the result that the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which held the British interest in the Turkish Petroleum Company, turned over half its share to what is now known as the American group. You will presently see just how this has lately been translated into a definite working agreement.

When I said that skepticism developed regarding Britain's ambitions in Irak, it was because many believed that her sole interest was in the oil deposits of Mosul. Whether this was true or not, there is no doubt that it was important for Britain to protect the long Persian flank which is the stronghold of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, in which the British Government owns the controlling interest. British control in Irak meant a bulwark for Persian petroleum.

With the province of Mosul, we reach the crux of the situation and the real storm center. Everybody has read about this patch of territory, but not so many perhaps comprehend its significance. It is a live subject for various reasons. One is that it has precipitated friction between the British and the Turks that may possibly mean sporadic warfare. A second is that the final settlement of the frontier between Irak and Turkey was linked with continued British control, a stipulation that aroused the anti-Irak element in England to renewed opposition to further occupancy. The third grows out of our stake in Mosul.

To understand what has happened, you must know that Mosul was originally a part of Turkey, and was claimed by her after the war. The Arabs, however, maintained that it belonged to Mesopotamia on ethnic, economic and other grounds. A treaty between Great Britain and Turkey signed at Lausanne in July, 1923, provided that the frontier be settled by a friendly arrangement within nine months, failing which the dispute was to be referred to the Council of the League of Nations. As no agreement was reached, the British Government requested the council to take action, which it did.

A neutral commission—composed of M. Af Wirsen, Swedish Minister in Bukhareat; Count Teleki, former Hungarian Prime Minister; and Colonel Paulis, of the Belgian Army—was named to make a first-hand investigation in the disputed territory and submit a recommendation. Pending its inquiry a provisional frontier known as the Brussels Line was laid down which both parties undertook to respect. This grew out of the raids into Mosul by the Turks, who were charged with deporting Christians and starting trouble generally.

The neutral commission awarded Mosul to Irak, provided that Great Britain's mandate be continued for twenty-five years, or until the Arab kingdom is admitted to the League of Nations. The frontier adopted was the Brussels Line, which puts all the oil-bearing territory within Irak confines. This report was promptly adopted by the League council.

A treaty between Britain and Irak, accepting the provisions of the award, was signed at Bagdad on January thirteenth of this year and was ratified by a vote of 265 to 116 by the British Parliament in February. The Socialists led the fight on the treaty, but, as the vote shows, were badly beaten.

The upshot of the whole business is that Britain stays on in Irak until the country is strong enough to go on its own as an independent nation.

A Close Parallel

I was in London when the vote was taken on the Irak treaty to which I have just referred. I therefore asked a high-placed Englishman intimately familiar with the Irak problem to state the British case as it stood in view of the new commitment. I reproduce it in full because it sheds light on mandate methods and justifies the British stand in Mosul oil. This is what he said:

"You ask me why Great Britain has agreed to continue to exercise the mandate for Irak. Perhaps the most illuminating answer I can give is this: For the same reasons as those which compel the United States to remain in the Philippines. We found ourselves in Irak as the result of a successful war against a third party. We set up a government adapted to the needs of the population and in accordance with constitutional ideals. We have expended large sums in bringing order out of chaos and laying the foundations of future development. We have announced our intention of withdrawing as soon as Irak is able to stand on her own feet. A fairly close parallel, I think you will admit.

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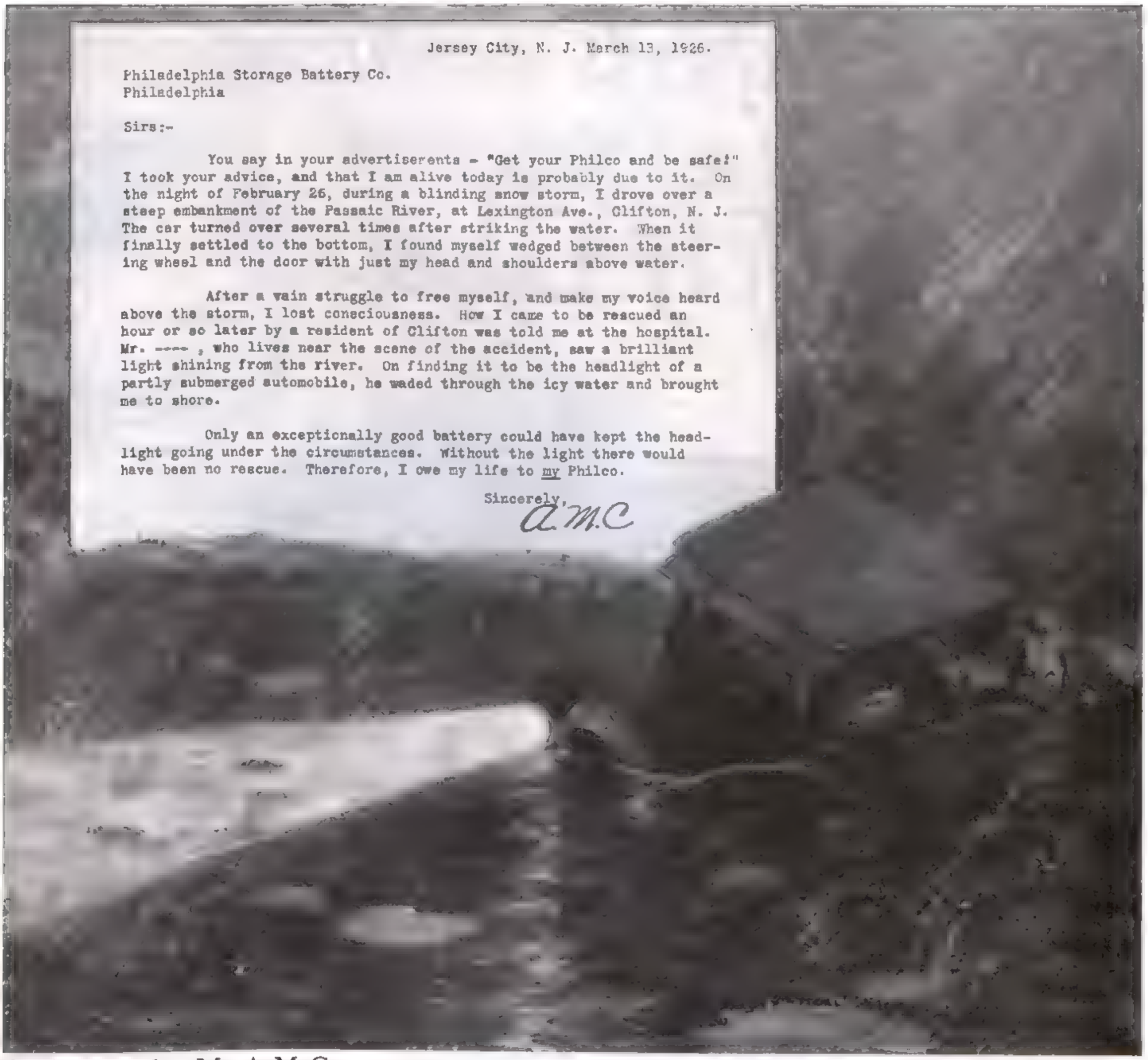

Jersey City, N. J. March 13, 1926.
Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.
Philadelphia
Sirs:-
You say in your advertiserents - "Get your Philco and be safe!" I took your advice, and that I am alive today is probably due to it. On the night of February 26, during a blinding snow storm, I drove over a steep embankment of the Passaic River, at Lexington Ave., Clifton, N. J. The car turned over several times after striking the water. When it finally settled to the bottom, I found myself wedged between the steering wheel and the door with just my head and shoulders above water.
After a vain struggle to free myself, and make my voice heard above the storm, I lost consciousness. How I came to be rescued an hour or so later by a resident of Clifton was told me at the hospital. Mr. ---- , who lives near the scene of the accident, saw a brilliant light shining from the river. On finding it to be the headlight of a partly submerged automobile, he waded through the icy water and brought me to shore.
Only an exceptionally good battery could have kept the headlight going under the circumstances. Without the light there would have been no rescue. Therefore, I owe my life to my Philco.
Sincerely,
A.M.C

this happened to Mr. A. M. C.

"I owe my life to my Philco!"

Your own safety—and the safety of those who ride with you—demands the strongest, toughest and most powerful battery you can get. Ask any one of the thousands of veteran car owners who now have Philco protection.

Philco *Drynamic* is even more than just an "exceptionally good" battery. With its rugged, shock-proof construction—its tremendous power and over-size capacity—the new Philco *Drynamic* is as revolutionary as four-wheel brakes and balloon tires.

Yet even with the famous Diamond Grid plates, Philco Retainers and a two-year-guaranteed service, *your* Philco will cost you no more to buy than just an ordinary battery. *Get your Philco now and be safe!*

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, *Philadelphia.*

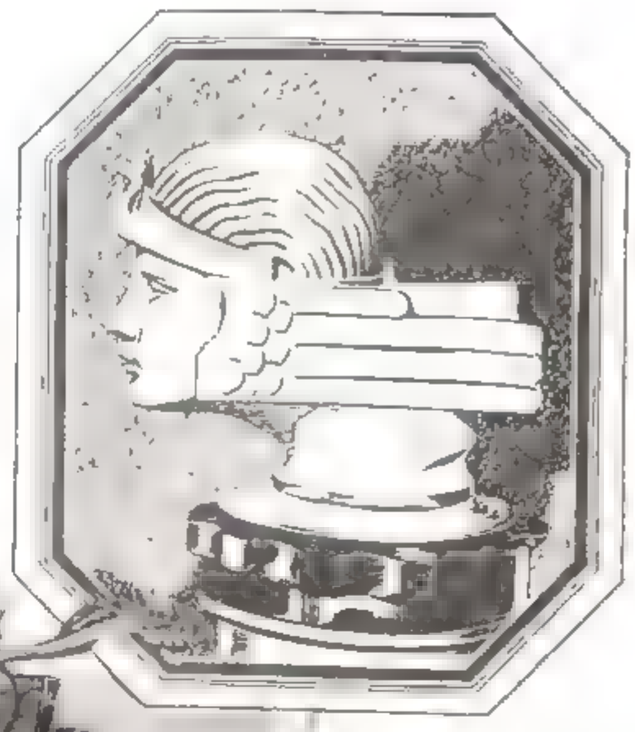
Philco *Drynamic* Batteries are made DRY and shipped DRY—but CHARGED Their life doesn't start until the dealer pours in the acid—just before installing the battery in your car. Ask for Philco *Drynamic*—*see the acid poured in*—and you can't get a stale battery.

RADIO OWNERS—Philco Socket Power (Radio power from your house current) is as essentially a part of the modern radio set as a loud speaker It eliminates "B" batteries and all thought about "A" battery recharging. One switch controls everything—"A" power, "B" power, even your radio set Snap it "ON" and enjoy your radio. Snap it "OFF" and go to bed.

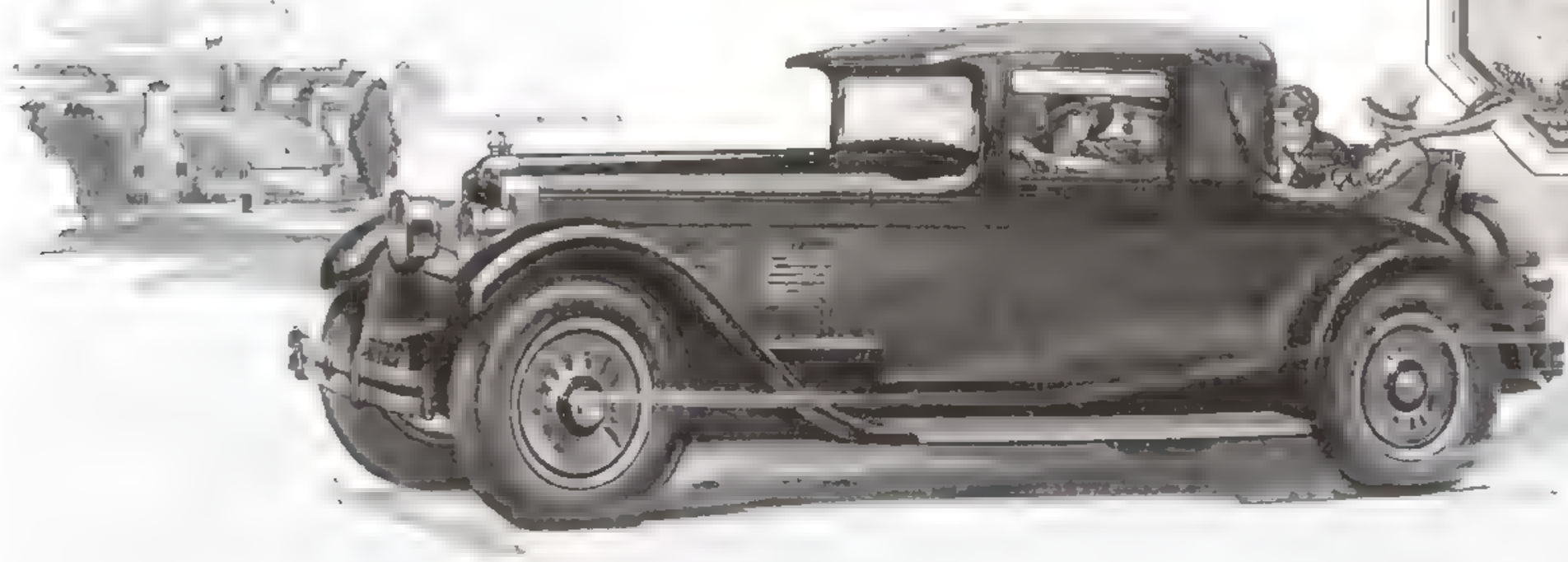
Ride on Philco power at the Sesqui-Centennial. ¶ All busses are Philco equipped.

PHILCO Automobile Radio Electric Truck Industrial Tractors Farm Lighting Passenger Cars Mine Locomotives Auxiliary Power Marine Isolated Plant BATTERIES

Traffic experts acclaim this adoption of Safety Glass



The symbol of Safety



ALL traffic authorities agree that the general adoption of safety-glass all around as regular equipment in passenger automobiles, now pioneered by and exclusive to the New SAFETY STUTZ, will result in a great reduction of motoring injuries.

From the very beginning, every New STUTZ car has had a safety-glass windshield. Then the builders of this surpassingly safe automobile, noting the increasing frequency of newspaper reports chronicling damage from flying glass, decided that the New SAFETY STUTZ should have safety-glass *all around.*

And so, safety-glass has been put into every window and window-ventilator, every windshield and windshield-wing of all New SAFETY STUTZ models.

This voluntary adoption of safety-glass, at no additional expense to the car-owner, means that the ultimate step has been taken by the builders of the New SAFETY STUTZ to provide the safest private passenger automobile ever built. And this safety feature is obtainable in no car other than the New SAFETY STUTZ.

The safety-glass feature is naturally pioneered by the designers who were first to radically lower the center of mass weight and so produce an automobile of incomparable stability; who were first to adopt the improved hydrostatic four-wheel brakes developed by Timken; who made their frame the strongest and most rigid built, with integral steel running-boards or "side-bumpers"; who brought steel into the construction of their bodies to give maximum strength and narrow, clear-visioned front corner-posts.

And the builders of the New SAFETY STUTZ now announce the latest development in the Fedco System of Theft Prevention and Detection. Additional protection is now given each owner, all without cost to him, by indemnity against loss of use resulting from theft, at the rate of five dollars per day, up to thirty days.

New SAFETY STUTZ models with their exclusive features are now on display everywhere. See the New SAFETY STUTZ, ride in it, drive it.

(Telegraphed from Lake City, Florida)

Just arrived after driving fifteen hundred miles in my New STUTZ Vertical Eight Brougham, which I took off your showroom floor in Chicago one week ago today. The performance of this car over Kentucky and Tennessee Mountains on high without shifting gears and through mud and on speedways I consider marvelous. Have had absolutely no trouble whatever and car most satisfactory in every way.

MRS. ELIZABETH FULLER
CHICAGO

* *

Eight body styles, including 7-passenger models, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York. All closed bodies automatically ventilated—an exclusive feature.

STUTZ 8

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY
of AMERICA, Inc.
Indianapolis

New SAFETY STUTZ

The first and only automobile to provide safety-glass all around without extra charge to the buyer

(Continued from Page 94)

"The mandatory system under the League of Nations allows a wide latitude in the relations between the mandatory power and the mandated people. To Irak we have given greater freedom of constitutional development than has been done in any other case. Irak is governed by a popularly elected king and parliament, with the assistance of a British high commissioner and British officials. Her relations with Great Britain are regulated by a treaty between His Britannic Majesty and the King of Irak, approved by the Parliaments of Great Britain and Irak. The protocol, signed in 1923, stated that the treaty was to terminate when Irak became a member of the League, and in any case not later than four years from the ratification of peace with Turkey; that is, 1928, when a fresh agreement should be made. The Irak Parliament, in approving this treaty, passed a resolution urging that Great Britain should endeavor to obtain the Mosul vilayet—province—as a part of Irak, since that vilayet forms a part of Irak on geographical, economical, ethnic and strategic grounds.

"The treaty had to be approved by the League of Nations, which also found itself, under the Treaty of Lausanne, the arbiter of the Mosul frontier. The League, after hearing British and Turkish arguments, sending a commission to Mosul and consulting the World Court on some legal points, announced in December, 1925, its decision that the Mosul vilayet, up to approximately the so-called Brussels Line, which is the actual administrative frontier, should remain part of Irak on condition that Great Britain submitted a new treaty with Irak assuring the continuance of the mandatory régime for twenty-five years."

Mandatories and Trustees

"Here was a dilemma. We hoped that Irak would have grown out of her mandatory long clothes by 1928 and that our responsibilities, financial and military, would then cease. But could we jeopardize our foster child's future by abandoning her just claim to a defensible and ethnographic frontier? Besides, what was the alternative? To say to the League of Nations, 'We accepted this mandate, but in view of the responsibilities we must give it up.'

"To give up a mandate merely because the task is difficult or even dangerous would be a negation of the whole mandatory principle, which regards the tutelage of backward countries not as a profitable undertaking but as a sacred trust of civilization.

"What of the Iraquis? For seven years they have been learning, under the guidance of a few officials, Anglo-Saxon methods of government, a contempt for corruption and a national patriotism that is gradually bringing scattered and jealous tribes into a whole. Was all this to be thrown back into the melting pot? In all probability the result of our withdrawal would have been the violent return of the alien Turk not only into the Christian districts of the Mosul vilayet but into the whole valley of the Tigris. To do so, as the British Colonial Secretary has said, would mean that we should make ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of the League of Nations, contemptible in the eyes of the Turks and odious in the eyes of the people of Irak whom we should have betrayed.

"One word about oil. It has been alleged that the real motive of the British Government is to secure oil rights in the Mosul vilayet. Perhaps the best answer is the fact that the Turkish Government approached the British Government with the proposition that the Mosul territory should be made the subject of a bargain. In return for our withdrawing the just claims of Irak, a British company, approved by His Majesty's Government, was to be given the exploitation of all the oil. They were to be allowed to construct pipe lines, ports and thousands of miles of railway.

"If it was oil we were after we could have had a concession for all the oil in Mosul, and almost everything else we liked. The reply of the British Government was that they were trustees for Irak, that they were not possessors but mandatories, and that as mandatories and trustees they could not bargain away the rights of Irak and her people for concessions to British capitalists."

To bring the Mosul story up to date necessitates an explanation of the plans for oil development in the contested territory. As you have already seen, the concession was originally vested in the Turkish Petroleum Company, which still functions, but on an entirely new basis. The American group has half the original British share; no country has a majority interest, and the field, thanks to our intervention, will be an open one.

No concession of modern times is more bound up with romance and political adventure than the right to operate held by the Turkish Petroleum Company. It has outlived two empires—the German and the Turkish. Moreover, it was joined with the vanished Teutonic ambition to rule the Near East economically if not otherwise. The instrumentality of that ambition was the Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad, born of the vision of Arthur von Gwinner, the master mind of the Deutsche Bank, fiscal mainspring of the Teutonic machine reared to dominate the world.

Back in the days of Abdul Hamid the Red Sultan, the Mosul field was part of the pickings of the so-called civil list, which included all public grants. In 1904, following William Hohenzollern's spectacular visit to Constantinople, the Anatolian Railway Company, the first link in the Berlin-to-Bagdad system, obtained permission from the civil list to explore for oil in Mosul. Although a Turkish concern, the Anatolian line was in reality a German enterprise. Germans put down two wells and discovered oil. Out of that discovery developed the struggle that has raged around the Mosul area ever since. These two wells represent the only active operation in the field.

In 1906 William Knox D'Arcy, who founded the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which has all the Persian oil rights except in five northern provinces, tried to get the Mosul section for a British group. When Abdul Hamid's power was broken after the Young Turk revolution of 1908, all public grants were transferred to the Turkish Ministry of Finance. Just about this time the Royal Dutch-Shell interests began to gaze yearningly toward Mosul, with the result that three nations—England, Germany and Holland—became involved.

The Mosul Oil

In 1912 Sir Ernest Cassel, who controlled the National Bank of Turkey, a British institution, got all the conflicting interests together and formed the Turkish Petroleum Company, Ltd., which took over whatever claims the Germans and D'Arcy had. In the interim D'Arcy's interests and claims in what was then Mesopotamia had been assumed by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. By 1914 a new Turkish Petroleum Company—a British limited corporation—had been organized, with 50 per cent of the stock owned by the Anglo-Persian, 25 per cent by the Royal Dutch-Shell interests, and 25 per cent by the Deutsche Bank, which meant the Germans. The British and Germans now combined in an effort to obtain a really valid concession.

In June, 1914, the Grand Vizier, on behalf of the Turkish Government, wrote to

(Continued on Page 101)

The Courtyard of the Citadel of Rachaya in Syria, on the Morning it Was Released, After 250 French Troops Had Held it Against 2000 Druses for Four Days

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During hot weather the barber shop contributes much to the comfort of man. Upon a hot day there is nothing more refreshing than the clean shave, massage, a hair cut, and a shampoo. The barber is fully posted as to hot weather comforts, and he will tell you that the hair tonic which gives that cooling, refreshing, satisfactory result is

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The barber shop is a service station for men who keep well groomed

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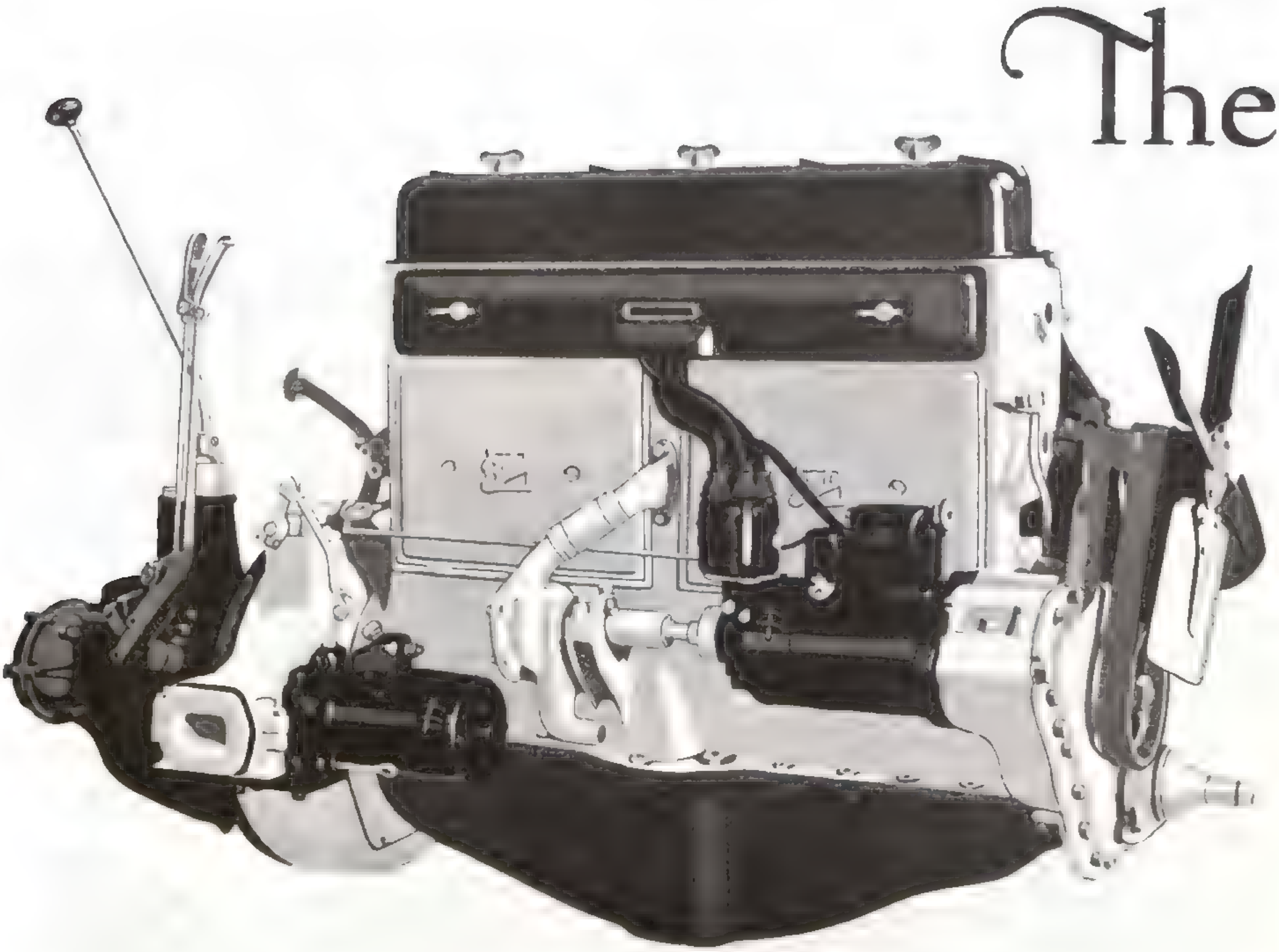

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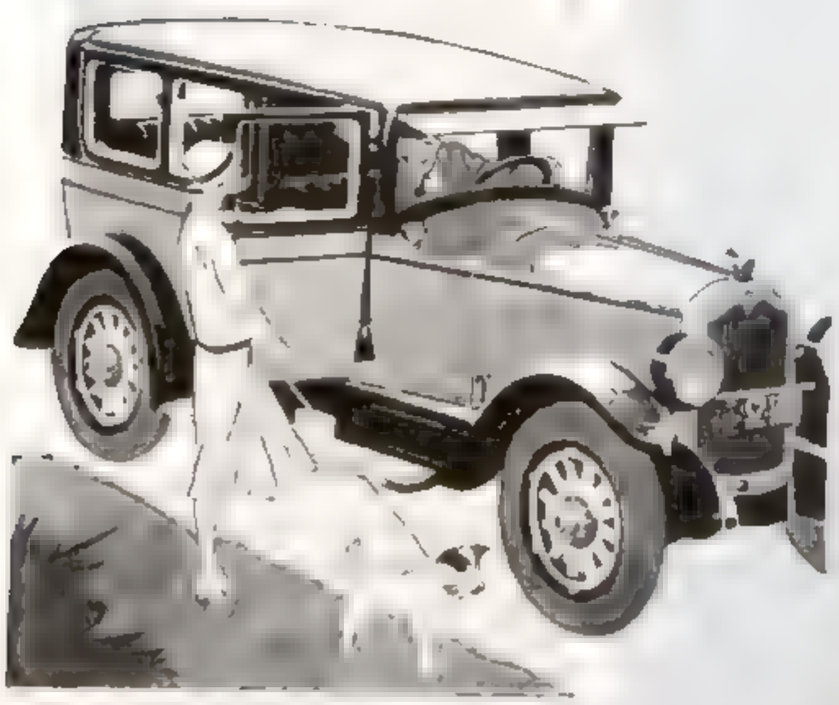
Vibrationless beyond belief



THE Buick Motor Company now presents the 1927 Buick, *with an engine vibrationless beyond belief.*

Buick engineers working in conjunction with General Motors Research Laboratories have created a new luxury of quietness at every speed, from the bottom to the top of the speedometer.

Buick performance is now exceptional and unusual among *all* motor cars, *no matter what their price.*

Never in all the twenty-two years of Buick success has Buick engineering and manufacturing leadership been more apparent than in this great new car.

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Here is new evidence of the deep meaning in the long-standing Buick pledge:

"When Better Automobiles are Built, Buick Will Build Them."

Four Vital Engine Improvements

To produce the silent power-flow in the 1927 Buick, Buick engineers have made four fundamental improvements in the famous Valve-in-Head engine. They are a Counter-Poised Crankshaft, a Torsion Balancer, new light-weight pistons and engine mountings of resilient rubber, both fore and aft.

And The Vacuum Cleaned Crankcase

Another revolutionary improvement is the vacuum-cleaned crankcase. The new Buick Vacuum Ventilator removes all the water vapor generated in the crankcase before it has an opportunity to condense and do harm. Only 4 oil changes a year are necessary in the 1927 Buick!

And Thermostatic Cooling Control

This new device holds heat in the engine on starting, until the proper operating

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Other vital improvements

temperature is reached. This means *instantaneous* engine efficiency, even in zero weather.

Noise is Banished

A new giant-tooth transmission has created gear silence beyond all previous experience.

And an entirely new muffler design further subdues exhaust noise, with no loss of power.

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Balanced wheels, now introduced, are another important Buick contribution to easier and safer driving.

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The millions saved by Buick's volume production have been used to advance the Buick motor car to the point where nothing could be finer.

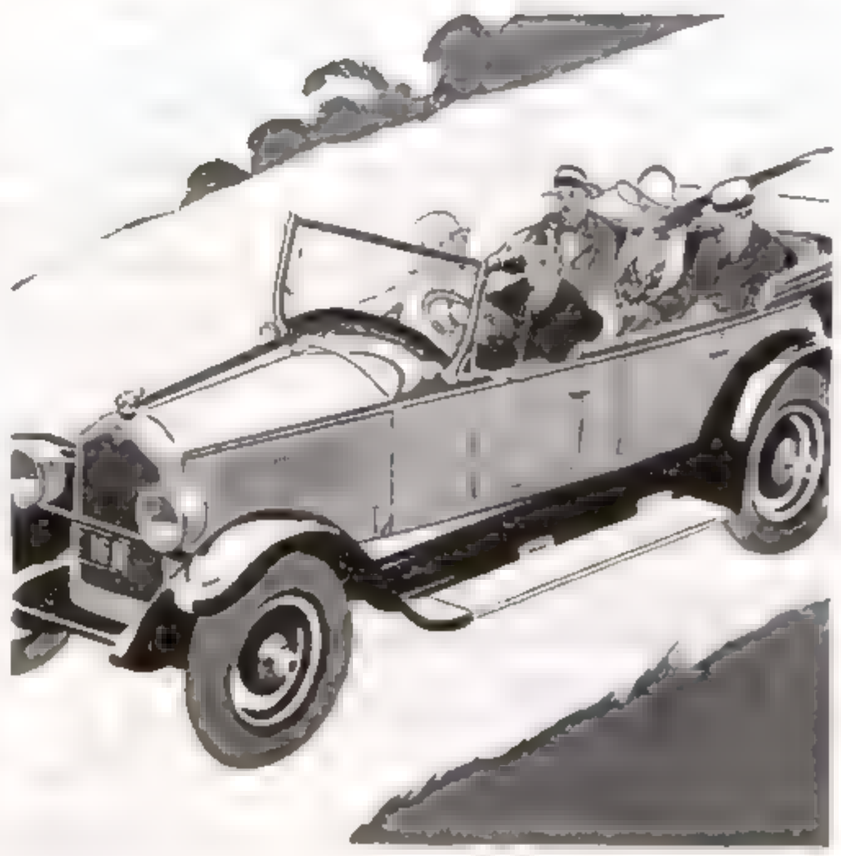
Luxurious New Fisher Bodies

This is especially apparent in the princely new luxury and style of the Fisher Bodies; finished in Coronation Colors of Duco; dressed in rich, exclusive patterns of upholstery and interiorware; and refined in profile, with lower-gravity construction.

And the Most Remarkable Fact About This Remarkable Motor Car is Value!

Buick volume has leveled one price barrier after another until you are offered in this new Buick, a car as fine as money can buy; performance that even the more expensive cars do not equal, at the price of cars of very ordinary quality.

This is the Greatest Buick Ever Built, and the greatest Buick value ever offered!



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Hotels, trains, highways, camps and boats are full from June to September. Millions of people with money to spend are on the move. Determined on a new scene. Insistent on a fresh experience. Buying, buying, buying as they go. Carrying their preferences into new markets, asking for their favorite brands and trade-marks at every stop.

The dealer who sells to such tourists knows that the farther away from home they get, the more certain they are to depend upon advertised merchandise. He realizes the decisive selling value of a known trade-mark. He knows how an advertised name will often outweigh much personal selling effort made for an obscure name. He discovers that people prefer the known to the unknown, the certain to the uncertain. Naturally, instead of resisting this elemental human trait, he capitalizes it. And even in remote localities, nationally advertised motoring supplies, foods, clothing and equipment are available in larger quantities each year for the travelers who welcome these familiar brands and trade-marks as they would welcome old and tried friends.

The quick recognition of advertised merchandise by travelers throws into high relief the bond of confidence that advertising establishes. A confidence that determines the innumerable purchases made at home as well as the few made abroad. For all travelers come home at last. To settle again into the comfortable round of every-day life. To take up again the ancient problems of food, clothing, shelter and the complexities of living. And to turn again to those dependable products whose advantages are kept everlastingly fresh in the public mind by the advertiser who "keeps everlastingly at it."

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ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 97)

the British and German ambassadors at Constantinople agreeing to a lease of the Mosul deposits to the Turkish Petroleum Company. This was the only right that the corporation had to live when the World War broke two months later.

The Turkish Petroleum matter did not come up again until the San Remo Conference, when, as I have already pointed out, the German share was awarded to the French, and the United States, so far as any oil penetration in Mosul was concerned, did not get a look-in. It was after the San Remo Conference that our State Department forced the door open and the American companies received half the Anglo-Persian share.

Although organization had been effected, many difficulties lay in the way of operation. The Near East was in turmoil; the mandate system had not been coördinated; both Turks and Arabs claimed Mosul; and the Turkish Petroleum Company was without real authority to go ahead. The Turks announced that they would not recognize the company, and Irak was under military control.

After Irak became somewhat stabilized, and when it appeared that Mosul would be separated from Turkey, Edward H. Keeling, on behalf of the Turkish Petroleum Company, signed an agreement with the Irak Government in March, 1925, which enabled the company finally to get down to business.

One more complication had to be composed. An explanation of it brings upon the scene a little known and picturesque character. Like Sir Basil Zaharoff, Europe's man of mystery and millions, he pulls the gilded strings that bind many great corporations, especially oil, together. I refer to C. S. Gulbenkian, whose interests extend from Persia to Venezuela. For years he was a close associate of Sir Henri W. Deterding, the wizard of the Royal Dutch-Shell.

Gulbenkian is an Armenian. Like his father before him, he was financial adviser to Abdul Hamid. While acting in this capacity he got a 5 per cent interest in the Turkish Petroleum Company and held it through all the vicissitudes of political fortune to which the company has been heir. This interest carried no voting rights, but had to be considered at every stage of company progress.

Hence the ultimate allocation of interests in the Turkish Petroleum Company required an arrangement with Gulbenkian. This was reached in March of this year at a conference in London, in which all the Turkish Petroleum holdings were represented. Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, was the spokesman for the Americans. An agreement was reached by which Gulbenkian is to receive a royalty on the company production.

Expensive Wildcat Work

Following the London conference, the identity of the American group was disclosed for the first time. It consists of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the Standard Oil Company of New York, the Pan-American, the Gulf Refining Company and the Atlantic Refining Company. The British are represented through the Anglo-Persian, the British and Dutch through the Royal Dutch-Shell combine, and the French with an association of local companies. I recapitulate to show that here is a really and truly international group with an open-door policy for perhaps the first time.

The agreement with the Irak Government forestalls any idea of exclusive interests. It provides that the Turkish Petroleum Company may select only twenty-four plots, each eight square miles in area, for development. Four years from the date of the convention the entire area covered by the concession is to be open to any individuals or companies desiring to go in.

The Turkish Petroleum Company is required to sell to the highest bidder, under government supervision, additional eight-square-mile tracts in the concession. All geological and other information acquired by the company must be placed at the disposal of prospective bidders.

In commenting on the terms of the agreement a well-known American oil expert made this statement to me:

"The four-power group thus undertakes extremely expensive and difficult wildcat work for the benefit of others as well as for themselves. The preliminary surveys, studies by geologists and the drilling of test wells alone will involve an expenditure of millions.

"If these justify drilling operations, camps will have to be established at great distances from railheads or seaports, to which machinery must be transported over trackless wastes. If the drilling operations in turn result in substantial production, there will remain the still bigger problem of getting the oil to the sea.

"Syria lies between Irak and the Mediterranean, and a pipe line some 700 miles in length will have to be constructed eventually if oil is located in sufficient quantities to justify the cost. Some 30 per cent of the capacity of this line, with gathering lines, will be available to any outside companies which might bid for leases and develop production. It is an interesting business gamble, altogether too big for any one company to undertake, but sufficiently attractive to justify the relatively small participation which each of the several companies will be called upon to make in the next few years."

The Zionist Movement

The significance of this coöperation, under the conditions that I have outlined, cannot be too strongly emphasized. In the first place the open-door phase establishes a precedent for future enterprises. Then, too, the whole procedure indicates the type of international community of interests with which the United States may well ally herself. It is practical, constructive, and masquerades behind no camouflage of altruism. In short, it constitutes a League of Nations idea which, duplicated in other activities, is the real economic hope of the world.

After Irak, Britain's most important mandate so far as international interests are affected, is for Palestine. Here no boundary dispute has arisen, but the conflict between the Jews and the Arabs has caused embarrassment. Events in the Holy Land since the war have peculiar concern for the United States, in that many American Israelites, and many more American dollars, have gone out there to help reëstablish the Zionist State, perhaps the greatest spiritual adventure of modern times. America has contributed 65 per cent of the $10,000,000 Palestine Foundation Fund for colonization.

Like the Arab nationalists, the Jews saw in the World War the opportunity for crystallizing age-old aspirations. Each had a grievance against the Turks. The Zionist case was put in the following extract from a memorandum to the League of Nations when the Palestine mandate was under consideration:

> It would be a profound mistake to regard the Zionist movement as an artificial attempt to reverse the course of history and to restore the political conditions which existed when the Jewish State came to an end. If the Jews now ask for an opportunity of rebuilding their national home, they base their claim not only on the existence of a Jewish State in remote antiquity but on the unwavering concentration on Palestine of Jewish hopes and prayers from the moment of the dispersion up to the present day. The connection between the Jews and Palestine has never been broken. For two thousand years Palestine has remained the lodestar of Jewish idealism. It has never ceased to be a sacred memory and a living inspiration. Mindful of the hallowed associations which have continued throughout the ages to bind them to its soil, the Jews now seek to establish there a Jewish society in which the latent genius of the race can once more find full expression. They are persuaded that in Palestine alone is it possible for Jews as such to live their corporate life and attain their full stature as a people in perfect harmony with their environment.

What is now, for all practical purposes, a Jewish State—it also inspired the British mandate for Palestine—resulted from the famous Balfour declaration of November 2, 1917, when A. J. Balfour—now Lord Balfour—sent this message to Lord Rothschild for transmission to the Zionist Federation:

> His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.

This assurance, followed by the liberation of Judea by British troops, stirred the Jews of the world. Two Jewish battalions, including a considerable number from the United States, were formed in England. Other units were recruited in Palestine.

In July, 1922, the British mandate for Palestine, which, as you will remember, specified that the mandatory shall be responsible for the setting up of a Jewish National Home, was confirmed. Two years prior, the British military control of Palestine had given way to a civil administration, with Sir Herbert Samuel—who, by the way, was instrumental in settling the last British general strike—as high commissioner. A Jew and a Zionist, Samuel was in a peculiarly strong position to help the movement.

At the annual Zionist Conference in London in 1920 a Palestine Immigration and Colonization Fund was started. As soon as the mandate was authorized by the League of Nations, the work of building the Jewish State began in earnest. Thus, in the citadel of his race and in the land where he had known almost continuous oppression from Titus to Abdul Hamid, the Israelite could at last respond to his immemorial impulses and go back to the pursuits of the fathers. Palestine became a sanctuary.

At the close of the war there were less than 50,000 Jews in Palestine. Today, thanks to the Zionist movement, the Hebraic population is 150,000. Extensive areas, including the rocky hillsides where once the Biblical heroes wandered, have been put under the plow, thus dispelling the common legend that the Jew was incapable of dealing successfully with the land.

What was once a suburb of Jaffa has become a thriving town. The present community of Tel-Aviv, which was a sand dune in 1920, is a flourishing city of nearly 40,000 inhabitants. Like the Jews of old, these modern ones made their bricks and constructed their own edifices.

Jews Versus Arabs

Roads have been built, agricultural colleges founded, public works inaugurated, mortgage and coöperative banks and building-and-loan associations set up, the Jewish University on Mount Scopus is a going concern, and industry has received a real impetus. Since Palestine contains no coal, an elaborate water-power scheme has been established by Pinhas Rutenberg, a Russo-Jewish engineer who has the concession for harnessing the falls of the Jordan. Rutenberg was a revolutionist in the Czarist days and became chief of police of Petrograd after the first revolution. With the advent of Bolshevism he left Russia and has devoted himself to the development of Palestine ever since.

Despite this heartening advance, the trouble which seems to follow in the wake of the major mandates has not spared Palestine. Serious disorders have marked the irrepressible conflict between the Jews and the Arabs. It is racial rather than religious. The Arabs outnumber the Hebrews five to one. They resent the importance attached by the British to the Zionistic State and to the growing Jewish mastery of the land. Furthermore, the Jew stands for Europe and the Arab for Asia. No civilizing agency has so far sterilized the anti-European sentiment in the Levant.

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is probably the pitch to the green—"the nearer the cup, the fewer the putts"—and every stroke counts.

Learn to play this shot accurately by using the right club for the distance. Don't attempt a shot of 160 yards with a No. 7 (mashie niblick) club, when experience has taught you to play the No. 5 (mid-mashie) for this distance.

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These clubs, made by the makers of Louisville Slugger Baseball Bats—known for 50 years for their superiority and used by nine out of ten of all great hitters—represent the new-day principles of golf club design and playing. Try them. See how they improve your scores and simplify good golf.

The wood clubs sell for $7 each, the irons, $5 each, $2 each additional for steel shafts. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct from factory. "*Happier Golf*"—something more than a catalog—illustrates the clubs and explains their use. Sent free.

For clubs costing slightly less, ask for Lo-Skore woods and irons

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Dutch Brand Varni-brite revives the old lustre of any surface and puts on a finish that is waterproof and enduring. Not a paint or varnish but a *polish* that is different. Use it on the finest furniture or pianos, too.

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There are twenty other Dutch Brand Motor Aids that will save you money.

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Viewed generally, the results in Palestine have been more favorable than in any of the other important mandate regions. This has largely emanated from the zeal that has attended the consummation of the Jewish ideal of nationalism.

Britain's perplexities in Irak and Palestine are trivial alongside the maelstrom of insurrection that has enswirled the French in Syria. The mandate on the shores of the Mediterranean has meant the expenditure of billions of francs, sacrifice of thousands of lives, and, because of the bombardment of Damascus, loss of prestige throughout the world; and Syria offers France no opportunity for large economic advancement such as obtains in her Northern Africa domain.

Syria Under French Rule

France has always had a traditional political and religious interest in Syria and the Lebanon, which is also included in her mandate. In the World War, Syria was conquered by the British, accompanied by a small French contingent. Trouble started almost immediately. The ancient menace from without, embodied in the Turks, was quickly followed by an even greater danger from dissension and worse within the country.

Britain felt that she had the same obligation for the establishment of an Arab kingdom in Syria as in Mesopotamia. With this in view, the Emir Feisal was allowed to set up an Arab government at Damascus. This irked the French, who had been in Syria since the Armistice, and they apparently resented British domination and determination in what was becoming a considerable part of the Levant.

At the San Remo Conference the French demanded and got the mandate for Syria and the Lebanon. Meanwhile friction had developed between the French and the Arabs and it led to an open break. The French determined to assert themselves by force; Feisal fled to find a less uneasy throne in Irak, and in 1920 the French army entered Damascus. It followed that when the mandate for Syria became effective in 1923, the French assumed active sponsorship for a country that was practically in open revolt against them. The hostility has continued ever since.

Even with the best conciliatory intentions, France was up against a difficult proposition. The French inherited Constantinople's anxieties and then some.

In Syria there are exactly eighteen different creeds, distributed over a population of less than 2,000,000. There are Moslems, Druses, which are a sect apart, Christians and Jews. As Leonard Stein, one of the historians of Syria, has pointed out:

"The Moslems include minorities representing every shade of dissent, while the Druses are apt to divide their time quarreling among themselves and fighting their neighbors. In its social structure Syria is almost equally heterogeneous. Between the nomadic tribesmen, the settled fellahin, the feudal landowners, the urban intelligentzia, the Levantine traders and the turbaned exponents of old-fashioned learning, there is little real community of sentiment or interest."

This situation was bad enough, but French administrative methods made it worse. With commendable zeal they started out to build roads, schools and churches, quite overlooking the more important fact that the good will of the natives should be first cultivated. Soldiers were put into every executive post and functioned with uncompromising hand.

There is no need of cataloguing the almost continuous succession of revolts that developed. Most of them grew out of the failure of the French to give the various Arab groups the self-determination which they sought. The linking of the Syrian currency to the paper franc of France was also objectionable.

From the outset the most troublesome body has been the Druses, who are fierce and warlike and have most of the irreconcilable Arab nationalists allied with them. The Arabs maintain that despite the erection of autonomous machinery, the French know only one rule, which is that of the mailed fist. It has been a case of mandates with munitions.

An acute crisis was reached under the high commissionership of General Sarrail, who seemed to rub both Moslems and Christians the wrong way. Among other things, he refused to accept the liturgical honors usually rendered to a French representative in the Levant. The climax came in October, 1925.

A nominal independence had been proclaimed for the Jebel Druz, the stamping ground of the Druses. The French, however, put garrisons in Sueida, the capital and elsewhere, and maintained a strong rule. There was also a French governor, who was charged with trying to break down the power of the old feudal chieftains. When they sent a deputation to General Sarrail to protest he refused to receive them.

This started open insurrection. Beirut and the Lebanon also became hostile to the French. The Druse insurgents besieged the French garrison at Sueida. Two columns of French troops who went to relieve it were annihilated. The whole hinterland was now up in arms and guerrilla warfare raged on all sides. Sueida was not relieved for some months.

The Damascus Bombardment

The Druses swept on to Damascus, the center of Arab self-determination. Various bands of rebels penetrated into the city and there was much pillage. Clashes with French troops followed. In their extremity the French ordered out all their nationals and began a forty-eight-hour bombardment. Thousands of innocent persons of all faiths were numbered among the victims.

The bombardment had serious consequences. In the first place it well-nigh ruined one of the most famous cities of the world. The storied street called Straight, which goes back to Biblical days, was wrecked, and likewise the historic bazaars. Mosques that had sheltered pilgrims for thousands of years were riddled by shell fire. An irreparable loss was the Palace of Azm, which housed a noted art and archæological collection.

More serious in many respects, because buildings can be restored, was the fury of the native peoples, who saw their holy shrines and ancient landmarks laid waste. Whatever loyalty to the French had existed before the ruthless rain of shells was now entirely wiped out.

The third result was the consternation of the civilized world, especially Europe. I was in England at the time of the Damascus incident and was amazed to hear bitter condemnation of the French. It widened the breach between the British and the French which started in the early days of Syrian occupation.

The Damascus bombardment led to an extraordinary meeting of the Permanent Mandates Commission at Rome in February of this year which reviewed French rule in Syria. The report embodies a criticism of the mandatory and especially its lack of continuity in administration. The very fact that this extraordinary session was held is an evidence of the gravity of the situation in the mandated areas.

Another direct outcome of the Damascus affair was the recall of General Sarrail. Henry de Jouvenel, a well-known French journalist, was named as his successor.

Mandates and Discord

At the start, Jouvenel raised high hopes of pacification because he came from civil life. Unlike Sarrail, who was anticlerical and a military martinet, he received all deputations and suppressed iron-handed methods. Great was the surprise of the outside world, therefore, when it became known that revolt had started again in May last and that Midan, a suburb of Damascus, had been bombarded. The loss of life was considerable, but there was no further destruction in the main city. Though sporadic fighting had been going on between the French and the Druses since October, this was the first intimation that real trouble had begun afresh. Once it let loose, the French clamped a censorship on all news from Syria.

Such is the situation up to the time I write. Instead of impressing herself as an agency for conciliation and progress, France has been compelled to employ drastic measures to maintain her mandate. Economic or other progress has been out of the question. The idea behind the mandate system is to help the little peoples to become politically self-sufficient. The exact reverse has happened in Syria, which remains an armed camp.

Just before returning to America in April, I asked a distinguished Parisian journalist to indicate the French attitude toward the mandate for Syria and recent events there. He said:

"It has been a costly mistake and the French people are sick and tired of the job. On a nation-wide vote tomorrow the majority for keeping hands off in the future would be overwhelming. With our possessions in Africa it is another matter, because Northern Africa is regarded as a prolongation of France."

This narrative shows that mandates and discord of some kind march together. It further demonstrates that the lust for dominion is still a European failing, despite the fact that the business of empire becomes increasingly difficult because of the widening urge for self-determination. Before the World War, Britain and France controlled far more territory than they could comfortably assimilate. The mandate adventures in Irak and Syria have heightened their burdens abroad and stirred opposition at home. Whether the future will justify the overhead remains to be seen.

Meanwhile we have escaped all such costly complications. Intelligent aloofness is not without its compensations.

"Don't rush, Sis, don't rush; there'll be enough left for you . . . just a little more, Mother . . . please!"

How to arouse their appetites for cereals—*hot or cold*

A new way to keep their stomachs active and healthy in hot weather—a delightful discovery thousands of mothers are making today

Summertime—the dangerous time for children, doctors will tell you. Little stomachs are easily upset during this hot weather. So doctors advise simple, nourishing foods—cereals especially.

But the heat so often takes away children's appetites. And they refuse to eat. They become thin and listless. You have probably faced this trying situation.

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Towle's LOG CABIN *Syrup*

TWIN PROPELLERS

(Continued from Page 7)

The cabin launch, for she was scarcely more than that, was cutting across Nassau Sound, running down the channel marks, nuns and beacons visible each from the other on that bright afternoon.

"A jolly boat," J. J. said. "Where did you get her?"

"New Haven, Connecticut. Bought her of a classmate recently hog-tied in holy matrimony. He'll be going down to stoke the furnace of his love nest about now. This would be better if we knew just how long we were going to be able to keep it up. So far Rosey's come across with a quarterly bank deposit, but whether it's coming out of interest or capital is what we're out to learn."

"What do you know about him?" J. J. asked.

"Not an awful lot. So far as I could ever see, his occupation has been sporting events, yachts and horses and golf and polo parties, and two or three times a year trying to bully mother into marrying him."

"But then most of the men she knew were trying to do that," Pax said.

J. J. glanced from one to the other of the twins. "That's easy to understand. But then twins are almost always better-looking than odd units."

"Were you a twin?" Lanty asked.

"Snappy! Yes, I'm a twin, but only mentally. Dual nature in the same container, like gin and bitters."

She looked critically at Pax. "In your brother's clothes one couldn't tell you two apart."

"That may come handy for an alibi if we decide to kill Rosey," Pax said.

"There's a thought. But why are you so sure he's done you in the eye?"

"Because, while he's made our quarterly remittance, he's so far ignored my request for a statement," Lanty said.

J. J. nodded. "That would queer his pitch if there was anything fishy. Rook his whole show."

"There's just the point. You can't get away with the snug little figures neatly ruled off in double red lines under credit and debit columns."

"Of course it's possible that he may want to give you a glad surprise when he turns over his stewardship," J. J. said.

"Is that the way of this wicked world?" Lanty asked.

"Pretty, but is it art?" Pax queried.

They were lunching in the cockpit, Lanty at the wheel and fed as his demands required by J. J., pilot and stewardess, serving omelet, shrimp salad, honey and big fat paper-shell pecans.

J. J. looked astern. "Big house boat overhauling." She reached for the glasses. "I'm blowed if it isn't Hyacinth—Cliff Hathaway's floating pleasure palace. There'll be a hot time in the old tub tonight."

"Why tonight?" Pax asked.

"Because there is every night on that flower boat. Mostly noise and breakage though. Cliff's a good sort. Serious minded *au fond*, and a non-drinking anti-prohibitionist. He gets passive pleasure in watching his guests do their silly stuff. Go down and wipe off that disguise, Lanty. They're apt to pass the time o' day when Cliff spots me here aboard."

Lanty obeyed, Pax taking the wheel. "Will they go up to Jacksonville?"

"I don't think so. Bound straight through for Miami. Jax rather frowns on big noise. We're the good girl of the Florida family."

The Hyacinth overhauled rapidly, coming up with a sort of silent forceful power that gave a certain impressive dignity to her dimensions, rather those of a pretty bungalow than a vessel.

As she drew abreast, some fifty yards away, J. J. stood up and waved the megaphone. A handsome well-set man in his early thirties came out of the wheelhouse and waved back.

"Hello, J. J., glad to see you. How's everything?"

"Going strong, Cliff. Coming up to Jax?"

"I wasn't but I am. When did you get back?"

"Six weeks ago on the France. Hard on the job again."

"On your way home?" And at her affirmative answer, "Well, come aboard for dinner."

"My shipmates here are coming to my house," which was news to the twins.

"They're invited, too, of course. Least you can do when I'm going thirty-six miles out of my course up that darned river to kiss your hand."

"Fair enough; we'll come." She turned to Pax. "Is that indorsed?"

"Yes. All set."

"Grand. Eight bells. And bring your appetites. I grabbed off some terrapin and canvasback and trimmin's and learned a new step in its home port—Charleston."

"That hoedown. They did it in the quarters when grandma was a girl."

"Yes. I remember. Must have you to make me feel that way. Tooraloo. *À toute à l'heure*," and the big Hyacinth cleft on her way, a glittering monument to wealth and luxury and past-master craftsmanship.

"Strikes me," said Lanty, "we've struck something pretty soft. Sitting prettier and prettier."

"You seem to have a beau on every barge, J. J.," Pax said.

"It's a way we have in Florida. Also the power of the press. My impoverished family have been entertaining distinguished visitors since Ponce de León put us on the map. Wait till Cliff sees you, Pax dear. If he makes the grade you won't have to bother about Rosey's quarterly statements. Cliff's got so many millions that they had to make a machine to order to add 'em up. Here comes the little dog under the wagon."

A beautiful mahogany launch, half-cabined, flawless of finish as a new grand piano, and her flashing bright work stabbing the eyes, swept past in the bland central wake of the Hyacinth. A quartermaster who had seen the exchange of courtesies, immaculately uniformed, rose, hand to the visor of his cap, as she passed. Lanty, acknowledging the salute, saw the name Miss Hyacinth in gold lettering across the broad square stern.

"Some swank," he said.

"Not entirely, Lanty. A boat like that needs a tender. Be lenient with the poor little rich boys. I'll wager that right now Cliff's got a lot more things to worry him than you have."

They left the sound for narrow waterways again and a little later entering St. John's River, found the tide setting strongly upstream, as J. J. had predicted. Under these conditions the eighteen miles up to the city were quickly made, and not caring to thrust themselves on their prospective host, Lanty found a berth at a yacht wharf flanked by a big garage. The Hyacinth had gone on through the draw to the yacht club.

It was by this time dusk, and telling the twins that she would run home and dress and come to fetch them with her car, J. J. went ashore.

"Some girl, Lanty."

"Some is not right, Pax. One girl. The one."

"Don't let it bowl you, twinny. I'll bet her stag line is strung out over the road from Miami to Bar Harbor by land and sea, off shore, inside route and the Dixie Highway, all waiting to cut in."

"There's such a thing as cutting out."

"Well, hone your blade, and please haul out that jammed locker drawer. I want to overhaul my slop-chest. If it's mildewed I'll——"

"Then go in your slip. No mere man could tell the difference."

The twins were in full plumage when J. J.'s throaty hail was wafted from the pier, and they stepped out onto the wharf to join her. J. J. wore a long wrap of a fine woolen stuff, vicuña or alpaca, light and soft and fine, the collar and cuffs of kit fox. As they passed through the brightly lighted garage to the street Pax noted this.

"What a lovely cloak!"

"Isn't it? The kit fox was a Christmas present from a yachting friend who made a voyage last summer into the Arctic Circle. I had it made up in Paris. My yacht pals are always bringing me nice things and sometimes I feel like a hold-up, being journalist of a paper that's in a way the Social Register of the South. When it looks like baksheesh or paid publicity I have to turn it down."

"That must take some fine discrimination," Lanty said.

"Sometimes, and sometimes not so fine. Your princely trustee asked me the other night if I couldn't use a polo pony that wasn't quite up to his weight. He's brought a string down here. I was crazy for a gee but turned it down. Seemed to smell a tip of sorts."

They got into the car, a little sedan of popular inexpensive type, and as she started J. J. said: "I'm glad I went up to Fernandina in the bus yesterday. Quite often I do that and beat my way back on somebody's boat. Ten years ago a girl couldn't do that, but it doesn't matter now. Besides, the yachting crowd's a better lot than the motor one and at least there's less danger of being kidnaped."

"Why less?"

"Waterways too limited, and you can't very well hide a boat or lose one in the shuffle unless it's a standard type, and even then it wouldn't be so easy."

They drove a short distance, parked the car and got out. The big Hyacinth was tied up alongside, a blaze of lights, the music of a piano player welling out through her screened windows. A quartermaster in blues was stationed at the gangway, and as they went aboard, a well-set man in yachting dinner dress came to greet them. In the glow of light Pax's intuition told her that here was rather more than a good sort. The strong face was more soldierly than sailor or business type, keen, thoughtful, authoritative and might be austere, but at this moment seemed to radiate a kind of cosmic friendliness, as though such was the habitual attitude toward the world at large.

"Good old Cliff," J. J. said.

"Dear Jasmine." He stooped and brushed the back of the hand she offered with his lips, a graceful gesture of which few Americans possess the art. "Something told me you were aboard that A and P boat."

"Sure it wasn't our mutual friend, the postmaster?"

"No, I didn't stop. I caught a fragrance of Jasmine in the air."

"So did I—of Hyacinth." She presented Pax and Lanty as Miss and Mr. Hull.

"But why the A and P?" Cliff asked. "It's apt to be misleading"—he glanced from one face to the other, and raised his straight brows—"but so are the owners, for that matter."

"Their Christian names are Atlanticus and Pacifica," J. J. said. "A seafaring great-grandfather offered that tribute to the millions of waves he'd climbed over. Their short chop abbreviations are Pax and Lanty."

Cliff smiled. "Is it permitted to use them? Here aboard we have a habit of checking surnames with the wraps." He looked at Pax with brief intentness. "Mine's Cliff, you know."

"We can't do less after your kindness in asking us—Cliff," Pax said in the pretty intonation peculiar to the linguist.

They went into the saloon, to find a gay party assembled. A steward served cocktails that were in this rare case entirely lawful. Cliff's boat guests puzzled Pax a little. They were not the type of mundane people she had expected, but had about them something indefinable, suggesting endeavor, hard work and a holiday air. Only Cliff's sister, Mrs. Kane, a war widow, appeared to be the same sort of carefree product as himself.

There were two young women, whom to her surprise she presently discovered to be business women. Miss King had a little antique shop specializing in ship models and ceramics, and Miss Satterlee was a government employe, Treasury Department, from Washington, on a vacation. The two men guests were likewise workers, one a sculptor struggling for recognition, and the other a professor of Latin in a New England college, both young and both with the air of recuperating from stuffy lecture rooms.

J. J. presently said to her, aside: "Cliff never asks the idle rich as his guests. He's got an ethical idea he won't admit that a boat like his ought to give health and pleasure to people of his own class whose occupations or professions don't furnish such opportunities. Then he invites luncheon or dinner guests to inject the jazz."

This presently was evident. There came from outside a jovial chorus of voices the tone of which suggested festivities already begun. Then Pax felt herself freeze, and glancing at her twin, discovered that he also had got the shock.

J. J. looked at her and laughed. "I say, I hadn't counted on this. Thought they'd gone on along to St. Augustine. But it's too late to do a bunk."

For in the loud full-chested voice of one of these arrivals Pax was quick to recognize an accent and intonation, once affected, but now become habitual in the man whose management of her fortune and Lanty's was the cause of their presence here.

III

IF MR. ROSEBERRY TWINING was startled at pitching suddenly on Pax and Lanty, he gave no more than evidence of the pleased surprise properly in order.

"Well look who's here—Pax and Lanty! However in this little old world —— Why didn't you let me know?" and he hung for a moment in the wind, as if uncertain whether or not a paternal embrace of Pax might be in or out of order.

She solved this problem by extending her arm a little rigidly, and he compromised by taking her hand in both of his.

"My dear child. Is this kind? Not to let me know even that you were in America?" He dropped Pax's hand and turned to seize Lanty by both shoulders. "Why didn't you cable me, you young rascal?"

"Thought you might feel called upon to meet us, sir," Lanty said briefly. "We knew you were never long in one place and we didn't want to upset whatever plans you might have made."

"Consideration carried to extremes. What brought you South?"

"A thirty-five-foot cruiser. There seemed nothing to keep us North, so we got in the procession."

"Grand! And where did you meet Cliff?"

"Here and just now. We owe that to Miss Jekyll."

"And to whom do you owe Miss Jekyll?" It seemed to Pax a shade of worry showed in Twining's eyes.

"The genial postmaster of Fernandina."

Twining turned to Pax, and this time there was no mistaking a lack of ease in what was generally accepted as a handsome and very masculine face. One had in fact to look more deeply for its blemishes, to catch the man off his guard, which seldom happened. Twining was a distinct type of bachelor sportsman whose associations had been always of the best in a worldly sense, prominent and popular member of exclusive clubs, social, professional and sports. He was in his early prime, and a life spent

(Continued on Page 109)

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If you've been limping along on three cylinders with a tobacco that can't make the grade, switch to Prince Albert. Slip into top speed and open the throttle wide. P. A. can't bite your tongue or parch your throat, because the Prince Albert process clamped the lid down tight on bite and parch.

Just around the corner is a friendly shop where they hand out smoke-sunshine in tidy red tins marked "Prince Albert." Turn your tiller in that direction. Get yourself a tin of this real tobacco that has brought so much down-right pleasure to millions of men all over the world. Today!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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(Continued from Page 104)

largely in the open air, with athletic exercises, had kept his rather fair complexion of an agreeably weathered youthfulness. One saw at a glance that here was a man of good physical régime in whom occasional indulgences were more than counterbalanced by habitual physical training. Twining's was a sort of British upper-class county-life habit. He might racket through a gay night, but would sleep on the next morning and have his brisk exercise later in the day. No rushing down to a hot office breakfastless, and with a swimming, aching head. And if truth were known, he drank far less than his hilarity would seem to announce. As a result, he now at forty-five might easily have passed for an out-of-door man of ten years less, and doubtless felt the same.

On looking now more attentively at Pax, Twining's first shade of worry dissolved itself in a warmth he had no need to affect. He had seen her last rather casually as a sort of gangling tomboy, holding herself aloof, by no means at her best. Now, though a good deal of the boy still lingered, it enhanced more seductive qualities. She had acquired grace and poise, and the stiffness had given way to subtle femininity. She looked supple as an otter, and was.

Appreciation shone from Twining's light blue eyes, the hard eyes of a Prussian guardsman. They passed approvingly over the verte chartreuse velvet gown cut straight across, straight down, and high of skirt, to show the legginess, no longer of the strong boyish sort. Her bare arms, too, were exquisite.

Pax, extremely feminine in mind as later she would become in body, felt instinctively the need of a wariness toward Twining that must be not entirely for his management of her financial affairs. The lure of women for most men is first generic, then specified to type, and then to race and close blood kinship. Twining would not be the first man to shift the object of his desire from mother to daughter, as sometimes also in default it may transfer itself to a sister.

But he was adept at this oldest of pursuits and said easily enough: "There's quite a lot for us to talk about, Pax. I'd lost sight of the fact that you and Lanty were grown up on your own."

"You were duly notified of that, I believe," Pax said.

"Yes, officially, but in the press of things it slipped past. However, there's no harm done. Quite the contrary, in fact."

Lanty, listening acutely with one ear while the other was trying to follow the gentle voice of Miss King, to whom he had just been presented, declined a second cocktail and shot a warning glance at Pax. It was not needed. Both had expected something of this sort.

Dinner was announced. They went in unassigned, Cliff detaining Pax with a gentle pressure on her arm.

"As you're the little stranger to Florida, and I feel sometimes like the oldest inhabitant, sort of winter native, I'm going to put you on my right. Then with J. J. on my left, I'll feel like the youngest. What's the use of being host?" He raised his voice a little. "All you noisy ones flock down there at the other end away from the salt. We want to hear ourselves talk."

The table glittered but did not groan. Pax thought she had never seen such an array of bright and pretty and light uncumbersome dinner things, and this burdenless note extended to the deft service of the steward and his aids. The night was warm, and with all the screened windows open there was an *al fresco* element even if tainted slightly by the odor of oil on waters that were not troubled.

"Gas and oil," Cliff said, "have become the incense of most entertainments. When you take them as signifying dynamic force they're not so bad. I noticed that you've met an acquaintance—Twining."

"An old friend of the family," Pax said. "Do you know him well?"

"I've known him a long time," Cliff answered noncommittally. "He's my senior, though you'd never guess it."

"I shouldn't need to," Pax said. "I'd know it."

"*Diplomatiste.* Another like that and I'm apt to offer you the boat."

"Where do I come in?" J. J. asked.

"You're already in. It seems to me I once made you the same offer and you turned it down."

"Never. It's merely on file."

"J. J. really loves me," Cliff confided to Pax, "because a year ago when they tried to call her Jazz, I put my foot down. There are scads of Jazzes but only one J. J. When she was cast in pure gold they broke the mold."

"Any more like that," J. J. said to Pax, "and I'll be an Indian giver."

"That," said Cliff austerely, "sounds as if you'd said 'Here's something I don't want. You can have it, Pax.'"

"Half right," said Pax. "The last half. What she meant was you can have the most cherished thing that I possess. That's the old-time Southern of it."

"Well, there's one comfort. Either way it goes I can't lose. Another week of this and you won't know me. And I seem to feel cares and years rolling off like storm clouds when the wind goes west."

Lanty at the middle of the table was being informed by Miss Satterlee as to certain habits of their host. "Cliff has some curious ideas. He believes that there's a lot more need of welfare work amongst the rich than amongst the poor."

"Perhaps he's right. Moral salvage, that is. The decent poor haven't time for moral turpitude."

She nodded. "Clifford gives to organized charities just as he pays his taxes, merely signing checks. He claims that there's more joy in heaven over one rich sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just poor ones; his idea being that the reclamation of a person of wealth and education may establish the focus of a colony."

"I see. The difference between planting a good dry kernel rich in albumen and a moldy shrunken one. Well, it must be a lot harder job. Sounds rather as if Cliff were a reformer of sorts."

"I'm beginning to suspect him of that," Miss Satterlee said. "But if so, his methods are unique. Some of his parties are known to wind up shockingly, drunken orgies over which he presides jovially but soberly. What few people know is that the day after he will get after some guest or guests, when they are sick and defenseless and have to listen because they can't escape, and put the fear of the hereafter into their hearts."

"Does it ever work?"

"Sometimes, I think. His personality is stronger than most people realize. Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Hull, that there might be amongst us today men and women of wealth and culture and tremendous hidden force, entirely unsuspected, who are secretly carrying on this sort of missionary work amongst the folk who have the ability to be of tremendous service in doing good?"

"No, not precisely. You mean a sort of secret brotherhood?"

"That's it."

"Don't think I ever met any."

"Well, I think there are, and that Cliff is one of them. If so it's happened recently. So far nobody suspects him. He's known to be kind and there it stops." She lowered her voice. "Now opposite us is a man of the obverse side of the medal."

"Twining?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I've met him a number of times, in America and Europe. What do you know about him?"

"Very little except by reputation. He's said to be one of these whoopers up that never lose their heads."

"You mean the sort to get in a wild party or throw one himself and then go after what he wants when all hands are off their guard?"

Miss Satterlee hesitated. "Well, that sounds rather awful, but it's my impression of him. He's in Washington a good deal, a lobbyist of sorts, and from what I've heard here and there, departmental gossip if you like, he usually manages to get what he's after in some such way."

"Does Cliff suspect him of that?"

"I'm not sure. But somehow I think he does. Call it my feminine hunch."

"What's he doing down here?"

"He came aboard in Charleston and made the run with us to Jekyl Island, where Cliff stopped overnight to call on a friend. Mr. Twining left us there and crossed to the mainland and went on by car to Fernandina, where he was to meet a friend, a lawyer of this city named Dade who had run up in his speed boat. He told us that this afternoon when we drew in alongside. I think he wanted to talk real estate to Clifford's guests, because he started almost as soon as we'd shoved off. Then when he found out none of them were rich he dropped it."

"You love him, don't you, Miss Satterlee?"

They had been talking in low voices not possibly audible across the table in the noise now going on. But as if made aware by some telepathy that he was the object of a hostile discussion, Twining now looked intently for a brief instant first at Miss Satterlee and then at Lanty. And the boy caught a lightening and hardening in the man's eyes. In an effort to disarm suspicion Lanty turned to Miss Satterlee with a gay laugh, as if amused at something she had said. He noticed that her face, pretty in a cool classic way, had paled slightly, but she followed his lead, then said: "I'm afraid I've gone a bit too far."

"You're safe with me, and I think you're right."

Twining began to joke with the woman next him a little broadly, to judge from her sudden flush. Miss Satterlee said:

"I wouldn't have spoken, but I happened to catch sight of him holding your lovely sister's hand in both his. I don't like palming. Clifford was watching, too, and he took her under his wing."

"A pretty strong wing, I should say."

"Yes, and no danger there."

"No," Lanty agreed, "especially with J. J. under the other wing, when he's come almost forty miles out of his course to tuck her there."

"He wanted to come here anyhow. His sister fussed about it. Angela's been wary of J. J. for the last two seasons. She needn't be. When the right girl comes along it's not going to take Cliff two years to make up his mind. Two hours would do it."

"He doesn't look the impulsive sort," Lanty said.

"He's not; merely a sure and rapid thinker like most strong characters. He has a flair for the right people, the word in the French sense."

Lanty nodded. "Scents 'em like a bloodhound."

"I know Cliff as a dispenser of joy and gifts," Gwen Satterlee said. "I met him during the war and we became friends, and all my vacations since have been aboard this boat. So naturally I've made a study of him, a good deal as a child might of Santa Claus, if he were to get in touch with him. He's fond of me because he has been so kind to me."

"That's the strongest sort of lien," Lanty said; "to be helped to be kind."

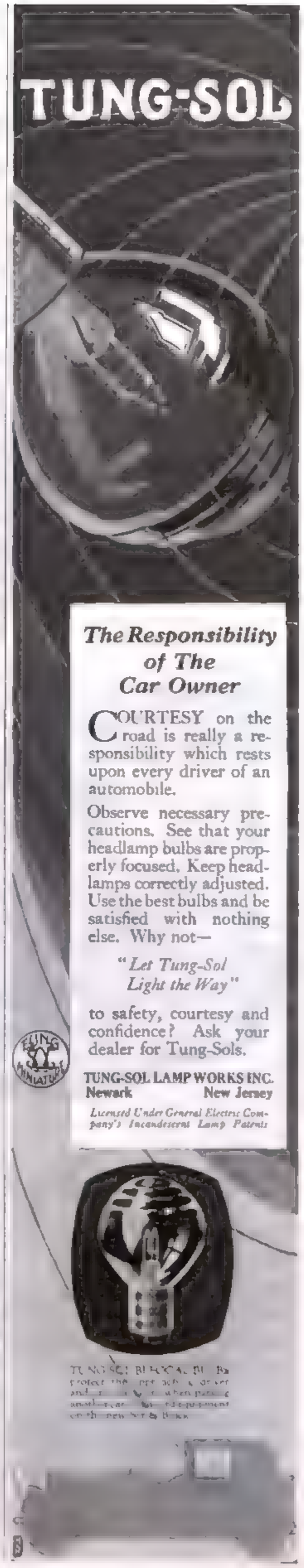
"Yes, and the most impersonal in a sense, because the giver, when like Cliff, can't bear to spoil it by asking anything in return. When such a man asks something of a woman she will be one that owes him nothing. The mere fact of his having sent J. J. some lovely presents is, with a man like Cliff, a sure sign that his friendship stops there."

Lanty felt that she was right. He nodded; then as any distinct type suggests its opposite, his gaze went to Twining. Gwen, keen in reading men's thoughts, said dryly, and, as it struck Lanty, with an edge to her voice, "Yes. Twining gives his presents first."

"Whom has he favored recently?"

"How should I know? Trust him to keep his hand in."

(Continued on Page 111)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(Continued from Page 109)

A sudden color flared in her face. Lanty for all his inexperience perceived some previous passage here. Gwen returned to the more pleasing topic of Cliff by saying in a low voice: "I hope your lovely sister is liking him as much as he is liking and admiring her. Cliff deserves that sort of fresh unworldly girl."

"Well, Pax is that. Mother kept her in *pensions* and schools"; and he added a little bitterly, "I suppose it's natural for a very young and beautiful woman who lives on admiration to dread the constant reminder of a grown-up daughter."

"Yes, it's a little hard. Even without jealousy there's always that milestone there's no getting round. But I should say that it has been a good thing for your sister. She stepped into her world fresh from the factory."

"Yes. The difference between a brand-new car and a used one."

"Look at Cliff's eyes. Like blue stars. Usually at this stage of the dinner he leans back and looks a little jaded, while still eager to be entertained. Like an emir who claps his hands and says, 'Let the dancers be summoned.'"

There was no doubt that Cliff was now doing his own entertaining, trying his best to interest Pax and entirely succeeding. Observing this, Lanty was conscious of a great fullness to his content. The two as yet undiscovered flies in his amber seemed removed before becoming manifest: Cliff was not in love with J. J. and Pax was not threatened by desertion.

His neighbor on the other side asked Lanty if he were on his way to Miami and they fell into conversation. The champagne *brut* more than freely served began to make its sparkling effervescence manifest. Cliff's cellars, like his kindnesses, were said to be of limitless supply and only of the best. The mere fact of his being strictly T. T. himself might be accepted as a health measure, the régime of a man of sense or a constitutional distaste for alcoholics. But he seemed to get his stimulation vicariously, not only mentally but physically. Even his handsome face flushed a little as those about him deepened in tint and his vibrant voice grew a little louder. Lanty, observing these empirical symptoms of vinous exhilaration, wondered if Miss Satterlee could be right. He reflected that as a sub-official in the Federal Filing Office she ought to know whereof she spoke. Also he began to wonder a little if she herself might not at this moment be on some sort of assignment, the more so as she had told him she was on six weeks' leave, following an influenza attack.

Lanty turned again to Miss Satterlee. "How long have you been in Washington?"

"Thirty years."

"I see. Born and brought up there."

She laughed. "Are you in the diplomatic service? If not you ought to be. I started in the office on leaving high school. My grandfather and father were in the same service before me. Both were shot—in the line of duty."

His eyes widened. "Really? Let's hope it won't happen to you."

"They were in the field, tracking down counterfeiters. My father put in five years in the Mint. He knew money, metallic as well as paper, as an art expert knows an old master. Better, I think. We are told that we should always look for the spark of good in the worst people. But that's not so easy when all your training has been to look for the off-color streak in the best. That sometimes fogs the plate."

"Are you hedging about Twining?"

Again Lanty caught that hard metallic glint, as if heliographed at them diagonally across the table. He whispered to Miss Satterlee, "I believe the brute is on. Giggle, champagnedly."

She caught the idea, threw back her head and laughed like a bacchante. The gesture caught Cliff's eye.

"Share it, Miss Washington," he called.

"No can do."

"Why not?"

"*Jeunes filles* present," Lanty said.

Everybody laughed. "That's funnier than the joke, I'll bet," Twining said in his resonant voice.

"No," Miss Satterlee explained. "The joke was funnier because he told it in French as a new one. We all laughed at it years ago in America, where it was coined."

Twining told one slightly risqué, but new and witty. The conversation became general, the shouted kind. This was with the entrée, which promised well for subsequent courses.

Lanty wondered still more. On meeting Cliff he had doubted J. J.'s assurance that every night aboard the Hyacinth was a gay party, while if Cliff were indeed what Miss Satterlee had claimed, then at least his method was not half-measured.

The tempo was shoved up from moderato to allegro. To Lanty's surprise even Miss Satterlee took her foot from the soft pedal. He discovered that she had a very pretty throat, creamy and round. She caught the expression in his eyes.

"Shocked, Lanty?"

"No. Merely thrilled."

"At what?"

"At you. The change in your classic profile."

"What's happened it?"

"A sort of metamorphosis from Milo into MacMonnies, his *chef-d'œuvre* that was deported from these virtuous shores as an undesirable alien, eventually to find a home in the gardens of the Luxembourg."

"I'll call it a compliment. But don't worry—yet. Wait until we go over to the yacht club to dance. And look at Angela—Mrs. Kane."

Lanty had already made a surreptitious study of the hostess. Her type was unlike Cliff's; dark, dangerous, a *beauté de diable*. No Mrs. Santa Claus there, Lanty opined. He had noticed that the wine had not passed her by, and now she leaned forward, one elbow on the table, a Russian cigarette in a long white holder shaped like a boat hook, the smoke eddying slowly from carmined lips, which vivid color was more in value with her dark beauty than tangerine, listening with a faint sophisticated smile to something that might have been atrocious or merely dull being said by Twining. But Lanty doubted that it was the latter. The slender fingers of her other hand played restlessly with the larger pearls of her splendid string that must have cost enough to buy a fleet of Hyacinths.

Miss Satterlee followed Lanty's eyes. "What price pearls like that in terms of human frailty? Excepting those of us here present, how many women in the world could not be bought by them? Young, pretty women. And how many men in a jam would return them if they found them on the street?"

"Oh, lots, I think."

"I envy your faith. It shows at least that you would be immune."

Lanty smiled. "Doesn't that cut both ways?"

She gave a short laugh. "Perhaps that's why I envy you. Not that I would steal them."

"Aren't you getting reckless?"

"Well, nobody's going to offer me a string of pearls. And we government workers are frightfully underpaid. It's immoral to wear jewels like that. With all the laws we've got, why don't some of our legislators put through a bill making it a crime for anybody to sport more than five hundred dollars' worth of gems in public, or to have them in possession for that matter?"

Lanty nodded. "You're right. You wouldn't be let walk across a ballroom floor with a Bengal tiger on the leash, for fear somebody might get mangled. But the chances are there'd be more danger of that if you walked across sporting the Sultana or the Great Ruby of Ceylon. More people have been killed by jewels than by tigers."

He delivered himself of this sweeping statement just in one of those pauses when an angel is said to be passing, possibly in some cases with hands clapped to ears. And now he perceived to his mortification that his words must have been carried to his hostess, for Mrs. Kane gave him a slow searching look and executed precisely that gesture. Then with a smile on one corner of her mouth, her slender finger tips covered her eyes, then her ears, and last her carmined lips.

Lanty flushed. He had not failed to catch the mocking rebuke, the Chinese maxim illustrated by the three apes: See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. In his embarrassment at being thus overheard by his hostess in what might have sounded like a criticism he lost his head a little.

"You only heard the half of it, Mrs. Kane."

"What was the other half?"

"My defense of the honesty of the average man on the street."

The table chatter hushed to listen. Mrs. Kane asked in her slow languid voice, "In what way?"

"Tell her, Miss Satterlee."

"Lanty claimed that lots of men even if in a jam would return your string of pearls if they were to find them on the street. But he agreed with me that there ought to be a law against wearing more than five hundred dollars' worth of gems."

"That lets me out," Mrs. Kane said. "It's more than I paid for these reconstructed copies."

There was a general laugh. Mrs. Kane pushed back her chair. Dinner was over. "It's stuffy in here. Let's have our coffee on deck."

"If you are going to wear copies," Miss Satterlee said, "then what's the use of owning real ones?"

"Angela's bluffing," Cliff protested. "She never played safe in her life. She's a chance taker."

"That's flattering to your guests, Cliff," his sister retorted. "Look for yourself, then."

With a slow movement she began to unwind the rope and tossed it toward him. But the pearls caught on a floral centerpiece and writhed out like an opalescent snake. And at the same moment the dining saloon, the whole yacht, in fact, was plunged in darkness.

There was a chorus of little screams, laughter, giggles. Then Twining's voice said: "What's this—a Bowery stunt? Look out, goils ——"

Cliff said vexedly: "Fuse burned out. That comes of working all the lamps aboard at once. They'll be on in half a mo."

There were no standing lights, no candles on the table. Cliff, a good housekeeper, had known them to be capsized to the damage of the beautiful lace table cover.

The confusion increased. Little shrieks, and the sound of a ringing slap. Disorder reigned until Cliff struck a match. Its pale glimmer was greeted by a howl of protest.

"Douse it!" A rolled-up napkin flew from somewhere and extinguished the match. But in its momentary glare Lanty had caught a glimpse of a round bare arm beside him reaching across the table. He perceived also that Twining was on his feet, and thought that he had thrown the napkin.

"Old stuff," Twining shouted. "Pearls, pearls, who's got the pearls?"

The steward came in with deck lanterns, and almost at the same moment the lights went on again, to show a scene of some disorder, but nothing *outré* as modern parties go.

"Cliff looks cross," Lanty said to Miss Satterlee, who was sitting straightly, her arms at her sides.

"Yes. He doesn't object to a mix-up, even if it's a bit rough, but he hates anything cheap, like switching off lights. Twining said the wrong thing."

"Twining would. He did the wrong thing too. A poor idea of a joke."

"His dinner partner? She does look a bit tangled."

"I don't mean that."

"Well, what?"

Before Miss Satterlee could answer, Mrs. Kane said sharply: "My pearls, please?"

There was a sudden hush. Then, as nobody spoke, she said languidly: "It's a sick

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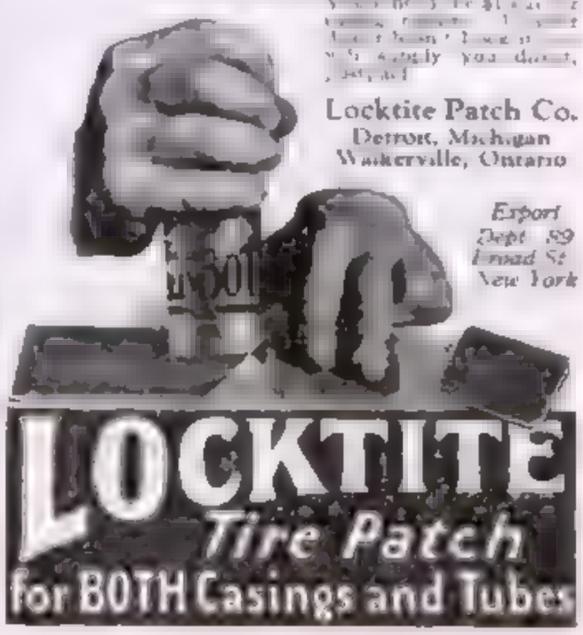

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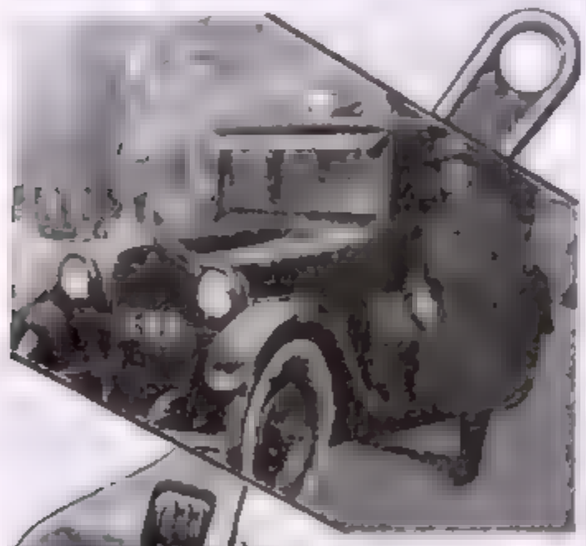

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cat that can't see in the dark, so the little joker might as well call it a flop. Let's go."

She rose. The others did the same. But J. J. remained seated.

"Hold on," she called. "It may not matter to the rest of you, but we press people can't be too careful about our reputations."

"Yours is safe," Cliff said, a trifle shortly. "You couldn't reach 'em."

"Don't you believe it." She half rose, leaned far across the table and one long white arm reached out so that the hand at its end plucked a hibiscus from the centerpiece.

"Some reach," Twining said. "But J. J.'s proved her point. All hands must strip. Ladies first."

"Oh, stow it," Cliff said shortly. "Let's get out of here."

His sister swept past, and it struck Lanty that her face was mocking. Miss Satterlee murmured, "I don't quite like this."

Lanty thought of that instantaneous impression he had got of a bare white arm thrust out directly in front of him, across the table.

But he merely said, "Somebody trying to be funny and ashamed to fess up. She said the pearls were imitation."

"Cliff was right," Miss Satterlee retorted. "Angela lied."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GENTLEMEN PREFER BONDS

(Continued from Page 19

"Don't worry," grins Tracy; "if you know it, it's already been spread. If you'll take my advice, you'll ——"

"I took your advice last Sunday," interrupts Ritter, "about using a mashie niblick on the short sixteenth and lost the ball and the hole and the match, so I'm a bear on anything you have to say."

"Go on," shrugs Tracy. "It's your razor and your throat."

In a little while the job's finished. As we pass out I notices the figure "19" clicked against Fed. Pad.

"Maybe," I suggests, "Parmerlee did have a straight tip."

"I doubt it," returns Hank. "The whole market's up and Padlock's getting a few crumbs off the table. Anyhow, we're over a thousand to the good on the stuff we bought and we haven't lost anything yet on the shares we sold."

"Swell skit, this," says I. "It's like being at a ball game, yelling your head off when a guy hits a long one and then yelling some more when the pill's caught for an out."

When I gets home that evening Kate and Lizzie are on the porch with a newspaper between them and hugging themselves with joy.

"Isn't it wonderful?" they gush jointly.

"What is?" I asks, innocent.

"Federal Padlock," they duet. "Look, it closed at 18½."

"I'm already over two hundred dollars winner," chortles the frau.

"On a broker's books," says I. "Remember, chips aren't worth a thing till they're cashed in, and until they are cashed in they have no permanent home. Why don't you gals take your profits and elope with 'em?"

"We're going to wait until Padlock goes to 50," chimes in Lizzie. "Aren't we, Kate?"

"Certainly," agrees the wife. "Why should we sell now?"

"Well," says I, "an investigation stretching over a hundred and three years shows that nobody ever went broke taking a profit."

"Yes," comes back the missus, "and no girl ever stayed single by getting married—but look at what some of 'em got!"

"I suppose," I sneers, "you could have done better by waiting."

"I won't answer that," returns the missus, "on the ground that it might incriminate you."

"I think," remarks Lizzie, "that I'll have the house done over with my three thousand. What are you going to do with your profits, Dink?"

"My present plan," says I, "is to wait until I get 'em. I'm not the kind of a guy that draws to an inside straight and starts pulling in the pot before looking at the card dealt me."

"There is some difference," sniffs the Magruder miasma, "between playing cards and playing the market."

"There is," I admits. "You can cash on an inside straight once in a while, even if you don't make it; but you nearly always lose on an inside tip, even if it stands up."

"How can you lose if it stands up?" demands the wife.

"The same way Joe Flint lost," I explains—"by trying to stretch a silk thread into a suit of pajamas. If folks were satisfied with a small profit they might get away with a little change occasionally, but that's the house percentage in Monte Carlo or Wall Street. A sucker never knows when to quit. He dies, but never surrenders."

"Do I understand," asks Lizzie, "that you're going to sell?"

"Nope," says I. "I'm going to stick until Kate's mink coat's gone."

"My mink coat!" exclaims the missus.

"Yep," I grins. "I had the check in my pocket to give you for the fur. Instead I turned the dough over to Parmerlee."

"Never mind," soothes Mrs. Magruder. "When Padlock goes to 50 you'll have sables to wear on wash days. Paul's never wrong on the market and ——"

"Did it ever occur to you," I cuts in, "that all the hot stock tips come from fifty-dollar-a-week brokers' clerks and bank deck hands, and never from the Number One boys in the Street? Why isn't Parmerlee a millionaire if he's all right?"

"He hasn't the money to start with," comes back Lizzie.

"Bah and a bunch of bologny!" I growls. "If he was always O. K., he could pyramid a canceled two-cent stamp into a billion in a month. By the way," I goes on, "you say Padlock closed at 18½. How do you know what you paid for it?"

"We know our business," says the Magruder D. D. "Either Kate or Tillie or myself have called up Paul every five minutes. We got our stock at 17⅜."

"Every five minutes, eh?" I remarks. "You sure are on top of your job."

"Well," remarks Lizzie, "I believe in doing things thorough once you start. Today, for instance, I got out the encyclopedia and read everything under the heading of 'Federal' and 'Padlocks.' It was all so helpful."

"I imagine," says I, "you must have got a lot of stuff that will help you in this deal, especially under the heading of 'Federal.'"

"I also looked up 'margins,'" goes on Mrs. Magruder. "Hank Ritter was all wrong about what it meant. Shall I tell you what ——"

"No, thanks," I interrupts. "I have a hunch I'll find out from other sources pretty soon."

Along about this time Hank drifts over from next door, where he mortgages, and gets an earful of jubilation from the gals. He listens kind of gloomy, then broadcasts a wink in my direction.

"I'm afraid," says he, "that I got some bad news for you."

"What is it?" gasps Lizzie, turning pale.

"The cabinet of Poland," returns Ritter gravely, "resigned this afternoon."

"Good heavens, no!" I breathes hard. "Then we're undone!"

"You always have been," says the wife calmly. "Why the excitement? The Polish cabinet always resigns on Tuesdays, Fridays and twice on Saturdays."

"Have you any idea," demands Hank, "how many padlocks Poland buys from this country every year?"

"No," snaps Kate, "and I don't know the per capita of spinach eaten there, either. They're just trying to be funny, Lizzie."

"I wonder," says Mrs. Magruder slowly. "I did read something about Poland under 'Federal' in the encyclopedia today and ——"

"It's true," interrupts Ritter, "that many Polish cabinets have resigned, but this one means a great crisis and probably war. It's almost certain that Portugal and Bolivia will be dragged in. The three countries together bought one million three hundred and fifty-three padlocks from us in 1925, one-fifth of the entire output."

"Don't they need padlocks for guardhouses in a war?" inquires Lizzie.

"Not in modern warfare," said Hank. "Today the padlock is a luxury, and luxuries are the first to get the ax when a blockade is on."

"Well," decides the Magruder frill, "Paul will probably be able to do something about it."

Paul apparently was, for the next day Federal Padlock closes at 20. We had sold the stuff at 18½, so we weren't sitting so hotsy-totsy on the bear side of the deal. We're net to the good on the fourteen hundred family shares, but Ritter and I aren't happy, especially when Parmerlee drifts over that evening staggering under a bagful of I-told-you-so's.

"Did I say 50?" he brags. "That's just a way station on the Federal Padlock express. It's going to 75 sure. Tomorrow afternoon - that's Saturday— President Collins, of Padlock, is going to issue a statement on dividends that'll have the stock up ten or fifteen points at the opening Monday."

"How do you know," I asks, "what's going to be in the statement?"

"Very little gets by us insiders," comes back Paul. "You notice Padlock's been going up, haven't you?"

"Yes," says I, "and so's the whole market except Eczema Products. Didn't you tell us that was due for a tilt?"

"There's a pool operating in it," explains Wall Street's white-haired boy. "They're smacking the prices down so they can buy in the control cheap. Then they'll give it a balloon ride."

"With just enough parachutes," suggests Ritter, "for the fixers. I suppose nothing like that could happen to Padlock?"

"They can't move a desk in their offices," smiles Paul, "without my knowing about it."

"As a matter of fact," pursues Hank, "we'd have all been wiped out if we'd taken your tip and gone in on Eczema with a ten-point margin, wouldn't we have?"

"It wouldn't have gone down," says Lizzie, "if Paul had bought the stock for us."

"I suppose," I remarks, sarcastic, "that Parmerlee could go to a picnic with a new hat and a new suit and keep it from raining that day."

Saturday at noon I gets a phone call from Tracy. "I've been trying to get in touch with Ritter," says he. "Know where he is?"

"Yes," I tells him. "He's over at the golf course, playing his old army game—out in '61 and back in '65."

"Well," goes on the broker, "you boys better show up here before the opening Monday with a little more dough."

"More dough?" I repeats. "More dough for what?"

"Padlock closed at 20½," returns Tracy, "and there's a dividend statement coming out this afternoon that might start the stuff to skyrocketing. I'll have to have more margin—in case."

(Continued on Page 117)

STOP LEAKS

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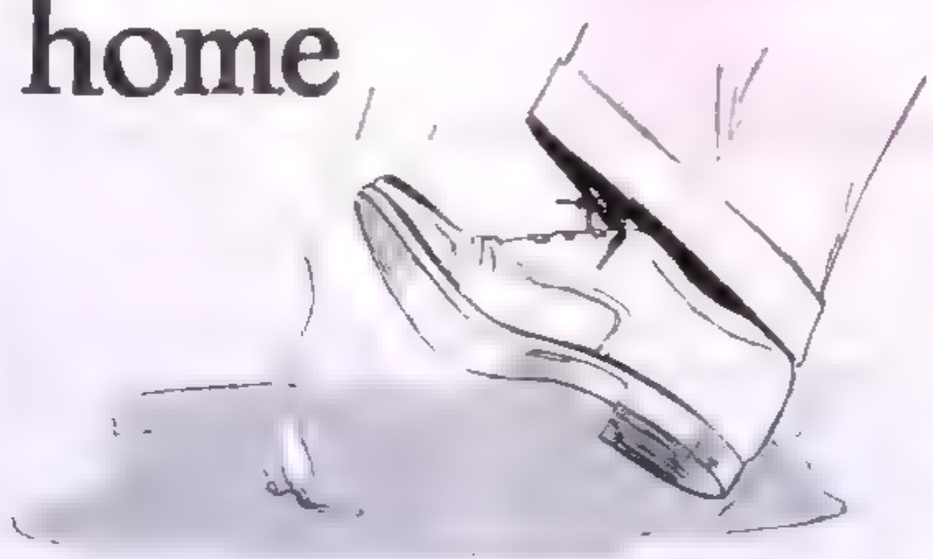

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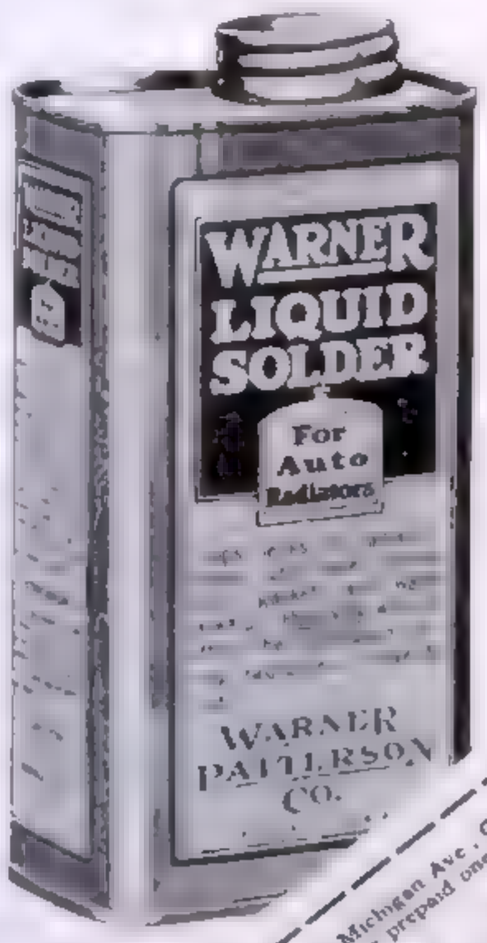

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But thousands of motorists who are careful about oil neglect water-leaks. That is why thousands of cars are now needlessly in repair shops or junk-piles. See if *your* car has a leak in its radiator, hose or pump connections, gaskets or in cracked water jackets, etc.

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To fail to stop leaks, and depend upon occasionally refilling your radiator, is like an ostrich that sticks its head in the sand and imagines it is free from danger. Every explosion *renews* the heat of your motor. Enough water must *always* be circulating around every cylinder to absorb the new heat instantly. ***And there cannot be enough water if it is leaking out.*** Result? Poor motor performance; burnt-out bearings; frozen pistons; cracked cylinders, etc. It happens every day.

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FLY

THE above painting was made from an enlarged micrograph. It presents part of the anatomy of a fly as seen by the scientists. The microscope reveals fields of tiny hairs protruding from the fly's mouth and pendulous tongue. In life these hairs are moist, stenchy—drenched with the most unclean substances imaginable. In that putrescent ooze disease germs thrive. Contact of tongue, mouth or feet of flies will contaminate food, sicken and destroy humankind. Last year in the United States forty thousand deaths were caused by flies.

FLY-TOX

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transmit thirty different Diseases
SAY GOVERNMENT SCIENTISTS

The amazing facts set out below are taken from the reports of entomologists engaged in scientific research.

They are excerpts from pages six and seven of U. S. Department of Agriculture Farmers Bulletin, No. 1408, which reads:

"The body of the house fly is covered thickly with hairs and bristles of varying lengths. Thus, when it crawls over infected material it readily becomes loaded with germs, and subsequent visits to human foods results in their contamination. Even more dangerous than the transference of germs on the legs and body of the fly is the fact that bacteria are found in greater numbers and live longer in its alimentary canal.

"These germs are voided, not only in the excrement of the fly, but also in small droplets of regurgitated matter which have been called "vomit spots."

"When we realize that flies frequent and feed upon the most filthy substances (it may be the excreta of typhoid or dysentery patients or the discharges of one suffering from tuberculosis), and that subsequently they may contaminate human foods with their feet or excreta or vomit spots, the necessity and importance of housefly control are clear. . . .

"Typhoid germs are carried from excrement to food by flies. In the same way other intestinal germ diseases, such as enteritis (inflammation of the intestine) and infantile diarrhea, are all so carried. In the case of over 30 different disease organisms and parasitic worms, actual laboratory proof exists. . . ."

Health authorities warn that there is only one sure way to protect yourself, your family and the community in which you live. You must stop the means of infection. Flies must be killed. And for this they advocate the use of Fly-Tox.

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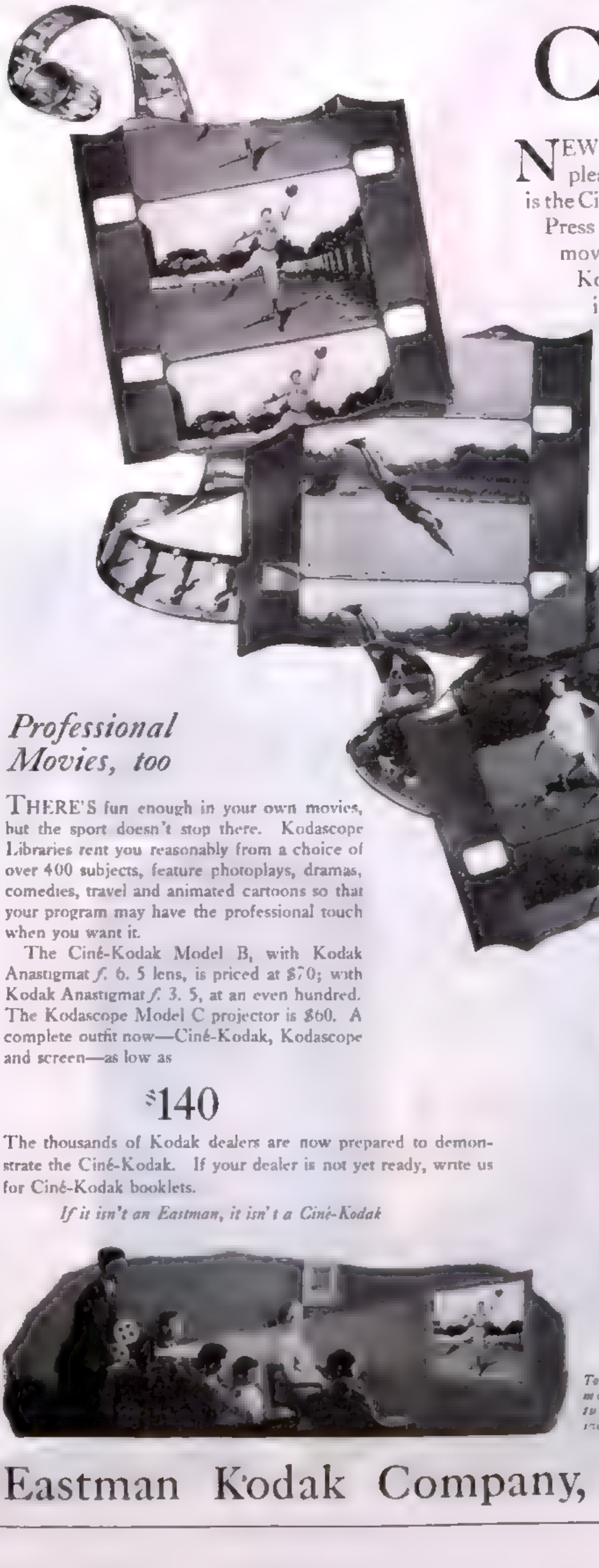

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Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

(Continued from Page 112)

I makes an evasive answer about talking the matter over with Hank and hangs up. A couple of hours later I finds Ritter blasting his way out of a sand trap.

"Nothing doing," says he, prompt. "If it shoots up, let him peddle us out."

"You and me both," I agrees. "I'd love to have taken Parmerlee for a ride, but I guess we'll have to be satisfied with mere profits. Hello! What's he doing here?"

"Visiting day in the sand pit," snorts Hank disgustedly, as Paul approached us on the hot foot.

As he gets closer I can see that he's pale and excited.

"Look!" he says, shoving a newspaper into my hands and pointing to a paragraph on the market page. I reads aloud:

"President Josiah Collins, of Federal Padlock, announced this afternoon that there was no truth in the rumors that the common stock of the company would be put on a 6 per cent dividend basis at the meeting of the directors Monday.

"It would seem," I comments dryly, "that somebody moved a desk around the Federal Padlock offices without telling you anything about it. Just what does this squib mean?"

"It means," rasps Ritter, "that some insiders pushed up the stock on phony rumors and are now ready to pull the plug. That right?"

"I can't understand it," mutters Parmerlee. "My information was straight, and ——"

"Bunk!" cuts in Hank. "If a piece of information started downtown straight it would get humpbacked before it got in sight of Trinity Church. There's no tip in the world worth a hoop-la. What do you figure'll happen to the stock?"

"It might drop eight or ten points over the week-end," returns Paul, kind of miserable. "I'm afraid I'll ——"

"—— have to have more margin," I finishes. "Not from me."

"Nor me," adds Ritter. "Have you seen the womenfolks?"

"Yes," says Parmerlee, "and they'll do whatever you two decide."

"We've decided," I tells him, curt. "As soon as what we have up is gone, sell us out. Jim and Lizzie Magruder can do what they want about it."

"They're for selling too," returns Paul. He starts away, but I pulls him back.

"Listen here, boy," says I. "We know that you thought you had a straight tip and we're not a bit sore. The crime's not in giving out a tip; it's in falling for it, and we're just as guilty as you are in the falling act.

"Where," I asks Hank, "does that leave us standing?"

"On top of the world," grins Ritter. "We've set Lizzie and her cousin down and we ought to cash in pretty on Padlock. See you at the house this evening. What am I shooting, caddie? Eleven? I ought to break fifteen on this hole."

"You're a bear in the market, feller," I grins, "but the bunk among the bunkers."

Lizzie and the rest of the crowd are over to my place for dinner, but she has little to say and I haven't the heart to rub it in; but Hank takes a few pokes at her.

"I guess, at that," he remarks, "Parmerlee couldn't keep it from raining on his new straw hat at a picnic."

"Don't you ever make mistakes?" she snaps.

"Not in the market," comes back Ritter.

"What do you mean?" asks the wife. "Didn't you and Dink buy the same thing we did?"

I starts to spill the beans, but Ritter gives me the office to lay off and I does.

"Let's surprise 'em," says he when we're alone, "after we cash in."

"If, when and as we do," I tells him. "You don't get anything out of Wall Street until you got it and a permanent injunction to keep 'em from taking it back. The stock may not move as much as you imagine."

It moves plenty, though. We're both at Tracy's office when the market opens Monday, and Fed. Pad. starts off eight points under Saturday's close, making pea soup out of our bull margins.

For a few minutes it hangs at 12, then it suddenly dips to 10½

"Let's get out," says I to Hank. "Eight points profit is enough."

"Don't be foolish," barks Tracy. "This stuff'll sink all day. I got a straight tip it'll be pounded to 5."

"We might as well linger a bit," suggests Ritter.

"I thought," I whispers to him, "we were off of straight tips"

"Yes," returns Hank, "but I got an idea that Harry really knows something. He's in with the insiders."

"I guess his tip's good, at that," I agrees.

By noon Padlock's around 8, with no signs of stiffening.

"You boys go to lunch," suggests Tracy. "The Padlock directors meet at noon and there'll be another sag after their official action on the dividend. By the time you get back the stock'll probably be flirting around 5."

"I think," says I to Ritter, "that I'd enjoy my chow better if we got out of the market before we went."

"Don't be a piker!" scoffs Hank. "Here you've got Wall Street giving you a doubloon shower and you want to run away from it. Harry knows what he's talking about."

"All right," says I, reckless. "There's no use taking a hot tip unless you're willing to play it to the roof."

We have a jovial lunch, and a little after one we returns to the brokerage office. Tracy, all in a sweat, rushes forward to meet us.

"I've been sending to all the restaurants around here for you," he gasps.

"What's up?" I gasps back.

"I got to have more margin!" he shouts.

"More margin!" Hank and I come back, dazed.

"They did declare a dividend!" splutters Tracy.

"Who did?" I asks with a torpedoed feeling.

"Padlock," he answers. "Read this!" And he passes over a piece of ticker flimsy. Ritter grabs it and through a fog bank I hears him stutter this:

"Statement of Collins, of Federal Padlock, that there would be no 6 per cent dividend on common was true. Directors today voted an 8 PER CENT dividend, and in addition a stock bonus of ——"

I don't get the rest. My eyes stray to the blackboard and I catch "Fed. Pad. 21½." By the time I can call Hank's attention to the figure the boy has frantically rubbed it out.

"Couldn't you get us clear before this?" demands Ritter.

"No," says Tracy. "It moved too fast, and besides I didn't have any orders. What'll I do?"

"Pull us out, and pull us out quick!" I yelps.

"You boys better keep on," advises the broker. "Got a straight tip that ——"

As I dashes for the door with Hank's hot breath fanning my neck, I gets a flash of the boy putting a 23 after Padlock.

"They got us going and coming," moans Ritter, when we're outside. "The Padlock crowd just crooked everybody."

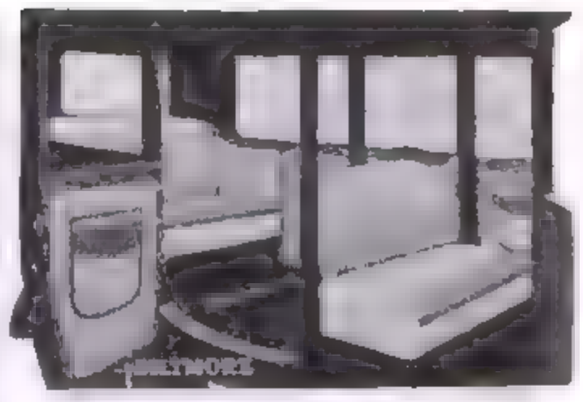
"That's Wall Street," says I, philosophic. "It's the only game in the world where one fellow can bet a red card's coming up next and another that it'll be black and both of 'em lose."

"Cold-decked," mumbles Hank.

"Yep," says I. "They always keep 'em on ice down here. The day's shot," I goes on. "Let's go out to the track."

"Track?" comes back Ritter. "What for?"

"I got a tip on a nag," I tells him, "that'll win walking away."



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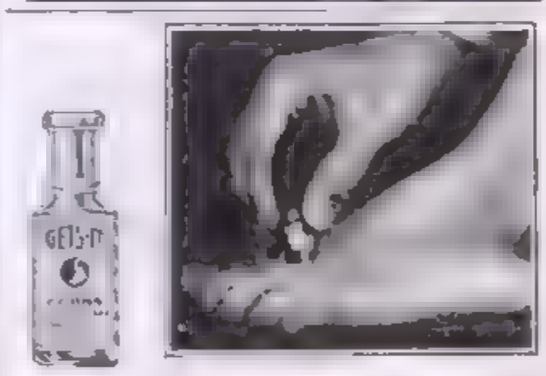

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THE THREE SALLIES

(Continued from Page 17

The British officer stepped over to the lamp and, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, read the order thoroughly.

"I thought there was some erraw," he said, smiling. "This order is for Ansauvillers. This town is Bonvillers. Villers, you know. Ha-ha! Funny thing, that. Our chaps are always getting adrift. The Somme is full of Villers. This Villers and that Villers."

"Well," said the captain after a moment, "I expected as much. I'm here, however, and I'm going to stay here. My men are tired and I've got to get them under a roof and to bed. You must have a few barns here, or a cellar or two."

"How many men have you got?"

"About a hundred and sixty."

"We can't do a thing, sir!" said the Britisher. "Not a thing! This is a British area here, you see, and we're three deep now. We had a battalion of the Somerset come in on us yesterday, and just as we had gotten them tucked away a draft for the Canadians turned up. If you had fifteen, or even twenty, I could let you sleep in the hall; but a hundred and sixty! But why don't you go on to Ansauvillers? It's only about six kilometers farther. You should have kept on through Chepoix."

"Six kilometers!" said the captain through gritted teeth. "That's six kilometers too far. We've been on the march since daybreak this morning and we're done. They haven't had anything to eat but tea and jam for weeks and no one can blame them for giving out. I don't care if the King of England and all his court are in this town. I'm going to have billets here if I have to turn your outfit out by force!"

"You're tired," said the British officer. "Can't I give you a little nip?"

The captain did not accept. He continued to speak his mind, airing his views of Camp Cheese, of Winchester, of rations of tea and plum-apple. He spoke of boy-size blankets and ammunition boots that would fit an elephant. When he arrived at the subject of brass hats and the British High Command his language became profane.

"Here! Here!" appealed the British officer. "Draw it mild. We have ladies in the house!"

"Ladies?" gasped the two Americans.

"Yes, three of them. They're Sallies, or British Welfare, or something. One of them is a fellow countryman of yours. Awfully nice girl. The other two are older, and not so—er—h'm—attractive."

As though this had been a cue, the door opened and a girl entered. She wore rubber galoshes and a huge Guard's overcoat, and her eyes looked as though she had been recently awakened. She was worth a second look from any man, even if he were not a soldier right off the lines. The captain snatched off his helmet and the lieutenant discreetly stepped behind the table, for his nether garments had suffered in the enemy wire.

"This is Miss Brown," said the British officer. "She's your fellow countryman that I spoke of."

"We can see that," said the captain.

The girl smiled upon all. "I thought I heard Americans talking down here," she said. "What's the matter? Are you lost, or have you run out of gas, or what?"

"Neither," said the captain. "We've arrived with a company of infantry, looking for billets, and the town is full."

"The captain was confused in the darkness and took the wrong turning," explained the British officer. "Really not his fault, you know. The French ought to name their towns so that a civilized man knows what's what. The captain was trying to get to Ansauvillers and he arrived at Bonvillers."

"Why, you can get to Ansauvillers from here!" exclaimed Miss Brown. "It's just a few minutes in the flivver. Why don't you go on? They have a big silk mill there that they billet in. It's really very comfortable."

"It's just a few minutes in the flivver, yes," said the captain, "but I've got a hundred and sixty men here that have been eighteen hours on the road. I'd never get them a hundred yards farther, let alone six kilometers. Even if we had billets in the town, we'd have to carry them to bed." The captain crossed the room to a chair, into which he slumped, and rested his head in his hands. "I can't let them sleep in the mud. They're all in rags and they'd be dead from pneumonia by morning."

"My suggestion is to go on," smiled the British officer. "Six kilometers isn't far, after all. And then, you see, there isn't anything else to do. There isn't a house or a barn or a cellar or a sheet of elephant in my area that has got an inch of space under it."

"If you'll wait a second until I get a hat, I'll go out with you," said Miss Brown. "Maybe, if I went around and shook a few hands and spoke to the men, it might encourage them."

The captain looked at Miss Brown. She had large dark eyes with tears in them. Her soft fine hair floated a little wildly, but she was an American and beautiful, and there was no denying that the sight of her encouraged the captain. It might have the same effect on tired doughboys.

"It's a chance," said the captain without enthusiasm. "Only I hate to think of your going out in the rain on a night like this. It seems like asking too much."

"Not at all," laughed the girl. "All Americans must stick by each other. Just a second and I'll get my hat and put on a few mufflers and things."

A few minutes later the two American officers and Miss Brown crossed the square and walked down the street to where the company lay in the road. The captain had a lantern now, and the rays of it glinting through the rain showed an uncanny sight. The company lay for the most part as it had fallen, squad by squad, in the center of the road. Some of the men had wandered off to one side, trying to find shelter, but the ruined houses had no roofs, and those that sheltered the troops of the Allies were shuttered and barred.

The weary men had lain down against the walls or in the old doorways, anywhere to find protection from the rain. The lantern gleamed upon two of these, sitting against a wall, their heads together and a torn slicker over their shoulders as a feeble barrier against the downpour. The captain recognized them. It was Duff and Barker, their sleeping faces white and drawn in the lantern light.

"Something has got to be done damn quick," muttered the captain, "or this outfit will all be dead!" He seized the first man within reach and shook him vigorously. No response. "Give us a hand, will you, Blake?" The lieutenant took hold of an arm and the two officers lifted the sleeping man bodily to his feet.

"Wake up!" yelled the captain in the soldier's ear. "Snap out of it!" He twisted the soldier's nose with all his force.

"Guh!" remarked the soldier. He opened his eyes, however, and after blinking a while and groaning once or twice at the pain of his stiffened legs, he remained erect. The captain and the lieutenant moved on to the next and, with the aid of a few kicks and a little twisting of nose and ear, awakened him. The third man was treated likewise, but the captain, happening to throw the light of his lantern behind him, discovered that there were but two men up—the last one they had awakened and the man on whom they now worked. The first man had again slumped to the road.

The captain thought of the other hundred and fifty-seven yet to be aroused and then went and leaned his head against the cold wall of a house. He had marched just as far as these men had, he had suffered just as much fatigue as they, but being an officer, and being responsible for the hundred and sixty, he was still on his feet while they slept. Exhaustion, however, now had the better of him. He wanted to lie down, right there on the weed-covered stones of that old house, and sleep forever. Consciousness left him as chalk leaves slate before the sponge.

"Captain! Captain!" A voice called from somewhere and a hand shook the officer's arm. He jumped back to wakefulness, surprised to find himself still leaning his head against the house.

"Captain!" cried the voice again.

It was Miss Brown, and she shook the officer's arm. "Listen!" she cried. "I've just thought of something. I can get these men up! The town major has a rum issue for the Somersets in his office for safekeeping. He'll give me a couple of jars, I'm sure. That will be enough, and the Somersets will never miss it. I'll go get up the two girls that are with me here and we'll give each man a drink. Tell them that! I've learned something about soldiers in the short time I've been here. Girls and rum! That'll get 'em up!"

"I doubt it," said the captain dully. "By the time I'd yelled that in the tenth man's ear the first five would have forgotten what it was all about and gone back to sleep again."

"Look!" said the girl.

She took the lantern from the captain's hand and held it aloft. She had spoken loudly and the tones of her voice had carried. The two recently awakened men looked at her with intense curiosity. The first man, who had lain down to sleep again, was now standing once more, and two others were getting to their feet. Duff and Barker had thrown off their slicker and were getting to their feet.

"Hey, buddies," called the girl, "heads up! I'm going to bring you something to drink! I'm going to come back in five minutes with two other girls and we'll give you all a good shot of something hot! Heads up, there! In five minutes I'll be back!"

The heads came up. There were muttered exclamations. White faces could be seen just within the circle of light, and the company stirred. A female voice was not often heard in those parts.

"Girl!" gasped the captain. "I think it will work! Quick now!"

"Give me two men to help carry the rum and I'll be off!" cried the girl, panting with excitement.

"Duff, you and Barker jump down to the town major and help carry back the rum. We're all of us to have a shot! This lady will show you where to go. Come on, men, everybody up!"

There was instant response from the sleeping men. Exclamations could be heard on all sides. Each man aroused his neighbor.

"Hey, git up! There's some Sallies gonna put out! Up on your feet!"

"Gwan, lemme alone! Sallies, hell!"

"C'm on! I tell yuh I seen her myself! I seen one of 'em! Boy, she's a looker, what I mean! C'm on, git up an' let's claw some o' the mud off us!"

"Huh?" demanded others. "What's all this?"

"They're some Sallies gonna give us a hot feed! Git up an' let's git near the head o' the line."

"The hell you preach! Whadd'yuh mean, Sallies?"

"Sure, Sallies. Slim seen one of 'em! He says she'd knock a man's eye out. Ain't it so, Slim?"

"I don't believe it!"

"Ah, what's eatin' yuh? Didn't I see her? Didn't I hear her say she was gonna get two more an' give us a shot o' rum?"

"Here they come!" cried someone from the darkness.

Three lanterns bobbed down the street, and in the twisting circle of light cast by each, the infantrymen could see skirts. They heard a ripple of laughter and a good

(Continued on Page 122

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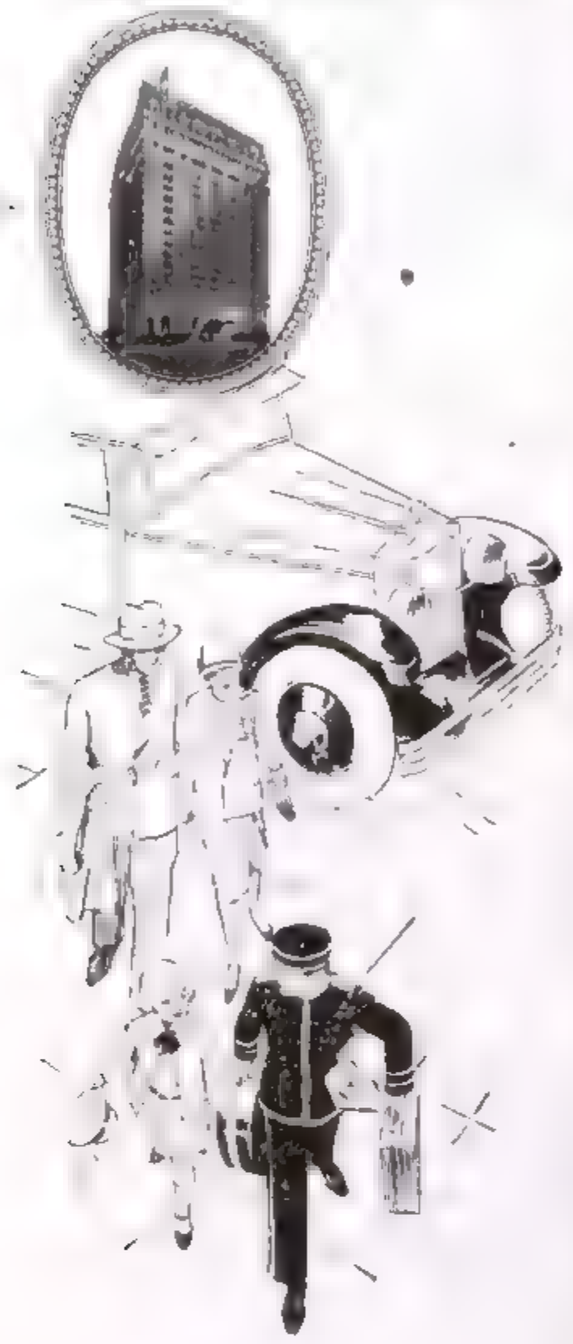

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(Continued from Page 118)

clear American voice say, "Here we are, captain; are the men ready?"

The last doubter got to his feet and, feeling ruefully of his three-days-old beard, tried to straighten his equipment and brush some of the mud from his clothes.

"Here are the life-savers!" cried the captain. "Now how are we going to work this?"

"I'm going to start giving out cigarettes," said Miss Brown, talking very loudly so that everyone could hear her. "Let me present Miss Annesley and Miss Binton, Captain Mathews and Lieutenant Blake. They're going to give out the rum. You can leave Miss Annesley with me and perhaps start Miss Binton halfway down the line. Have the men have their cups ready."

"But here!" cried the captain, noting that each girl was carrying a huge rum jar, "what became of the two men that I sent to help you?"

"They just beat it!" said Miss Brown. "I suppose they were afraid I was going to work them. They faded before I got to the town hall."

"Well, now, Mr. Blake and I will just carry that rum for you, and when I catch those two hounds I'll see that they get a chance to break rocks for a few months!"

The company was fallen in and the three girls, accompanied by the officers, went in and out among the ranks, pouring a small shot of rum into each cup. Miss Brown had taken all the few cigarettes the town major had, and by tearing these in half she was able to give each man a short smoke. The men in ranks forgot their fatigue, forgot that they were hungry and wet and cold. They could hear from time to time light ripples of feminine laughter, a soft voice—a girl's voice with an American accent—asking, "Where are you from, soldier?" or "Put up your hands now, so the wind won't blow out the *briquet*, and I'll give you a light."

Each soldier straightened himself a little more, adjusted his helmet to a better angle. Suddenly a lantern would dazzle him and there before him would be a slicker-clad form and a wide-brimmed hat. The lieutenant or the captain, as the case might be, would then pour out a portion of rum, while the soldier looked at the girl. It was dark and the girls were muffled against the rain and cold, but the soldier could see their hands, even touch them, and feel the brush of the slickers against their knees as the girls passed on.

"The little one that's puttin' out the cigarettes is the best one," the rumor ran. "She ain't afraid to let a guy look at her."

It was done at last; the rum all gone and the last cigarette issued.

"We'll go back now," said the captain to the girl at his side, "and find Miss Brown." He wondered at his companion's shyness. He had managed to touch her hand several times while pouring the rum into the cup she held; he had taken her arm when they were near the ditch, so that she would not fall, but never a word had she said in thanks. Miss Brown had chattered and laughed and patted cheeks and run here and there, but the other two were British, and that might account for it. British girls were brought up that way.

The girl suddenly stumbled, tripped on her long slicker, and would have fallen, save that the captain threw his arms around her and supported her. The lantern that he carried crashed to the ground and went out.

It was the captain's first impulse to withdraw his arms, but a second impulse told him to leave them as they were, and see what the little Britisher would say. She said nothing, nor did she try to draw away. The captain could feel her trembling slightly.

"Little girl!" he breathed in her ear. Again she trembled, but made no move to draw away. He tried to turn her face toward his, but she resisted. "I'm not trying to kiss you," whispered the captain. "I'm an officer and a gentleman. Just let me brush your cheeks, your hair even, with my lips, just a touch, a memory to take back with me to the hell of the trenches!" The girl trembled again like a little bird.

"Here he is!" cried a hearty voice. A light was suddenly thrust into the captain's face, and there was Lieutenant Blake holding aloft a lantern and displaying to a circle of delighted soldiery their captain embracing an unwilling Sally.

"Ahem!" coughed the lieutenant. "Er—Miss Brown is waiting—er—for her friends."

The captain released the Sally instantly and then, taking her arm, he led her to where another lantern marked Miss Brown.

"There is no way I can thank you," said he. "You've saved my company for me and these men's lives for their country. We'll always remember it. I'm going to make a report of the affair and you may be sure you'll get your share of credit."

"Good night, captain, and good luck. Why shouldn't I help? Aren't we all Americans here?" She shook his hand with a firm clasp. "No," said she, "you can't come back with us. You march your company out of town while they still feel the effects of that rum. Down to the square and to the left and you're on the road. Good night again—good night."

The three girls went down the street, and when the two lanterns had disappeared the captain turned to the lieutenant.

"Mr. Blake, do you know where Blois is?" demanded the captain.

"Haven't the slightest idea," answered the lieutenant.

"Well, don't feel badly about it, because you'll be on your way there this time tomorrow night or I'll bite my initials in a green bough. Forwa-a-ard, huh!"

The company marched off, staggering a little, weaving from side to side of the road, but going strong and good for the rest of the march to Ansauvillers. The men had alcohol in their stomachs, smoke in their lungs, and the word went like a spark of light from one rank to the next that the skipper had tried to mug a Sally and that the shavey had caught him at it. There was more strength in this thought than in a gallon of rum.

In the town hall the British officer had gone to sleep again in his chair. He had built up the fire in the stove against the return of Miss Brown, and the heat had put him away. He awakened suddenly to find the lamp going brightly, and Miss Brown hanging up a wet slicker and two long uniform coats of the kind worn by female war workers. The coats were displayed where the fire would have the fullest drying effect; the girl arranged three wide-brimmed hats on a chair, and pushed the chair toward the stove.

"Ah, back again safely," observed the officer. "Raining a bit, by the sound. I built up the fire so you'd get a bit of a thaw before you went to bed. Other ladies coming in?"

"No," said the girl. "They were very tired."

"And they sent you in to hang up their coats and things? Bit thick of them, I'd call it."

"You don't know the half of it," said the girl. "But then they're older than I, and after all, those Yanks were my countrymen and not theirs."

"Not very sporting of them to toss you their coats as though you were a lackey," remarked the officer. "Can't I make it up to you? I'll nip out and get some rum and brew you a toddy before you go to bed."

He clattered out of the door and down the hall, while Miss Brown leaned her head on her hand. She was only a child, after all, and it is no easy task to give out a hundred and sixty cigarettes, to light same, to pat one hundred and sixty cheeks and shake the same number of hands, all in a howling storm and in the small hours of the morning. The wood in the stove cracked, water dripped steadily from the soaked garments, and the alarm clock on the wall ticked loudly.

Suddenly there was a sharp cry, the door banged open, and the officer leaped into the room.

"The rum!" he cried. "It's gone! They've stolen all the rum!"

"Did you let any Americans know that there was a lot of rum here?" asked the girl.

"Why, yes, the two that came in with you. They were to carry the rum, you said. I took them into the kitchen and they carried out the two jars I was going to give you. Now the other four are gone! But the door was locked! How could they have done it, and when?"

"I could have told you," said the girl, smiling in spite of herself, "not to show my countrymen rum. They'd have it on you if they had to burn the house down. Not sporting of them, was it? Really, I'm awfully sorry, and after you were so decent about giving me the other two jars!"

"Ah, well," said the officer, "never mind. It's too late now. There was rum there for a battalion, and if those Yanks drink it all up they'll never get to Ansauvillers nor anywhere else tonight. Don't feel badly about it. We're quits. Your countrymen have the rum and mine the billets. The worst part of it is that I can't give you a toddy."

A mile or so away two men tramped through the rain and the blackness along the Route Nationale toward Ansauvillers. One marched ahead of the other, and between them was an iron shutter bar, from which hung a burden that clunked and thudded with every step. It was two jars of rum. The other two jars had been cached under a drain to be secured at a later date. These men were Duff and Barker.

"What bothers me," observed Duff suddenly, "is how the hell we're gonna square ourselves with the Old Man."

"Why, easiest thing in the world," said Barker. "All we gotta do is to explain that this here Sally comes out an' says to us, 'Boys, the other girls allow they can't get up to serve out rum to no Yanks, bein' as they're old an' will most like get rheumatism.' An' then we can just say that she asks will we put on these other girls' coats an' hats an' let on to be Sallies, which we done, an' she told us how to get in the kitchen an' swipe the rum, to show how grateful she was. An' here's the rum to show we ain't lyin'."

"Nah," said Duff sadly, "it won't do. He'll hang us fer beatin' it an' not showin' up to help the Sally put out the rum, an' we can't tell him it was us that was puttin' it out disguised as girls, because he tried to mug me!"

"No!"

"Yes! 'Little girl,' he mutters in my ear. 'Little girl.' He'd been prancin' around for some time, pattin' my arm an' holdin' me up so I wouldn't trip over no stones, an' I had a mouthful o' muffler so not to laugh. Oh, man! Well, he didn't get up his nerve for a long time, an' I was hustlin' just as fast as I could to get back to the looey an' the other girl, when I tripped in that damn long coat, an' then he had me. First I laughed an' then I got scared an' then here comes the shavey an' shoves the lantern at us. That ended that."

Barker's howl echoed to the sky.

"C'm on, we go," said Duff. "'I want a memory to take back with me to the hell o' the trenches,' he says. Well, if he'd shoved his mush into my four-day-old beard he'd have had a memory all right. Huh! I got one now that a year o' cook's police won't fade."

"Man," agreed Barker, "it's worth a six months' blind."

The two then went on and the weight of the bar and the two rum jars was unnoticed.

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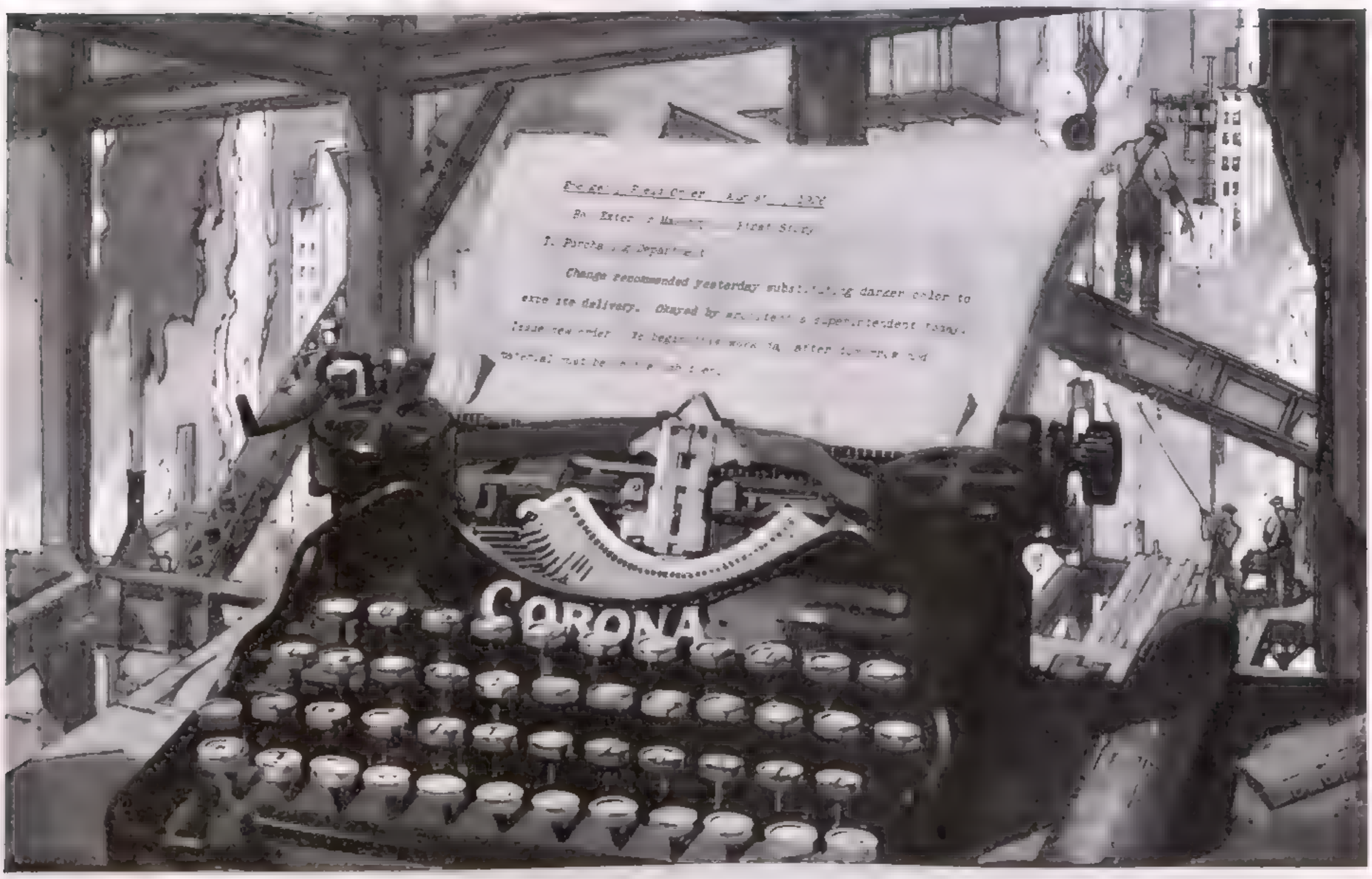

CORONA

THE PERSONAL WRITING MACHINE

THE FOUNDLING

(Continued from Page 13)

"He did a stunt that had nothin' phony about it. The youngster just pricked his ears as though he'd had a bit of sugar an' come up the stretch in a home run. Say, his palpitator's in the right spot. Between ourselves, Jimmy, it was botherin' me—this question of heart. But the kid gets the pluck from his mammy; she was game enough till her bellows played out. Now we've got to try Passion an', if he's good, enter him in some of the stakes before they close in the New Year. We've got to boom Dander's stock."

"How'll we try the colt?"

"With his papa. The old horse is greased lightnin' for three furlongs, an' he won't quit in a trial. We'll put eighty-four pounds on Passion an' one hundred and twenty-six on the old horse, which is weight for age; an' if the colt can get anywhere near him at the finish, he'll do."

"Leary'll ride the youngster, but where'll you get a close-mouthed boy for the other? We don't want to sing to the public."

"You'd best ride Dander; you won't discourage the youngster. Colts're like bull pups. You want to blood 'em by lettin' 'em lick somethin'. You can let the youngster keep his nose in front—you'll know just what you have in hand with Dander."

Next day Passion's trial was pulled off. In Dicky's hot palm, the quick, nervous finger of a split-second watch tripped around the dial, "Click-click-click-click," and as the gold-yellow head of the two-year-old slipped by the finish post, a touch stilled the fussy marker of fraction seconds. Sproat glanced at the dial, then muttered an exclamation of doubting surprise.

"Thirty-seven seconds! Why, Dander couldn't do that with anything in hand—he'd be all out! My timin' is on the bum. What'd you have in hand with Dander, Jimmy?" he continued, as Bankes slid from the horse's back.

"In hand? I was all in. I didn't draw the whip, for he'd have curled up like a cabbage leaf; but I hand rode him as though it was the Brooklyn Handicap."

"I thought you was bluffin'—kiddin' the boy on Passion."

"No, the chestnut had the old horse staggerin'. He cut out a lick that would've kept the best of 'em guessin', an' stayed with it too."

"Then the time's right," Sproat declared.

That night mellow satisfaction permeated the Sproat ranch; undoubtedly they had drawn a winning number in the turf lottery. Sproat expatiated learnedly upon just how the cross between Dander, who traced back through Rapello to Bend d'Or, and Nellie Bly, whose great-grandsire was Ormonde, had produced this colt of great promise and present excellence. It was what was called the happy nick in breeding.

"It's too bad," Dicky said, "that we hadn't known in time to have nominated Passion for the Futurity. This youngster would win it, bar accidents. A cool fifty-thousand purse, and that would have settled it for Dander. These horse philosophers figure a sire's quality by the amount of money his progeny wins. Now we've got to stick Passion in a couple of good stakes."

Dicky took from a shelf a bundle of books. "There ain't many stakes left open," he continued, turning page after page. "Here's one—the Laureate, twelve hundred added, entries to close February twelfth; that'll do as a starter. Then we want a gilt-edged play, something first chop to boom his nibs, Dander. Champagne, closed; Expectation, closed; here's one made to order—the Great Trial—twelve thousand—closes January second. It'll cost four hundred an' fifty for the colt to face the barrier, entry an' startin' sweep; but if he isn't goin' strong, we can declare him out in May for seventy-five."

"Just as you say, Dicky."

So Passion was entered for the Great Trial. And as the winter fled before spring, the colt developed strongly in actuality and extraordinarily in Sproat's fancy.

"Look at his legs!" Dicky would cry admiringly. "There is bone of fine quality, hard as ivory, fine as a deer's. Bowery breeders make me tired with their blather about big bone—buncombe! D'you ever see a head like that, Jimmy? Isn't it a greyhound's all over? And the ears—fit for a watch charm. You never saw a horse in your life with the tips turned in that wasn't honest. What? The lips too thin—temper? You're away off; that's courage. Horses ain't bulldogs; the blubber-lipped ones're soft. Legs—too much daylight under him? D'you ever hear of St. Simon or St. Frusquin? Well, they ran on stilts. Hamburg? Yes, he was flat, but there ain't many Hamburgs knockin' about."

There was nothing lacking in the foundling colt—according to Sproat.

These were weeks of romance, of dreamy fiction. In April, Dicky became a sordid person of resource.

"We'll try the chestnut," he said, "an' if he's real good, we'll skip Aqueduct an' give him his lesson at Belmont. Most of the spielers'll be up at Aqueduct now, but there'll be somebody watchin' at Belmont, p'raps, so we'll give 'em the double cross. A little saffron'll fix the colt's white face, an' we'll gallop 'em in the afternoon. I've never worked the colt yet that I didn't see Slim Neely clockin' him. He thinks I wasn't on. Well, I'll call him down some of these days. They have a good one in Cusick's barn, Saurian, an' I s'pose Neely's watchin' for a rival."

The day of Passion's trial, Neely was at Aqueduct, but he had left a boy on watch at Belmont; he had never lost sight of Nellie Bly's colt.

That night the boy reported to his master: "Jimmy Bankes an' Dicky Sproat tried a two-year-old today. The big horse Dander won the trial, but he was all out; they pulled the other one off. They run a quarter in twenty-four, an' the colt's the best I see out yet. He's ten pounds better'n the blaze-face one Sproat's been workin'."

This information puzzled Neely, but he was a man who took the shortest road to solve a problem.

"D'you know that red-headed boy in Sproat's stable, Jack?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; that's Mike Higgins."

"Well, here's a V; you boys like to be sociable sometimes, an' I think Mike's a nice kid."

Next morning Jack had little information for his master; but for himself, and on his own account, he had obtained a black eye. His attempt to bribe Mike had led to recriminations and the discolored optic. However, Sproat's boy, before he caught on, had let slip the information that they had no new horse in their stable, no two-year-old except the white-faced chestnut.

Practically, this was all Neely wanted; the chestnut of the trial was undoubtedly Nellie Bly's colt, and he now had fulfilled his early promise and was extra good. And being good, how was he to benefit Neely? That gentleman emptied his pipe twice over this query. Sproat would ask a big figure for the colt if he would consent to sell him at all.

No, no use to put Cusick up to buying him; it couldn't be done. In fact better to let Sproat and Jimmy run the colt, then he'd make good his words; then he'd crumple them up like a cigarette. He chuckled ghoulishly over the plan in his mind that was such a certainty—there wasn't a flaw in it. And he would play a lone hand; not even Cusick in on it.

"We'll start Passion a couple of times," Dicky said advisingly to Bankes. "We'll pick out as cheap a bunch of two-year-olds as we can find runnin' an' let him taste a win; it'll give him sand, an' that's what gets the goods nine times out of ten. I'll give you the office, Jimmy; Cusick thinks he's goin' to clean up with Saurian. I've seen the colt work, an' Passion has got him beat now. We'll canter Mr. Cusick out of the long end of that pot in the Great Trial—Saurian is in it."

Clever planner as Sproat might be, he was up against it when he tried to prearrange turf contests—to write prophetically the one-two-three of a race twenty-four hours yet in the future. So this wondrous gold-coated son of Nellie Bly that had eaten the winds—as the Arabs say—in his trial, performed as creditably in a race with second-raters as a garden goat might have.

Jimmy Bankes, watching Passion's erratic behavior at the post, said, "That comes of breedin' to a fiddle-headed brute like Dander, Dicky. He's got the old horse's nerves."

"That colt ain't got Dander's nerves, an' don't you forget that," Sproat answered.

The fierce-colored silks of the jockeys were things of terror that glinted evilly in the bright sunshine when the mettled colt, Passion, caught their flash from every side as he was jammed here and pulled there, in and out, in that swarm of sixteen youngsters at the starting post; and the bull-like voice of some strong-lunged man was roaring strange commands; and on the colt's back was a human of evil intention, and withal of great treachery, for the iron in Passion's tender mouth was yanked and sawed from side to side; and back at his flank a fierce insect stung him—he had never known the spur in his trials.

And in front was the strange web of entanglement—the barrier. He had been schooled at it; but even then, at that time, when all was peace and his own gentle-handed boy on his back, the thing had once lassoed him by the throat. Yes, it was a danger, something for a horse to avoid. But in avoiding it there was the long whip, heavy of handle, behind there in the assistant starter's hand, that was a greater evil. All at once there was a mad rush of the two-year-olds, like a wolf pack, like beagles thrusting forward to a found scent. It was the stampeding of a herd. They were in front of him—on every side of him; and behind, something struck into his hocks. It wasn't running; it wasn't a race at all; it was a scrimmage.

And at the end of it Dicky Sproat scratched his head and said disconsolately that he couldn't understand it at all. Passion hadn't been in the money, even. And the jockey said that his mount didn't seem to have any early speed, but was going a bit better at the end.

Jimmy, because of his racing lore, said simply: "This runnin' 's all wrong. We'll just throw this race out. The colt ran green—he's only a babe. We'll start him next in the Laureate; there'll be a smaller field in the stake, an' it'll be a good prep for the Great Trial."

Disastrous as the first race had appeared, it had one result of value—it set the colt thinking. When he went to the post for the Laureate he had matured wondrously. He had thought the whole thing out. The crackling colors, splashy blotches of chromatic discord, had shed their terrifying qualities.

There was more room with but eight starters; Passion's companions were better behaved. When the barrier shot skyward the chestnut colt was in the van—he led, led until a grappling iron took him by the hind leg and pitched him to his nose. It was Jockey Rooney on Saurian that was the grappling iron, and Saurian, galloping, had cut down the chestnut.

It was one of the usual happenings that relieve the monotony of fast horses beating slower horses; it was one of the chances of the great game, nothing more. But not knowing the cause, Dicky and Jimmy stared aghast at their wondrous colt trailing the seven others down the stretch. But the gash in Passion's leg, just missing the tendon, was eloquent exoneration of the chestnut's failure.

"I'd 've won," the boy said, "if I hadn't got cut down. That sweep, Rooney, he pulled dead acrost me; he orter get set down for rough ridin'."

"I can't make any money objectin'," Dicky lamented. "We run last; I wouldn't get a share of the purse if the winner was disqualified."

Passion's injury was not serious. Four days before the Great Trial he showed the two friends a gallop that made him out good enough to win in any company.

"We ought to send him to the post," Dicky Sproat said. "These highbinders that run the meetin' will hold us up for the cash too. I'll have to make a touch."

Jimmy also had to make a touch, as Sproat had said—borrow money for a bet.

Some days later, Passion, in the pink of condition, was qualified for the Great Trial by the payment of the starting money. Cusick's colt, Saurian, was favorite.

Neely's interests in the Great Trial were complex and sinuous. He had owned the dam of Saurian, and his share had been a quarter interest in the colt, with a small sum of money paid in cash. In spite of Passion's two bad races, Neely knew that he was dangerous. He had worked better than Saurian and would have twelve pounds less weight in the saddle. He would be a long price in the betting, and this would give Neely a chance such as he loved. He would back Passion—have two horses running for him.

As Sproat was saddling Passion for the Great Trial, Jimmy said, "Saurian's 3 to 1, this one's 20 to 1. We'll run for the stake only, eh, Dick?"

"Not for mine," Dick answered. "I've squeezed two hundred from the clouds, an' it all goes on Passion straight to win. Go an' bet it, Jimmy; here's the stuff."

"Bet it on the limb, as far out as you can get it, Dicky," Jimmy pleaded; "he'll be 5 to 1 to show—that's the place for your money—bet it that he runs third."

"All right, at 20 to 1; an' you're on half."

Jimmy Bankes hurried from the paddock to the lawn in front of the grand stand, his little fox eyes peering here and there for the rotund form of Gus Swartz, a gentleman who laid the odds in what was called oral betting—no ticket passed, no money passed; just two gentlemen betting with each other, which was not contrary to the law; and the settling would be next day at the winner's residence or club.

There was Gus, his striking suit of Scotch tweed visualizing his great girth like a painted buoy in placid water.

"Gus," Bankes said, "Dick Sproat wants two hundred on Passion. What's he at?"

"Twenty to one to Dicky"—and Swartz grinned. "In the racin' game, Dicky's a good feller—that lets him out; he's fooled away years over mutt horses, and if he can land this bet I'll kiss myself on both cheeks. I'm bad to Saurian. I'll lose a-plenty if he romps home; besides, I'd hate to see Sam Cusick win anythin'."

"I've got Dick's two hundred," Jimmy said, shoving a hand in his pocket.

"Nothin' doin', boy. D'you want to get me pinched? Besides, Dicky Sproat's word is as good as the yellow backs to me."

As Jimmy turned away, Swartz made a memo in a note book. As he dropped it back in his pocket, Neely sidled up to him and asked in a low voice, "What price Passion, Gus?"

The blue eyes of Swartz, placid German eyes, narrowed; suspicion, dislike, hardening them. "Five to one," he said.

"I said Passion—he's 20 to 1, they tell me."

"Go get it, Mr. Neely. When Sam Cusick bets on another horse in the same race he's got one in, it's 5 to 1 with me if he's a thousand any other place."

Swartz half turned and whispered something to a slim, dark little man who had been standing at his elbow—was always

Continued on Page 128

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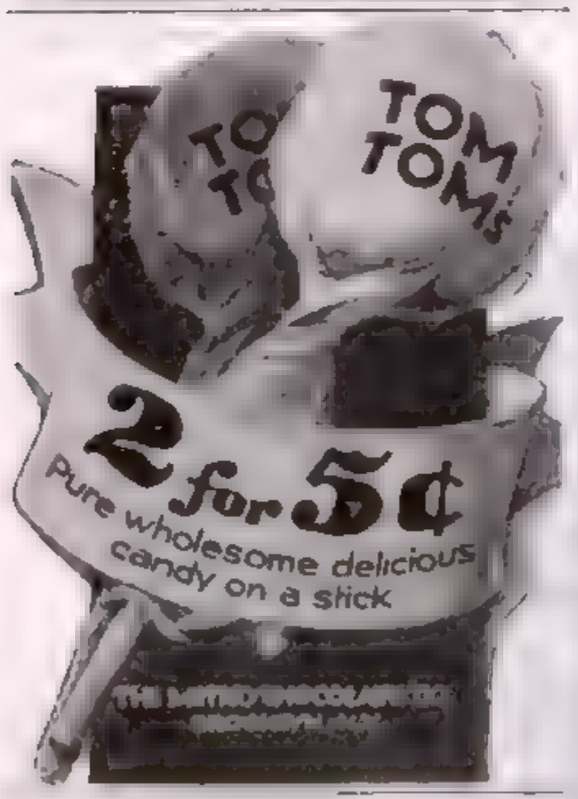

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(Continued from Page 125)

standing there. The little man hurried away.

"It's not Sam Cusick's bet; it's my own money," Neely expostulated.

"That makes it a damn sight worse; when you and Cusick put your heads together, you've got an ace in the hole. I don't want your bet at all."

"You fat Dutchman! You piker!" Neely snarled. Then he pushed through the crowd to where a tall slim man in a lavender suit stood. "What price Passion, Reilly?" he queried of this man.

"Even money."

"Even money? You're crazy!"

"Crazy like a fox; Mr. Sam Cusick's runner. I don't want your bet."

It was wonderful how the whisper from Gus had carried; it was like the mental telegraph of the savage in the forest.

Neely tackled three other oral men, and the three men turned away from him with as little interest as if he had said it was a fine day.

Finally, out near the paddock, he found a man—what was called a fringe man—one who was practically ostracized from the coterie of reliable layers, because sometimes he did not pay off if he had had a bad day. Even this man had caught the distrust.

"Passion, Neely? What're you doin' backin' one against your own stable? Sam Cusick and Dicky Sproat put their heads together? I'll lay you 2 to 1 the good thing doesn't come off."

"Two to one!" Neely sneered. "Look here, you wise guy, a hundred on Saurian at 8 to 1; an' settle soon's the All Right sign's up. Here!" And he surreptitiously slipped the bookie a hundred-dollar bill. Neely walked away, muttering, "At 20 to 1 I'd have taken a chance for two thousand, an' perhaps kept my mouth shut. But two hundred's no good to me when I can turn three hundred on a sure thing."

Then the bugle called the racers to the struggle; and as the ten juveniles cantered to the post, racing men said in their eagerness, "This ought to be a great race."

There were three colts that might give Saurian an argument—Rapidity, Cashier and Red Moon; either one of these had a chance to beat Cusick's favorite. Passion—he might as well have been in the barn. Then when these men, rich in turf lore, had arranged it all, the starter cast loose his webbed barrier, and the babe horses, beckoned by fate, proceeded to disarrange the unwise plans of weakling mortals and enact that which the capricious god of chance desired.

"They're off!" For the space of one, two, three, four, counted deliberately, there was a mixup of the baby runners—all together, like pups at play; then the shapeless mass grew into a wedge.

"There goes the favorite," a man said, as a green-and-white jacket drew out.

"Favorite nothing!" a voice answered, half muffled by hands that held a pair of powerful glasses. "Saurian's all green; there he is back in the bunch."

"Who's in the lead then?"

"Green, white sleeves; look at your program. What's that—number seven, he is." The horse was drawing out, and the number on the saddle cloth had grown into the speaker's vision.

"Passion," the other answered.

"That dub! He might as well be dead; he'll soon crack up."

At the quarter the cracking-up process was still in abeyance; the chestnut son of Nellie Bly was leaning into his bridle, begging for a loosening of the rein that checked his speed. And behind, Saurian, hampered by Red Moon and Rapidity, was waiting for an opening.

At the half, Dicky Sproat stretched out his hand and grasped Jimmy's arm till his fingers bit into the flesh. "By heavens, boy," he said, his voice husky with emotion, "they'll never catch the colt now! That's the way he moved the day he put Dander out of business two weeks ago. The boy's ridin' him under a double wrap."

"Don't, Dicky!" Jimmy pleaded. "If you say a word he'll fall dead—somethin' 'll happen."

"Don't croak, Jimmy. Now what d'you say? How're they goin' to catch him? They're all at the bat, an' Ruddy hasn't moved on Passion. There ——"

"Saurian's comin' now, Dicky."

"There, boy, d'you ever see the like of that? Ain't he a great colt!"

The jockey on Passion had tossed his little body forward once, twice; his right hand had twisted with a corkscrew motion at the rein, and the gallant chestnut, without cut of lash or tickle of spur, drew away, and as his great gallop swung him past the judges' stand a length to the good Sproat gave a yell of joy and shook his friend in a frenzy of exhilaration. Then he sprang to the course to care for the gallant winner.

A strange feeling of misfortune hung over the spirit of Jimmy. Even now, with Passion first past the post, he couldn't shake it off. He shivered as the jockey slipped from the horse, took his saddle and weight cloth on his arm and fell in line to weigh in. Just a minute and the ordeal would be past, everything would be over.

Two men knocked against Jimmy as they ran toward the judges' stand. Ah, they were going to object—there was something wrong. He followed them, cursing their heartlessness. At the little gate they leaned over the course railing, and one said, "There, Jack! Gad, man, did you ever see a grander colt in your life? He won in a walk, I tell you!"

"Ain't it the racing game all over?" his companion added. "He belongs to Jimmy Bankes. He bought the dam for two hundred dollars, I hear, and the sire was a rank bad horse."

Jimmy turned away, twisting his shoulders angrily, as though he would cast from his spirits the dread that was cold and of weight like a shirt of mail. It must be depression—nothing could happen now; the boy's weight would be all right; in these days of precision and perfect scales, wrong weight was rare indeed.

Even as Bankes reasoned with himself, the string of midgets that was like a disjointed rainbow had wound its way to an end over the scales. Above, a steward put his mouth to a tube, and across the course the numbers of the placed horses were lowered, a red band attached, and then they shot aloft, and the Great Trial had been run and won by Passion, with Saurian second and Rapidity third. There was the sign absolute, the red seal of indorsement. All right! All right! All right!

The taut nerves slipped, the strain passed, a smile of joy chased the drawn wrinkles from Jimmy's lips. A minute before he had been poor; now, thanks to the gallant horse, the foundling, he was rich. Yes, there was the seal, the red band. And now he owned a stake colt—a colt that was worth twenty thousand dollars at least. The wealth seemed fabulous—four thousand won in the bet and Sproat had declared him in on that fifty-fifty. And the stake would run at least ten thousand dollars; much more, even with the money going to the second and third horses deducted, for starters' money would be added.

Then he shivered, for Neely met him face to face, and on the latter's lips was a sneer of hate; and in the hard gray eyes was a snakelike glitter of triumph.

"I must be dopy!" Jimmy muttered, as he twisted a path through the mob of people on the lawn. "The race is all in; I've got the goods. I used to fancy these things when I was wastin'; I'm a bit off my oats, that's all."

"Now you see, Jimmy my raven," said Dicky Sproat, "your rootin' against our luck was no good. We've copped the stake, an' Dander'll top the list of winnin' sires by fall. And the colt's all right—he's no more distressed than if he'd been breezin' a half. James King asked me to put a price on him just now."

"I s'pose it's all right, Dicky—it must be!"

Then the winner of the big stake was blanketed and led away. Passion's owners were suddenly taken cognizance of by horsemen as belonging to the fraternity; men who own stake animals are to be considered in the great game.

The two stood together on the lawn. They were possessed of complacent satisfaction with the whole racing game—everything; it was a jovial old world altogether. Sproat's nimble tongue rattled on, making plans for Passion.

Then the evil one appeared in their garden that was filled with orchids and tropical flowers of fancy. The agent of unrest was a messenger from the stewards that that august trio of autocratic power wished to—well, as the messenger said: "The stewards want you up in their stand, Mr. Sproat, and Mr. Bankes too."

When Sproat and Bankes climbed wearily up the wooden steps to the judges' stand, Steward Forsby said, "Mr. Neely here wishes to enter an objection to your colt on the score of wrong registration. Now, Mr. Neely," he added, "did you have a horse in this stake?"

"No, sir."

"Did you train a horse that was in this stake, or are you the accredited agent for anybody that had a horse in this stake?"

"I am not," Neely answered.

"Then you have no authority to enter an objection against the winner, Mr. Neely—that rule is absolute."

Neely stared aghast. He was not a man to be versed in racing rules—trickery was his forte. Then he remembered something.

"I'm a part owner in Saurian that ran second," he blurted. "I owned his dam, an' Cusick gave me for the mare a quarter interest in her first get, sired by Mugger; an' Saurian's her first get."

"Can you furnish proofs of that?"

"Yes, sir; I have a letter from Cusick in my pocket. Here it is."

"Is this document registered with the jockey club—the partnership?"

"No, it was a private deal between me an' Cusick. I'd been ruled off once, an' Cusick didn't want it known."

"Ah! We will take it for granted that you are a part owner, Mr. Neely, and allow you to make your objection, because if there's anything wrong we want it cleared up. Proceed."

"Passion is entered as by Dander—the colt is by Mugger, Cusick's horse; an' Sproat just claimed him for Dander."

"Stop that, Neely!" Steward Forsby said sharply. "How do you know the colt is by Mugger?"

"Because I bred Nellie Bly to Mugger myself."

"Did Mr. Cusick know about that affair? Be very careful, Mr. Neely, because this is a serious case."

"Cusick was away at the time."

"Did you tell him when he came back?"

"No; I forgot. The mare Nellie Bly was to be mine, an' ——"

"I see. We'll hear you, Mr. Sproat."

Sproat and Bankes related all that had occurred about the breeding of Passion; Cusick's flat statement that he wouldn't breed Nellie Bly to Mugger; that they knew nothing about Mugger being the sire, absolutely nothing, had never even heard it.

Forsby drew the two other stewards to one side, where they consulted in low tones. Then he turned from his companions and said: "Mr. Sproat, there is no evidence furnished by this man to implicate you against the rules. You registered Passion according to the knowledge you had of his breeding; but change the registration of Passion to read 'By Mugger or Dander.' The race stands as won by Passion." He turned to Neely, adding, "But Saurian is disqualified for second place and placed last, because that partnership was not registered according to the rule of partnership. Mr. Cusick can appeal if he likes."

As Sproat and Jimmy went down the steps, Bankes asked, "Did you know this all along, Dick?"

"No, but I guessed it. Neely talks too much."

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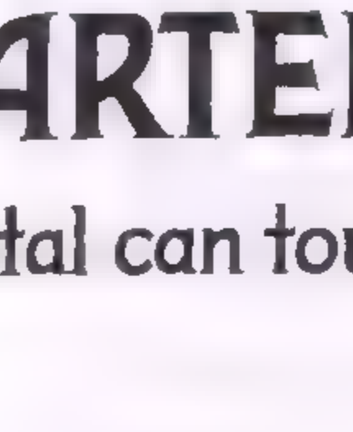

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STATION STYX

(Continued from Page 11)

rhythm changing with it, to the crudest, the thinnest of one-two-three accompaniments. This was a waltz—an old-fashioned waltz—a real waltz with pretty, meaningless words, sung true; sung with the lilt and glamour that die before a song dies and live when the song and the singer are young. And the waltz was the Blue Danube Waltz.

Heminway crouched lower, close to the radio, and covered his face with his hands.

On the back porch of the Zeta frat house a girl and a boy were dancing. Inside a piano tinkled, a voice sang with it, and the crowd danced. But out here on the porch the boy and girl were alone, suddenly, terribly alone.

They were dancing the new dip waltz, with the tender, slow hesitation, the headlong, breathless swing. The girl was born for it, born for him. She danced like part of him. It was dark here. He could smell but he could not see the cluster of Mayflowers in the girl's hair. The girl in his arms was only a slim, fragrant ghost of a girl in pale organdie limp with the night mist. He could not see her face, but her eyes had tears in them; for this was a quarrel, their first. And what was it all about? Only a kiss. And they had had so many kisses, never a quarrel before. The girl's voice was silver sweet:

"Not a kiss. Not this kiss. Not yet."

"Why?"

"I told you why. Because it is—it is going to be a very special kiss. It says something: it means something. Unless it means to you just what it means to me, you may not kiss me."

"What does it mean?"

"It means—it means that you are mine and I am yours forever."

"Forever? That's too long. We can't know. We can't be sure. I can't promise. I—I do not care to kiss you."

No answer. Only—was that a little laugh? A little sob? You could not guess here in the dark. The waltz swung into double-quick time. The boy hated the tune; he would always hate it. The girl pressed closer into his arms.

"You do not need to kiss me. I'll kiss you."

"No—no!"

"Poor boy, you are afraid. Don't be afraid. You do not need to promise. I'll promise all alone. I'll take care of both of us; of you. When you need me I'll be there—anywhere—somehow—always!" Cool arms locked round the boy's neck, clinging, drawing his face down; lips touched his cheek, his lips.

"Forever!"

Only the girl's voice said it, silver sweet, whispering faintly, poignantly, through the last chords of the song.

"Why, he was a cad; a yellow dog!" said Heminway. "Could you—couldn't you give him another chance? A second chance?"

But the next number was beginning. No change of key, no prelude told him what the next song would be. Only a hand, skilled, but careless and idle, played with the keys of the old piano, striking a chord here, a note there, favoring the flawed notes. The piano was out of use, out of tune; for this was summer.

A girl had stolen alone into the deserted frat house; a girl who was this summer always alone. She had raised only one close-drawn curtain; she was a dimly seen white figure in a gray room, drooping rather forlornly over the keys.

She touched one key, taking the pitch from it, clasped her hands in her lap, raised her face to the uncurtained window and softly, very softly, began to sing:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes ——"

What other song should she sing? What other song was there, had there ever been in the world, so tender, so warm, so young, so heartbroken, so happy? Hushed, low as a lullaby or a prayer, but you could hear it across the world; would come when it called you. Why did the boy not hear it and come and kneel at her feet with his head on her clasped hands? Where was the boy?

"Or leave a kiss but in the cup ——"

The boy? She was not calling the boy that Heminway used to be. She was calling to Heminway, and Heminway could not answer. His voice choked, would not come. But he did not care; for the sun, setting early on this August day, would flood her window with light. He would see her face. Light touched the window sill, crept over it, reached her hands. They were clasped on a withered cluster of Mayflowers, and—and Heminway could not see them. The girl, the dim room had vanished. One crashing discord cut through the slender thread of song and broke it. He could hear nothing—nothing.

Heminway gripped the little radio with both hands and shook it. He stumbled to his feet, swayed, caught a window sill for support and clung to it.

"Lily! Lily! Lily!" he heard his own voice calling hoarsely, loudly. And then he was falling, too slowly, through an infinite blackness to the floor.

When Ming Toy made his prompt, velvet-footed entrance at nine next morning Heminway's phone was ringing. Toy took the call in his quarters, then tiptoed into the living room and backed out with a purr of apology. For Heminway lay on the Louis Quinze day bed fully dressed and awake. His handsome new lounging suit was crumpled as if he had slept in it and slept badly. Also his face was chalk white and his eyes had little amber lights in them which Ming Toy had not often seen there.

"Come back here, you poor dumb heathen," Heminway said kindly, but rather wearily. "You didn't wake me. I've been awake some time. I'll take about three gallons of black coffee. I feel rotten. Last night I had rather a terrible dream."

"Lady," Ming Toy's voice implied that the description was not adequate, "calling you on your phone, my mister. Name of Miss Patakopolus."

"Miss who?" asked Heminway absently.

"She say she call you four times last night, get a busy signal. Say you save her life last night, but she never forgive you. Say Shandy's place get burned up last night, many girls get killed. And she say she never speak to you again."

"She will," said Heminway. "I broke the Waterford vase. Keep your eye out for another. Clean up the mess and tell the florist he's fired if he ever sends me junk like that again."

"Arbutus?"

"Mayflowers," said Heminway, closing his eyes. "Oh, Toy. Don't fool with that radio for a while. It's so on the bum that it's getting on my nerves. I shall chuck it out or have an expert up to give it a going over. And Toy, where are the finders pointing? Just take a look and tell me."

"Sixty and zero."

"Well, why not?" Heminway asked rather crossly. "Why not?"

Ming Toy only shrugged his shoulders and looked at Heminway queerly but very kindly out of his shallow eyes.

"Lady," he announced irrelevantly, "moving in last night to apartment under this."

"Apartment? Boot closet," Heminway amended absently. Ming Toy did not dispute the point.

"That is all, my mister?"

"That is quite all," said Heminway.

And for three weeks—three weeks and three days, to be quite exact—that was all. Nothing happened to Heminway which quite belongs to this story, yet much happened. For this was spring, and spring always crowded in on Heminway in a frantic tangle of things to be decided, settled, fitted neatly into that absolute, intricate pattern which was Heminway's life. And it had always amused, absorbed and pleasantly excited him, but this spring it did not. It interrupted, annoyed him, seemed somehow not in the least to matter.

One girl he looked over and turned down was from the Follies. Heminway always chose at least one new girl to take out each spring, and he had for years been looking for a Follies girl who was not a gold digger or a back number. Also he had lost Patsy to a Brazilian multimillionaire, whom she had knifed one night at a cocktail party and married the morning after. His current really nice girl proved to have been married six months to her father's chauffeur and had just announced it. Fania Lubitch, the sculptress, the girl he talked to, had developed a Mayfair bob, and with it an unsuppressed desire to vamp instead of talk. She bored him, but of late most girls did, so he kept her on, dined with her twice a week and except for her, saw no girls at all, but the ones employed at his office and the girl downstairs—the new girl in the tiny room below him.

Heminway had never spoken to her. But though the other pallid young creatures he met at the door or on the stairs came and went, she seemed to have no engagements, no friends; to be always there and always alone. So she soon became a familiar figure to him, though she was a very vague one. A face at a window, which never looked out, but was bent over work at a table. A slender, hurrying creature, laden with bundles, manipulated with a curious, defiant grace. If you groped in the dark for a bundle which she had dropped and picked it up, she smiled but did not speak, and in the dark you could not see her smile. A pale ghost of a girl.

He refused this spring not only new girls but new jobs. He turned down flat and without regret a place on an international commission to make over the finances of a rather important foreign country. Also he did not open the Long Island bungalow where he always spent his summers. His reason for both these decisions was the same, and entirely inadequate.

"I shall be detained in New York."

"Why?" asked Ming Toy, who asked few questions and those directly, but Heminway could not answer. He wanted to stay in New York in his own apartment, knew that he should stay there, must stay there; that the center of his world had shifted and lay there, drawing him toward it, holding him, claiming him. Knew it blindly but quite surely, but he did not in the least know why.

"I'm getting old," he told Toy, and laughed.

But Ming Toy did not laugh. He said very gravely, "My mister getting younger. Soon, quite soon, be all, entirely young."

"Childish sports," agreed Heminway. "Idiot's delight."

For this spring only two pastimes amused him and both were childish. Both amused him so much that he was no longer ashamed of them. Heminway walked. Bought knickers and a gray sweater of a shade twenty years behind the mode, and wore them. Took trains to country stations and got off before he reached them, at some way station, if a winding road beckoned or a path up a hill slanted into the sunset; and walked and walked, cross country and quite alone. It was long since he had gone out of sight or sound of Manhattan without his smart little roadster; so at first he tired quickly and used to get lost rather often, and his new sports shoes blistered his feet. He employed an expensive chiropodist and continued to walk. Soon he could beat his way straight through pathless woods; for he had his old sense of direction again—that sixth sense which he had lost with his youth—also his second wind and his waist

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The Eclipse Bendix Drive is standard equipment on a large majority of the world's automobiles—and is the form you probably know best of the Eclipse products used in starting gasoline engines. It is the automatic connecting link between your electric starting motor and the engine of your automobile—a "mechanical hand" that takes hold of the fly-wheel, cranks it, and then lets go. Eclipse also starts—

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line. And he would sing as he walked; songs that did not take too much breath or brain; old stuff, his old college glee-club songs.

His second pastime was even more childish. Heminway was a radio fan.

He had ordered a new set, giving conscientious skill and care to the selection; a fine set, housed in a great, walnut cabinet, cunningly carved. But when Ming Toy announced that a man had arrived to install it:

"Tell him to go to hell," said Heminway. "I'll pay for it and take credit if he resells it," he amended thriftily, "but I will not take it. This set suits me."

So there it stood on the red-lacquered table under the purple lamp—the old portable set. And every night for an hour, and always at about the same time—at nine Heminway would sit cross-legged on the floor and play with it. He could not tell just when and how he got this habit—who can account for habits? But it was a strong, almost a sacred habit. He juggled and broke engagements to indulge it; for his day would have been as incomplete without it as if he had failed to shave or brush his teeth and hair.

That freak dream which he had about the far-distant station used to come back to him sometimes. His trained mind had decided once for all that it was only a dream, and so all the panic and pain of it had faded. It seemed like a sweet dream, very sweet, and he liked to think about it, and did so more and more.

When he had serious trouble with interference and static—and as the set was so crazy, so old, and his hands were so unskilled, he had much—he used to grin and ask.

"Am I tuning in on that station?"

When his favorite vaudeville team gave some tender and mawkish ballad of love and daisies which had almost the thrill of the old heart songs, he would say:

"Not so good. They do things better at that station." And always he wished that he had dreamed the name of the station. It would seem sometimes as if he had dreamed it. Sometimes he could almost remember it.

"It begins with S," he announced abruptly, one evening late in May.

"What does, heart's friend?" Fania Lubitch asked languidly, not turning her head, which was arranged against the cushions of his Louis Quinze day bed with due care for the new permanent wave in her Mayfair bob.

Fania had an engagement at nine; he had made sure of this before he invited her to dinner. But she made no move to go. She made no move at all. She sat there in her orange smock, with her sandaled feet crossed, and a hand-rolled cigarette between two slim, smoke-stained fingers, and stared at him through the yellow-white smoke. Seen so, her small, pale face, with the narrowed eyes, was inscrutable, charming. But it was almost nine.

"Nothing," said Heminway rudely. "It is hot," he added by way of apology. "It must be hell downstairs."

It was hot. And the heat this year was not the heat of other years, but a plague, a menace. Spring was over, done to death in a night by it. They must be stifling down there, those pale creatures that Heminway passed at the door sometimes, slinking home to their poor little rooms, and the thought of them troubled and haunted him strangely. For even up here, with glazed chintz, with the three electric fans working overtime, with iced glasses for Ming Toy's divinely inspired iced drinks, it was almost hell. Some phlox in the Waterford vase had paled and shrunk into a huddled clump that looked like wood flowers, like ——

"Mayflowers," he muttered.

"Mayflowers? What are they?" cooed Fania.

"How should I know?" snapped Heminway.

He paused in his restless pacing of the room to stare with some interest into the Chinese mirror, for the face there looked very little like his own. It was drained of all color, drawn, with the contours showing sharply through flesh as thin as paper, and little flecks of amber blazed in the eyes like flames. Fania was talking. He turned and tried to listen.

"Heart's friend and very dear, you wish very much that I should go? I shall go and I shall not come back. For it is finished. I cannot make you love me. There is a wall round you which guards you from my kisses, from my heart and from this moment which is our parting. It has for almost a month been there -this wall. Shall I tell you what it is?"

"Shoot," said Heminway.

"You are another woman's man."

"Would you kindly explain," Heminway asked with careful politeness, "what you mean by that?" She shrugged her shoulders.

"I cannot. But you, I think, can, and very soon. And so, good-by, my dear."

"That's that," said Heminway.

He shut the door behind her and went at once to the radio. It was long past nine. And there was, there had been all the evening, something on the air which he wished to get, ought to get. If only it was still there: if he could coax it somehow out of these little tantalizing black knobs which turned so smoothly, so snugly, which had it and hid it and would not give it to him.

"Too late," said Heminway; and then, "What's this? What's this?"

For the knobs had ceased to turn. The finders pointed one to sixty and one to zero. This time there was no interference. The announcer's voice was only a rumbling echo, drowned at once by ——

"Oh, God, it's true," said Heminway. "It's not a dream. It's true!"

One golden note. The master note of a mighty orchestra, one note which was all music. He waited breathless, eager for tunes, for words, but they did not come. Presently he understood that they would not come; that he was to hear only this golden note. And it was enough. There was no need of words. It carried a message, and the meaning was almost clear; quite clear now.

"But where are you?" Heminway whispered. "Oh, where are you?" Presently he nodded and smiled. "If you cannot tell me, it's all right. I can find you. I will find you."

Almost at once there was something gone from its beauty, some urge, some effort, and there was instead an infinite peace in it. But he could hear it now only faintly and more faintly. He pressed close to catch the last echo, the last breath.

Ming Toy, returning in triumph half an hour later with the preprohibition-pinch bottles which he had traveled far to fetch, dropped his precious burden unceremoniously and hurried to the crouched tense figure which was Heminway.

He touched a hot forehead, pressed a jumping pulse.

"The fever. Can happen with this so-damned heat," he muttered; "and with—with ——"

Heminway did not seem to feel the light questing fingers. He got unsteadily to his feet and gripped the little man's shoulders in a clutch that hurt.

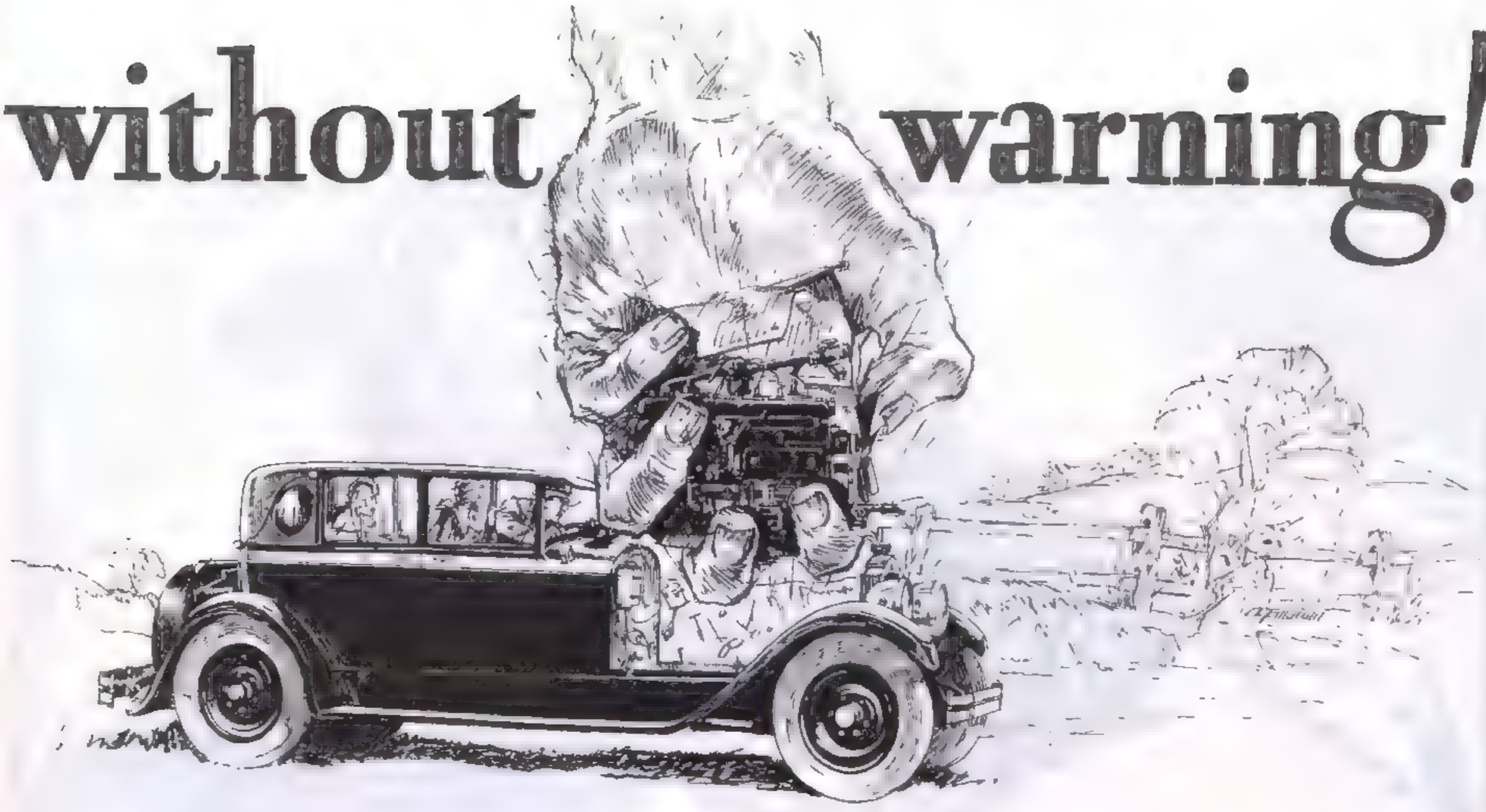
"I've lost it now, but I had it. I had station—station ——"

His voice was a chattering babble, quickly hushed as he dropped limp and fainting into Ming Toy's arms.

Ming Toy's diagnosis had been quite correct. He called in a doctor who corroborated it and added that Heminway was probably dying. A full account of the next ten days, from Heminway's point of view, would probably fill all gaps in this story, and in many stories which have not been and never can be written. For in that dim and gray half world between life and death where Heminway lingered you are given strange gifts of wisdom, delight and truth which, if you win your way back to life again, you must lose and come back with empty hands. So Heminway came.

(Continued on Page 137)

without warning!



A DRIVER doesn't know that he has poor oil in his crank-case until—*something happens!* . . . . Without warning, something happens to thousands of automobile engines every year—because the majority of motorists are indifferent to the kind of oil they get. "Any old oil is good enough." Only, too often it isn't! And so, expensive repairs are made, or good motors are scrapped, ruined by poor lubrication. What a price to pay for indifference!

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That is the reason for the emblem shown below—so you can look for it at filling stations and on containers and know that the oil sold under it will keep every moving part in your motor *safely* lubricated.

Pure Pennsylvania Oil is good because Nature made it that way. She gave it greater resistance to heat, wear, and dilution. These characteristics of the oil prove it . . .

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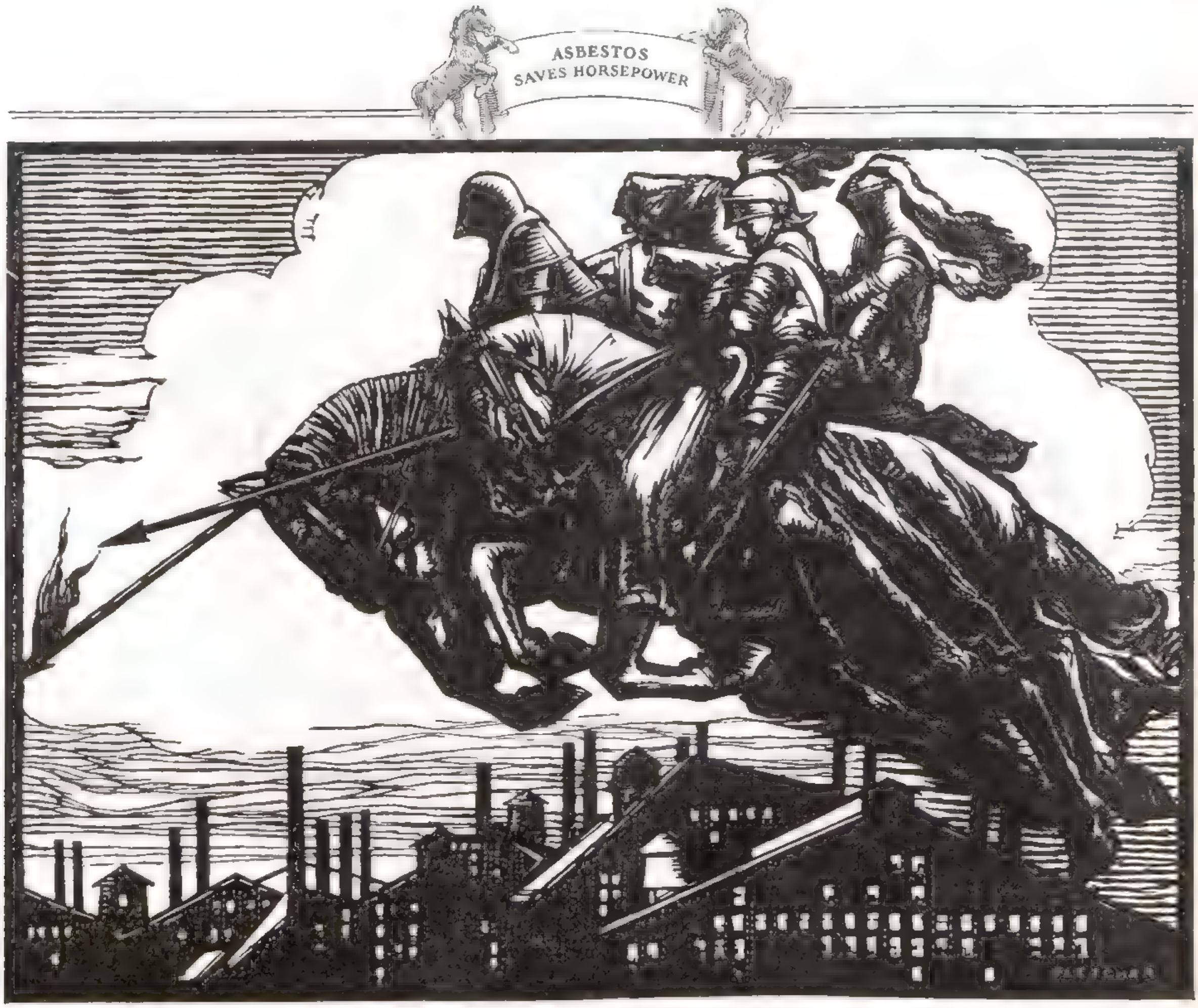

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SAVES HORSEPOWER

(Continued from Page 134)

Those ten days marked the crest of the heat wave, and dying was a more natural process than living and seldom got into the papers, but the doctor did not wish Heminway to die. For, though Heminway had eliminated him years ago from his carefully edited calling list and Ming Toy had found his name in an old address book, he was still Heminway's friend. Also Heminway had guessed wrong in eliminating him, for he had become a big man in his profession. He could perform miracles and not understand them or ask to understand; call back a soul from far away and never question where it had wandered or why. And he could pull wires, get ice in carloads when children in blistering streets were sucking at dry hydrants for water, and stretchers and nurses when nobody else could get them and nobody cared. He pulled them, and Heminway, gloriously delirious and quite ungrateful, was moved to his Long Island bungalow and there expertly served and attended. The doctor said that the move would kill or cure him. Ming Toy opposed it so bitterly that the doctor did not take Ming Toy.

And so on the morning of the tenth day, when Heminway sat up in bed and, speaking for the first time in a voice which was his own, called for Toy, only a strange nurse answered—a very smooth and starched one. Heminway looked at her and at his surroundings with interest, but without surprise, and let her take his pulse, which was normal.

"You have had a bad case of heat prostration," she told him rather severely, "and just escaped brain fever, and there have been complications which we did not understand. But you are going to get well."

"I am well," said Heminway. She frowned, for this was against all the rules, yet it appeared to be true. "I will dress now and go home."

She explained that he must not leave the bungalow or the bed without the doctor's consent. Heminway did not argue the point. He only looked at her with eyes so like a meek, heart-stricken dog's that she softened and promised that if he would be good all day he might dress at night and dine with her on the screen porch. His eyes thanked her then.

"For I have something to do," he told her; "something extremely important."

"It can wait," smiled the nurse.

Heminway knew that it could not and should not wait; had waited too long already. Yet, as he could not think what it was, could not indeed think connectedly at all, it would have to wait. So all day he was very good. A queer day that was, long as a lifetime, short as a dream snatched at the moment of waking. Rather a pleasant dream. He ate and drank things which he did not taste, let the nurse read to him in a smooth cadenced drawl, no word of which he heard, or lay still and watched the sun creep round from his east window to his west window. At last it reached the west window. Then he rose and tubbed and shaved and dressed with an epicurean delight, but quickly.

"Who's sick now?" the nurse asked when she saw him. The little meal they shared was not invalid food, but the inspired work of a skilled chef, bored with preparing it. Complete from aspic to iced dessert of unguessable antecedents, that nurse remembered it always as her most de luxe dinner, and her only tête-à-tête meal with a man who did not once see her when he looked at her; for she was a pretty nurse, and, which is even more rare, a tactful nurse.

"You will like to smoke alone," she said after dinner.

Heminway did not smoke. He drew a chair close to the edge of the porch and watched black water suck up the last of the daylight slowly, so very slowly. Then the lights coming out one by one on the Sound, in the far-scattered houses, vanishing like glow worms in the dark or hanging steady like stars—all the lights. Then two tiny lights far below, at the bend of a road that circled the cliff there; almost out of sight, but his eyes found them and clung to them. Lights of a car parked there. Heminway wondered idly why it stayed there so long. He watched it until the radium dial of his wrist watch showed that it was nine. Then he rose and went eagerly into the house.

It was wind-swept and cool and dark, all but his little writing room at the rear. Here a single desk lamp was lighted and the nurse sat at the desk, bending over something.

"My radio?" Heminway said.

"Your man, Ming Toy, sent it out. He had no orders to do so. And it is badly out of condition; the batteries are almost dead. But I seem to be getting something. It is just beginning to come through. I don't know what it is. Would you care to listen in? As I did not wish to disturb you I was using the ear phones."

Heminway took them and raised them to his ears. He stood erect like a soldier at attention, chin high, lips faintly smiling, and held them. The finders, where the nurse, interrupted, had chanced to leave them, pointed to sixty and zero. And the phones burned themselves into his ears. They glowed, thrilled, were almost bursting with the force of the mighty power flung through them.

Heminway had missed the first two words, but a great voice was speaking:

"—— announces an S O S."

The great voice was silent. The air, the world, were silent with it, empty, waiting for that call for help. And yet Heminway was waiting alone. Only Heminway was to hear it. Heminway heard it. A woman's voice, a girl's voice, very young, calling faintly from far away, but clearly:

"Jacky—Jacky ——"

"Coming!" cried Heminway.

He threw down the phones. He was dimly aware that a person in white blocked his way to the door and babbled. He removed her, ran round the porch to a gallery at the rear, vaulted a railing, plunged down a path, lost it, reached, without it, the base of the cliff, the road and that bend in the road where a car waited. Small, strong arms helped him into it and the engine, humming and ready, started at once.

"I have waited here each night since the first," Ming Toy said.

"You would," said Heminway. "We are going ——"

"I know."

"What—how much do you know?" Heminway asked with a queer little pang of jealousy. But Toy did not answer, only massed the cushions craftily with his free hand and pressed Heminway back against them. He rested there, eyes closed, saving himself and waiting.

For Toy needed no direction. In due order familiar roads, strange in the dark, in the hurry of this strange night, slipped past them. By the shortest, the hardest way, he flung the car at top speed, too slowly, back toward the town. There it slowed to maddening deliberation for the traffic, threaded through it craftily, and at last it stopped.

"You have no more need of me, my mister."

"No," Heminway said, for all thanks, but he gripped the light-fingered hand that helped him from the car and held it. Then without its help, and stiffly but steadily, he walked up the worn steps of the house before which the car had stopped.

An old brownstone front with shabbily curtained or curtainless windows on all the floors but one. A house mysterious, menacing with secrets, whispering with promise. A house which he seemed never to have seen before. The house where he, J. Burgess Heminway, lived, and had lived for years. His own house.

His key stuck in the lock of the front door, resisted him with malicious intent. And he must hurry, hurry. He crossed a carpeted hall to stairs; more stairs; they seemed of infinite number. At the top of the third flight, the floor below his own, he stopped. His hands grasped a railing worn smooth by the touch of other hands, tired hands. And suddenly Heminway was not tired. The last touch of weakness and fever

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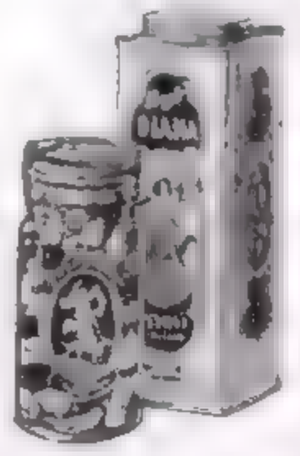

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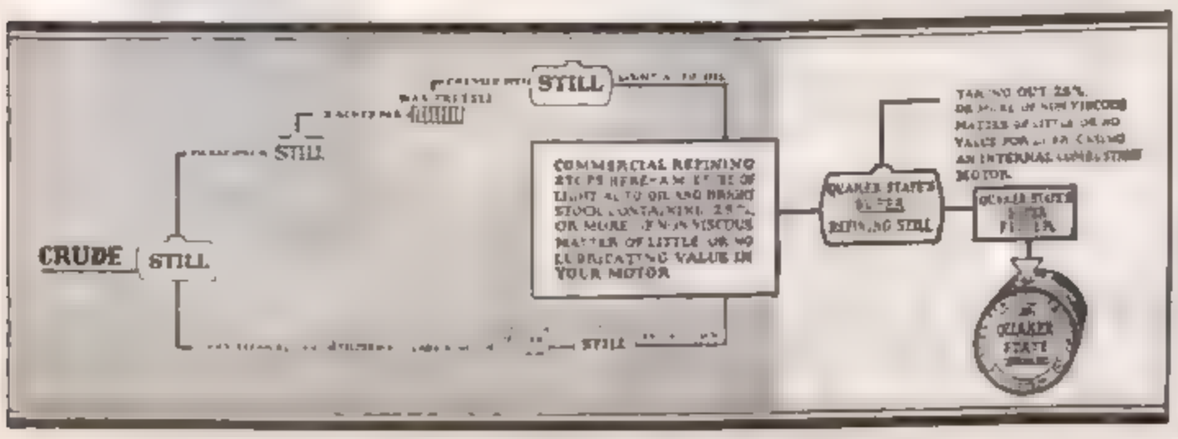
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left him and he was strong, alive, young. But he was afraid.

He groped his way, fumbling but sure, down a hallway, past a clutter of closed doors, to a door at the end. It was too dark to read the name on the card tacked there, but he did not care what the name was. He knocked at the door, knocked again, but there was no answer. He had not expected one. He raised both hands above his head and locked them and beat at the door. It splintered, crashed, burst open, and Heminway half fell through it.

Into darkness. Black darkness, heavy, airless, though the one window was open. The window was narrow, the room not much wider, not much longer. Heminway stumbled across it, pushed back the flimsy curtain that screened the window. His fingers crushed and tore it, clumsy and eager; they worked without his conscious direction. For Heminway was praying.

"I am not too late?" that was all his prayer, but it was a prayer. It was answered. For now he saw, in the island of light which a street lamp outside the window made in the dark of this room, a sagging couch bed and on the bed a girl.

She lay there very still, a huddled heap of white, one arm thrown across her face. She was spent, starved, exhausted, deep in a heavy sleep which was almost fever, but she was alive—alive. The whiteness stirred with a flutter of breath which was growing stronger. Now she was trying to speak, speaking faintly through half-parted lips, calling, trying to call a name. He could not hear the name, but he knew what name it was.

"Jacky," Heminway said. "It's Jacky. I came. I'm here."

She was going to wake. Waking suddenly, quietly, like a child. The arm that hid her face dropped from it. A hand groped toward him. Heminway did not take it yet. Instead, kneeling beside her, he looked at the face on the pillow. Gravely, hungrily, like an explorer feeding his eyes on a country newly discovered and all his own, Heminway looked and looked.

A lovely face. White as a wasted flower, tired as a forwandered child's, but beautiful; for it was very young. Nineteen, perhaps. The lips looked younger; their color drained, but a soft bloom still upon them. The hair was not soft and straight. It clung round the low, perfect forehead in a tumble of heat curls. But it was gold—silver-gold. The eyes were opening, open, in a flutter of dark lashes; looking through them straight into Heminway's eyes. As they looked they did not shift or close. They only grew lovelier, wider, deeper.

"You came?" she whispered.

"You did not die?" Heminway's voice was low, hushed, almost a whisper too. "I thought you must be dying when—when you called me. I thought—but you could not die. I could not lose you twice."

"I do not know quite what you mean by that. But you came—you came. You came just in time. For I wanted to die. I—I was going to try to. Tonight. Oh, forgive me. But I was too lonely and too tired. I—I tried once before, but I heard your voice calling me. It sounded like a real voice, not a dream. You did not call my name, but a new name, a queer little name, a dear name. And I knew that it was your voice calling to me."

"Lily?"

"Lily. Oh, you are not a dream? Not this time? You really came? Then say it—say it."

"Say what?"

"What you always do in dreams."

Cool arms locked round Heminway's neck and drew his head down. Cool lips, never kissed before, touched his cheek, his lips.

"Forever," Heminway said, "forever."

Heminway has an explanation. Reincarnation and other psychic phenomena do not occur in it. It is complete, but simple. Heminway fell asleep on his Louis Quinze day bed that evening in May and dreamed. A dream so vivid, so curious, that it disturbed and possessed him, and his brain, haunted by it and keyed high by the fever of his illness, made him twice, though fully awake, seem to hear over the radio sounds which he did not really hear. He dreamed one authentic dream and two waking dreams.

An old love which had never died, but only slept in his heart, waked at last and claimed him. Also his subconscious mind, wiser than his poor and petty conscious mind, was aware of a face which he saw and passed by without thinking of it, and of the beauty of that pale young face a new love was born. It came to be one with the old; since love is love and of such stuff dreams are made.

It was perhaps a little strange that a girl's dreams, dreamed alone, should join hands with his own. But the girl dreamed only that a man—her man—would appear in her hour of need and pledge her eternal loyalty. What else could a girl dream? What girl has not dreamed it? She heard through her open window Heminway's voice, calling out loud in his nightmare, and fitted the voice into the pattern of her dream.

Ming Toy's part in the affair was not strange at all. As the perfect servant it was his creed to supply what Heminway wanted when he wanted it and never ask him why. Observing in his master a passion for the radio and a distaste for leaving New York, he indulged them, quite simply, as he would have shopped for artichokes out of season and found them.

This is Heminway's explanation. You can take it or leave it. You will probably never hear it from Heminway. He does not like to talk upon abstract subjects. He is too happy. Yet his friends do not consider his marriage romantic. He did only what so many lonely bachelors do when they spend a summer in town—fell in love with the nearest pretty face and married it. A girl downstairs; a stenographer out of work.

Most happily married men, being petted and pampered enough to indulge them, develop prejudices. Heminway has two. He has built a good house in Westchester and runs it handsomely, but in charge of his impressive array of servants he will have only a badly spoiled and aging Chinaman named Ming Toy. And he will not install in that house or any house which he occupies a radio set. He owned one once which he had to scrap, as the make was no longer on the market and it could not be repaired. He has not cared to replace it; for it suited him.

Mrs. Heminway asks him sometimes what was the name of the far-away station which he dreamed that he tuned in on, but he has never told her. He only looks at her with those amber lights in his eyes which appear there when he is puzzled.

"I knew," he says. "I knew once. But I have forgotten now!"

FORGING ADDS STRENGTH

No lurking flaws under the surface if it is made from
FOLLANSBEE FORGE STEEL SHEETS

THERE'S always great satisfaction in purchasing products made from forged steel sheets. You just *know* they are better; for the super-strength, compactness and soundness of such steel has been recognized for ages. These fine characteristics in the steel are not missing when the sheets are made into products ranging from automobiles to bedroom furniture—from vacuum cleaners to radio transformers. Even hotel and kitchen utensils, lanterns, meters, etc., are given finer qualities when made from specially tinned Follansbee Forge Sheets.

Many manufacturers have long known that Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets enabled them to make better merchandise and to protect the fine quality of their workmanship. Now they attach to their products the little "Mark of Quality" tag so that you, too, may know the care they have taken in choosing the finest material obtainable—the only steel sheets made in this country from genuine hammer forged steel.

A booklet telling why forged steel sheets make better merchandise will be mailed to you free upon request.

FOLLANSBEE BROTHERS COMPANY, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

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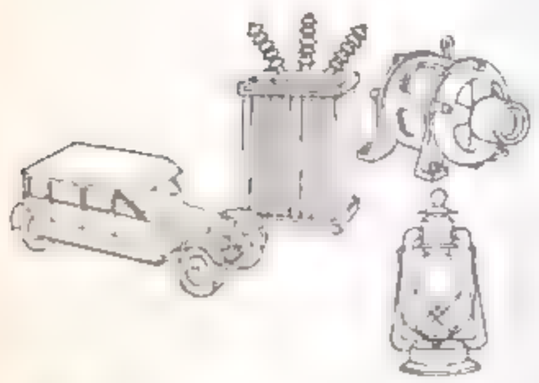
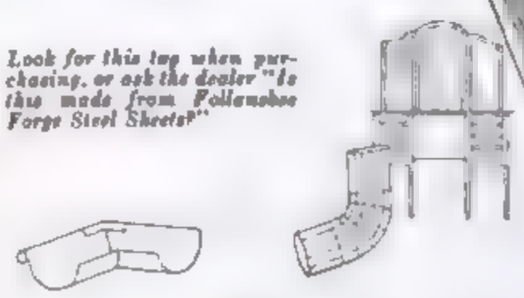
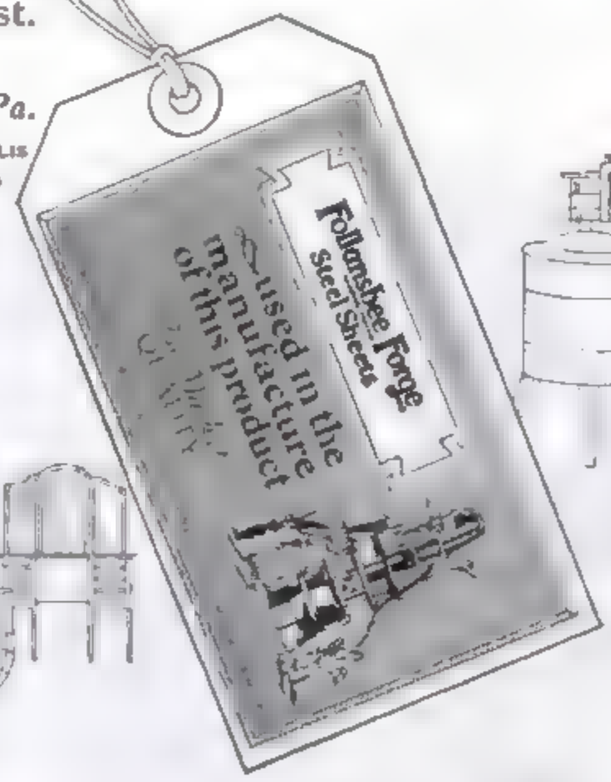
FOLLANSBEE FORGE BEST ROOFING
The Lifetime Roofing Sheets



Look for this tag when purchasing, or ask the dealer "Is this made from Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets?"





Follansbee Forge HAMMER PROCESS Steel Sheets

REG US PAT. OFF

THE INSTINCT FOR QUALITY IS A PRICELESS INHERITANCE

"Factory to You" SALE

Rexall FACTORY TO YOU MONEY-SAVING-SALE

Another Exclusive Offering at Your Rexall Drug Store

THE WHOLE MONTH OF AUGUST

YOUR Rexall Drug Store *always* sells fine products at moderate prices. You can save there every day in the year. But this great Factory-to-You Sale, during the month of August, offers you hundreds of Rexall Store products at prices amazingly low.

Every item in this Sale brings to you the same saving you would make if you bought it direct from the manufacturer. This is why:

The 10,000 Rexall Drug Stores are partners with the United Drug Company, the world's largest manufacturer of drug store commodities. This company has 12 big plants in the United States and connections all over the world.

The United Drug Company produces expressly for the 10,000 Rexall Stores; also for the 350 Liggett Drug Stores which it owns in America, and for the 700 Boots Chemist's Shops which it controls in Great Britain.

The entire effort of an organization producing for 11,000 stores is expressed through *your* Rexall Drug Store.

This August Factory-to-You Sale offers you famous advertised products at almost unheard-of prices—each line made in its own manufacturing unit, each sold exclusively by your Rexall Druggist. Here are a few of the products on sale:

Puretest Preparations for Health and Hygiene
Bouquet Ramee and Jonteel Toilet Articles
Klenzo for Teeth and Mouth
Firstaid Supplies for Sick Room and Emergencies
Liggett's Candies and Pure Food Products
United Drug Pharmaceuticals
Scores of Items Bearing the Rexall Trade Name

Be sure to visit this money-saving Sale. Lay in a supply of Rexall products *from factory to you*. It will pay you in real cash.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your* Rexall DRUG STORE

Liggett's are also Rexall stores

There is one near you

STOCKHOLDER The Rexall Store UNITED DRUG COMPANY

You will recognize it by this sign

Here is a composite picture of the mammoth United Drug Company plants that produce expressly for your Rexall Store. Buying at this August Sale is the same as buying direct from these factories.

No. 1. Laboratories and Administration Building, Boston, Mass. Manufacturing Rexall Products, Sharp & Dohme and Jonteel Toilet Goods, Puretest and Pharmaceutical Drugs.

No. 2. Southwestern Plant, St. Louis, Mo. Manufacturing Rexall and Puretest Products, Liggett's and Artistic Candy.

No. 3. Liggett Candy Factory, Boston, Mass. Manufacturing Liggett's Candies and Artistic Chocolates.

No. 4. Pure Food Plant, Highland, N. Y. Manufacturing [illegible] Fruit Syrups, Jams and Chocolate Sauce.

No. 5. Stationery Factory, Worcester, Mass. Devoted exclusively to the production of Envelopes.

No. 6. United Drug Company, Inc., General Manufacturing Rexall and Puretest Products, Coca Nome Teas and Other Toilet Preparations.

No. 7. Liggett Administration Building, New York city.

No. 8. Stationery Plant, Long Island City, N. Y. Manufacturing Stationery, Lawn Leaf Rakes, Axes, Hoes and Other Hardware.

No. 9. United Drug Company, Chicago, Ill., Warehouse.

No. 10. Central Factory, Valley Park, Mo. Producing Firstaid Absorbent Cotton, Firstaid Gauze and Bandages.

No. 11. Latex Rubber Sundries Factory, [illegible] at New Haven, Conn. Producing Latex Rubber Goods, Hot Water Bags and Maximum Water Bottles and Other Lines of Rubber Sundries.

No. 12. Pacific Coast Warehouse, San Francisco, Cal.

No. 13. Chicago Refining Plant, Maywood, Ill. Producing Cocoa and Chocolate Liquors, Cocoa Butter, Cocoa and Baking Fats.

RADIO

(Continued from Page 9)

separated from them by ten miles of wind-swept ice. The Canadian Government vessel comes here twice a year to bring fuel and provisions, but in the ice season we see nobody. It will be three months before time for the government ship. Only a sealing vessel could get in."

Our doctor made a few more inquiries, and then, with as much assurance as he could feel at such a distance, diagnosed the case as an abscess. The diagnosis was simpler than the remedy, for in the medicine chest 200 frigid miles away there were only calomel and liniment.

We were headed in the general direction of Belle Isle, but when the doctor and I went to the captain and begged him to turn the ship directly that way we got little encouragement. He was one of the silent, unemotional men of the north, and the most expansive observation usually to be got out of him was a grunt, or on bad days a snort.

Meantime the news about Barrett was more serious every day. Finally, in desperation, I advised Daw to send a message to the captain direct. I worded it myself. It said: "My assistant is dying. Unless you come at once with a doctor, it will be too late."

I thought the captain showed a flash of feeling when I delivered this, but he said nothing. Several days dragged by. The doctor sent hourly advice to Daw. Then came a message that made us wince in our helplessness. Symptoms indicated that blood poisoning was setting in. The doctor himself carried this word to the captain and was starting to make a last despairing appeal when that rocky-faced old fellow told him the vessel was headed for Belle Isle and would be there in six or seven hours. I broke the wireless speed record with that news. I didn't wait to get back Daw's aerial whoop of joy, though, but ran back to gather up blankets, pillows and what comforts we had on board for the sick man. The fishermen, all sympathy, contributed every jelly and cake their wives had given them at parting, and even such liquid refreshment as was carried for medicinal purposes.

We came to a stop two miles from Belle Isle and ten of us started to cross the ice to the wireless station. The Belle Isle lighthouse is nearly 500 feet above sea level, on a mountain of ice and snow. Seven members of our party dropped out before we got to the top. The doctor, the captain's son and I, who went on, were gulping for breath at the end of the climb.

Saving Barrett's Life

Daw, literally speechless with joy, led us into the coldest, dreariest room I have ever seen. On a rickety old cot in the warmest corner lay the sick boy. His hair was matted and his hollow cheeks were covered with a stubble beard. Emaciated from twenty days in bed, during every minute of which he was racked with intense pain and was insufficiently nourished, he looked like a grotesque ghost of a wild man.

When he saw us and realized that perhaps help had come before it was too late, he broke down completely. Later the doctor examined him and found that three teeth must be taken out at once. The doctor was not a dentist, but was willing to try the operation; only, he was reluctant to leave the patient afterward for fear blood poisoning might set in. Yet he must go on with his ship.

I had to put it up to Barrett. He might undergo the operation then and there and take his chances, or we could carry him back to the ship and drop him at St. John's. I pointed out that the second would be the safer course. I was kneeling by the boy's cot and he was holding to my hand. He was in frightful pain, but when I had finished he smiled as well as he could with his swollen cheeks, and said, "I'll stay here. I wouldn't leave Daw after the way he's stood by me."

He held to this decision, even though Daw pleaded with him to go with the ship. The operation was finally performed in the dark little room, with me as the wabbly surgeon's assistant, and in spite of the difficulties it was successful. Before we sailed away we had the satisfaction of knowing that the patient would get well.

It was tremendously exciting to me to realize that wireless had literally saved Barrett's life. Since then I have seen and heard of many incidents of the kind, but the thrill is still there. I have seen surgeons operate by wireless, dictating every move to some less skilled person standing beside a patient whose only chance for life was bound up in the message coming out of the air. The time will never be when such a thing can seem commonplace to me.

From 1907 to 1912 wireless advanced slowly. One development of 1912 was a radio conference in London, in which the United States, together with many of the other nations of the earth, took part. At this meeting wireless communication was first called radio. The term was based upon the fact that signals are radiated outward in all directions in most forms of transmitters.

In 1912 also came another and greater tragedy than that of the Republic to force commercial and scientific development onward with unprecedented speed. This was the sinking of the Titanic.

News of the Titanic Disaster

I came back to New York from the ice fields in 1910, and when John Wanamaker decided to equip his New York and Philadelphia stores with radio stations more powerful than any then installed in the commercial field, I applied for the place of operator, because it would leave my evenings free to take a course in engineering at Pratt Institute. So it happened that I was on duty at the Wanamaker station in New York and got the first message from the Olympic, 1400 miles out at sea, that the Titanic had gone down.

I have often been asked what were my emotions at that moment. I doubt if I felt at all during the seventy-two hours after the news came. I gave the information to the press associations and newspapers at once and it was as if bedlam had been let loose. Telephones were whirring, extras were being cried, crowds were gathering around newspaper bulletin boards. The air was as disturbed as the earth. Everybody was trying to get and send messages. Some who owned sets had relatives or friends aboard the Titanic and they made frantic efforts to learn something definite. Finally, President Taft ordered all stations in the vicinity except ours closed down so that we might have no interference in the reception of official news.

Word spread swiftly that a list of survivors was being received at Wanamaker's and the station was quickly stormed by the grief-stricken and curious. Eventually a police guard was called out and the curious held back, but some of those most interested in the fate of the doomed ship were allowed in the wireless room. Vincent Astor, whose father, John Jacob Astor, was drowned, and the sons of Isidor Straus were among those who looked over my shoulder as I copied the list of survivors. Straus and his wife went down too.

I remember praying fervently that the names these men were hoping to see would soon come over the keys, but they never did.

Much of the time I sat with the ear phones on my head and nothing coming in. It seemed as if the whole anxious world was attached to those phones during the seventy-two hours I crouched tense in that station.

I felt my responsibility keenly, and weary though I was, could not have slept. At the end of my first long tryst with the

The test of "How-They-Feel"

MACGREGOR leadership has been achieved because the fundamental principles of correct club construction have been followed for almost thirty years. Proper *balance* and harmony are all-important. Almost a third of a century ago we inaugurated the practice of shaping, weighing and balancing each head to match and harmonize with a selected shaft to produce perfect rhythm. Whether you have realized it or not, this has been the secret of your success with your MACGREGORS—for balance is something of which one is scarcely conscious when it is correct—and it is this that makes for perfect *timing*.

The MACGREGOR Golfer-Workman

THE SECRET of the success of MACGREGOR Golf Clubs lies in the fact that our workmen have *grown up with the game*. But that is not all. Their intimacy and interest are kept constantly keen by play on *our own course*—which, in the last analysis, is the real proving ground for MACGREGOR Clubs. To this can be traced both the quality of construction and correctness of design.

HOW common it is to hear some golfer exclaim: "Gee, I wish I'd used my midiron—might have known I'd dub it with the spoon!"

Almost all golfers have some "favorite" club. They play this one club with more *confidence* than any of the others—hence it is but natural for such club to deliver the best results. The element of *doubt* arises whenever they use another club—and *doubt usually brings disaster.*

This condition develops from carrying clubs of mixed makes, or mixed models of the same make. It has been almost overcome, however, for those golfers who have availed themselves of the opportunity to buy *matched sets* in both Wood and Irons.

If certain of your clubs do not "just feel right"—if there is a lack of uniform balance between one club and another—if you have a "favorite" and your others are out of harmony with it—then *investigate a complete matched set of MACGREGORS.* Your Pro or Dealer should have them.

Which of These Shall We Send You?

1—*General Catalog.* 2—*Rule and Score Book.* 3—*Golf, the Game of Games* (an introduction to golf) 4—*Stepping Stones to a Golf Course* (helpful suggestions for laying out a new course) 5—*Municipal Golf Courses* (a booklet mailed free to anyone interested in public golf)

Visit our Exhibit at the Sesquicentennial International Exposition, Philadelphia, June 1 to December 1, 1926

The CRAWFORD, McGREGOR & CANBY COMPANY

Established 1829 • Dayton, Ohio

MACGREGOR

COURSE-TESTED GOLF CLUBS

EASIER STEERING · LESS ROAD SHOCK

Handles Your Car Like an Invisible Giant

Parking Your Car is Twice as Easy, Now

Parking was never an easy task. Balloon tires made it harder. The Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear *helps* you park—*reduces* the effort required. The cam-and-lever principle practically *doubles* your ability to handle your car. On straightaways your car holds its course almost unaided. Ross likewise protects against the discomforts and dangers of road-shocks and jerks at the wheel, and holds your car steady and true in sand and gravel . . . Ross is already standard equipment on more makes of cars, trucks and buses than any other gear. Drive a Ross-equipped car once, and you'll have no other.

It's All in the Cam and Lever

You know you can do things, and easily, with a lever, that are wholly impossible *without* one. The *long lever* in the Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear is one reason for the tremendous *power* that makes Ross Steering so easy. And the *cam*, with its variable pitch, constitutes the almost impassable barrier to road shock, that makes Ross steering so safe and so comfortable.

Mail the coupon below for RGSS booklet "Efficiency in Steering" and list of Ross-equipped cars, buses and trucks.

Ross Gear & Tool Co., Lafayette, Ind.

ROSS

CAM *and* LEVER STEERING GEARS

EASIER STEERING LESS ROAD SHOCK

ROSS GEAR AND TOOL COMPANY, Lafayette, Indiana

Please send me your RGSS booklet, "*Efficiency in Steering*," which explains fully the Ross Cam and Lever principle.

If you are interested in the Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear for replacement on Ford cars, put a check mark in this space. ☐

Name

Address

Car owner ☐ *Car dealer* ☐ *Automotive jobber* ☐

sea, I was whisked in a taxicab to the old Astor House on lower Broadway and given a Turkish rub. Then I was rushed in another taxicab to Sea Gate, where communication was being kept up with the Carpathia, the vessel which brought in the survivors of the ill-fated Titanic.

Here again I sat for hours—listening. Now we began to get the names of some of those who were known to have gone down. This was worse than the other list had been—heartbreaking in its finality—a death knell to hope.

I passed the information on to a sorrowing world, and when messages ceased to come in, fell down like a log at my place and slept the clock around.

The Titanic disaster placed the Marconi Company in undisputed leadership of the wireless field. Investors, realizing the need for radio, put up plenty of capital to give the company new facilities and thus turned this small organization into a large one. The United Wireless Company, one of the small groups which had also struggled along under great handicaps, was consolidated with Marconi, and by degrees more and more ships were equipped, together with coastal stations designed for ship and shore communication. In 1913, 500 American vessels were fitted with radio.

The fly in the ointment was that, even though it was located in America, the Marconi Company was organized by British interests and operated under foreign control. Wireless was not yet a native product.

Then a strange thing happened. The American boy discovered a new toy. He found that he could send messages out into space to be picked up by his friend on the other side of town, or even in a neighboring town. He grew so enthusiastic about his vivid plaything that he drew first his big brother and then his father into the charmed circle of interest. In several hundred homes throughout the country, amateurs united with scientists already working in laboratories to bring nearer the day of broadcasting as we know it now.

Occasionally a story crept into the newspapers about some home-town boy in Missouri or Maine or Montana who had got signals of distress from vessels at sea. Imaginative persons, looking up at infrequent aerials, shivered with pleasurable awe at the thought of modern magic. By 1915 the engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company had succeeded in talking by radio from the huge naval station at Arlington, Virginia, to Paris, and in the opposite direction to Honolulu. This feat was accomplished by using vacuum tubes as oscillators and voice magnifiers. The power of the transmitter was utterly inadequate to signal over so huge a distance except under the most favorable conditions. But radio was becoming part of the national consciousness.

Who Was the First Broadcaster?

Meantime the foundation for a great American controversy was being laid. "Who was the first broadcaster?" everybody asks me. The answer to this question depends, it seems to me, upon the meaning of the phrase. In a sense, the first radiotelephone message sent—and dozens claim to have sent it—was the first broadcasting. Because of the very nature of radio, the message went out in all directions and could be picked up by anyone whose receiving facilities were adequate.

I believe, however, that the effort of KDKA, at East Pittsburgh, in sending out the presidential-election returns November, 1920, would be accounted the earliest broadcasting on an organized basis of service to the public.

The event at KDKA was the result of amateur experimentation by Frank Conrad, now assistant chief engineer with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. This man's job was also his hobby. He was always tinkering with machinery at the office and he had rigged up a set at home. Every night he broadcast phonograph selections for the benefit of other amateurs who listened in. Finally his audience got so large and enthusiastic that his friends began to say: "Look here, you aren't an amateur any longer. Why don't you take your instrument over to Westinghouse and start a regular broadcasting station?"

That was the foundation of KDKA.

H. P. Davis, vice president of the Westinghouse at Pittsburgh, saw in this humble experiment the vision of a great public service. He recognized the opportunity for the multiplication of the elementary scheme of 1920 into a national program by strengthening the power of KDKA, thus increasing its range.

The problem was: How was a company furnishing such service to receive adequate return for the great investment necessary? Mr. Davis submitted his plans to Gen. Guy Tripp, chairman of the board of directors of the company, and received not only encouragement but official authority to proceed with the development.

KDKA, since then, has expanded under General Tripp's guidance and has blazed the trail in many directions, including present-day experiments in short-wave radio-relay transmission and the use of higher power from transmitting stations.

Wireless a Decade Ago

The broadcasting of election returns was an exciting success, as judged by the standards of those days. In preparation for the event the Westinghouse Company had sold a limited number of simplified receiving devices. These were little more than wet batteries attached to telephone head sets. A few hundred homes were equipped and neighbors crowded in to take turns listening to the device. Some refused to believe their own ears and were fairly struck of a heap when newspapers confirmed the tidings brought by the head phones.

I recall a number of instances of the more or less personal type of broadcasting; that is, of an individual making an effort to reach a certain other individual or group. I was part of one such attempt on May 13, 1914. I left New York that day on the steamship Antilles, on my way to New Orleans to attend a meeting of the association of railway telegraph superintendents which opened May nineteenth.

At that time I was contract manager for the Marconi Company. We had been testing various forms of the hydrogen-arc radiotelephone transmitter in the Marconi shops and at the Wanamaker station, and as the Antilles sailed along we tuned in on the Wanamaker station and got quite clearly from my colleagues a program of phonograph music. This afforded great amusement to our party and gave rise to speculation that occupied us during nearly all the rest of the trip. We disagreed violently. Several said that the radio had gone as far as was possible. Others, more sanguine, predicted part of what has come to pass today.

An amateur who was broadcasting in 1915 was Alfred N. Goldsmith, then of the faculty of the College of the City of New York, now chief broadcasting engineer with the Radio Corporation of America. He was using a telephone transmitter to reach a man in Grand Forks, North Dakota, and every evening when he began to broadcast he called the roll of the states, explaining that he hoped to be heard in all of them. He followed the roll call with phonograph selections and got responses by letter and telegraph from almost every state. Goldsmith often broadcast from his home in lower New York, controlling the transmitter up at City College by a wire line. That was very advanced for the time.

These instances of early personal broadcasting are not related because they were remarkable, but rather because they were typical of what was going on all over the country.

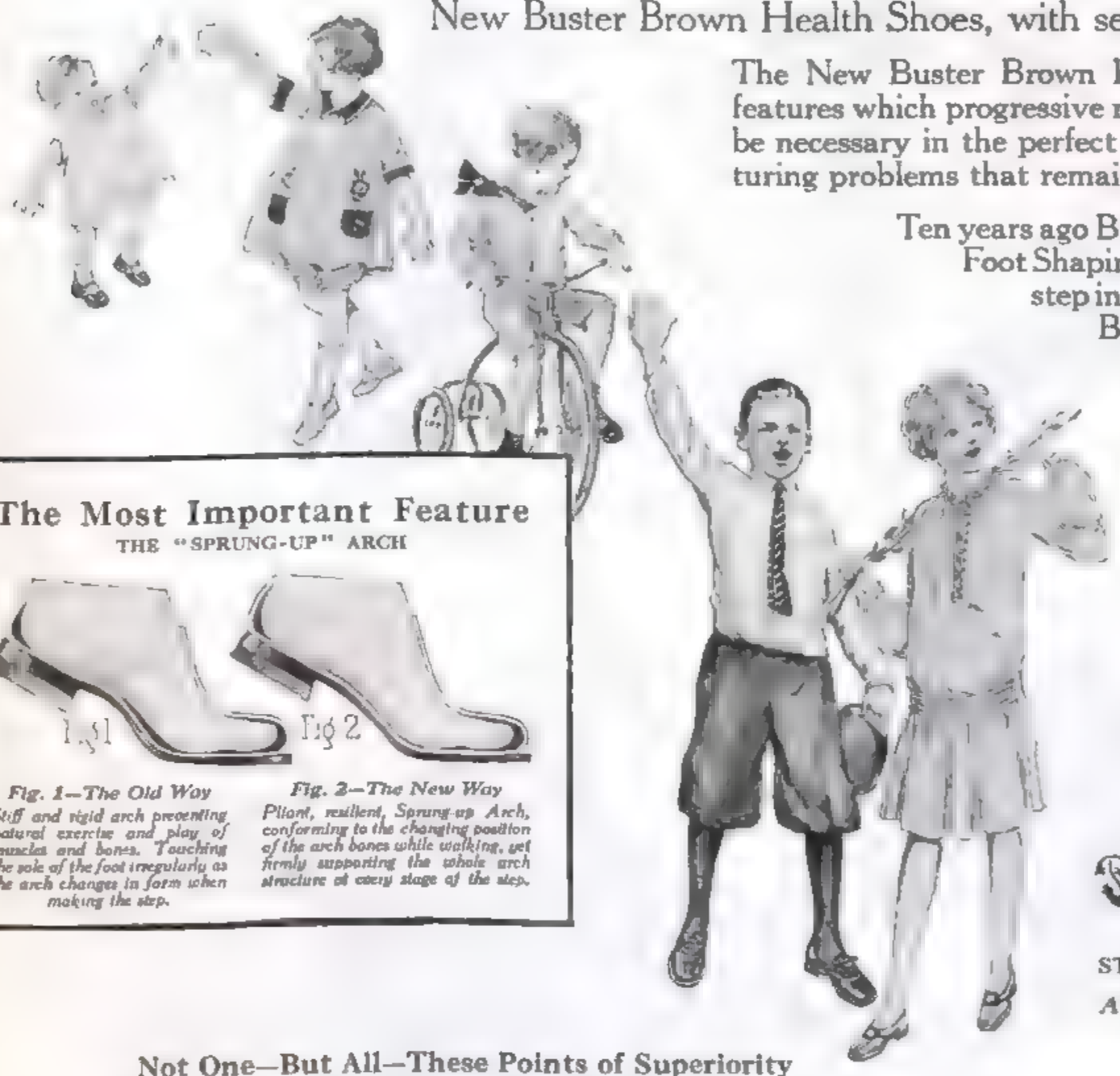
So impressed was I with the work of the amateurs and the interest it was arousing everywhere that in 1915, as assistant traffic

(Continued on Page 145)

Soon there will be Millions

Today, a pair of perfect adult feet is rare, but millions of children will reach maturity with perfect feet, thanks to our new method of juvenile shoe construction.

After years of study—thousands of tests—experiments—observations—improvements—it is now the privilege of the Brown Shoe Company to announce the New Buster Brown Health Shoes, with several important new principles.



The New Buster Brown Health Shoes have *all*—not some—of the features which progressive manufacturers for some time have known to be necessary in the perfect child's shoe, but which involved manufacturing problems that remained unsolved until now.

Ten years ago Brown Shoe Company brought out the Brown Foot Shaping Lasts, which proved a tremendous forward step in juvenile shoe construction. The New Buster Brown Health Shoes are a development of the correct principles initiated at that time.

Beauty of line and good style are increased rather than sacrificed. The New Buster Brown Health Shoes have a delightfully gay and jaunty smartness, and they capture an added charm *when on the feet*, because of the snug smoothness of fit.

The New Buster Brown Health Shoes are now on sale in the better shoe and department stores everywhere. See them. Give your children the advantage of wearing these new shoes.

The Most Important Feature
THE "SPRUNG-UP" ARCH

Fig. 1—The Old Way
Stiff and rigid arch preventing natural exercise and play of muscles and bones. Touching the sole of the foot irregularly as the arch changes in form when making the step.

Fig. 2—The New Way
Pliant, resilient, Sprung-up Arch, conforming to the changing position of the arch bones while walking, yet firmly supporting the whole arch structure at every stage of the step.

Not One—But All—These Points of Superiority Protect and Strengthen Your Children's Feet

1. The New Sprung-up Arch: The most important feature, as explained above.
2. Decidedly new last measurements, which for the first time accommodate the natural spread of the foot, when the weight of the body is put on it. There is a perfect distribution of the weight, which combined with the new upper pattern cut, achieves a new smoothness of fit without unsightly bulging or gaping. Pumps, straps and oxfords, especially, have a new neatness of fit around the ankle.
3. A flexible, pliant Goodyear welted sole that gives absolute freedom to the bones and muscles of the fore part of the foot.
4. The Shaped-to-Nature Heel Seat: Allowing the fleshy part of the heel to spread as it does when the weight is put on the bare foot, then gently hugging the heel above the spread and snugly holding it in position. No rubbing or blistering.
5. The Buster Brown Health Cushion Heel Pad: Softly cushioning the heel of the foot, preventing the continuous, jarring impact to the spine, and to the tiny sensitive bones of the foot.
6. A rubber heel, a further preventive of harsh, damaging impacts, specially set in a flanged effect, which imparts a new grace of line to the shoes, prevents "running over", keeps the heel of the foot correctly centered, and prolongs wear and good appearance.
7. 100% leather construction—no substitutes.

Brown Shoe Company

Manufacturers

ST. LOUIS U. S. A.

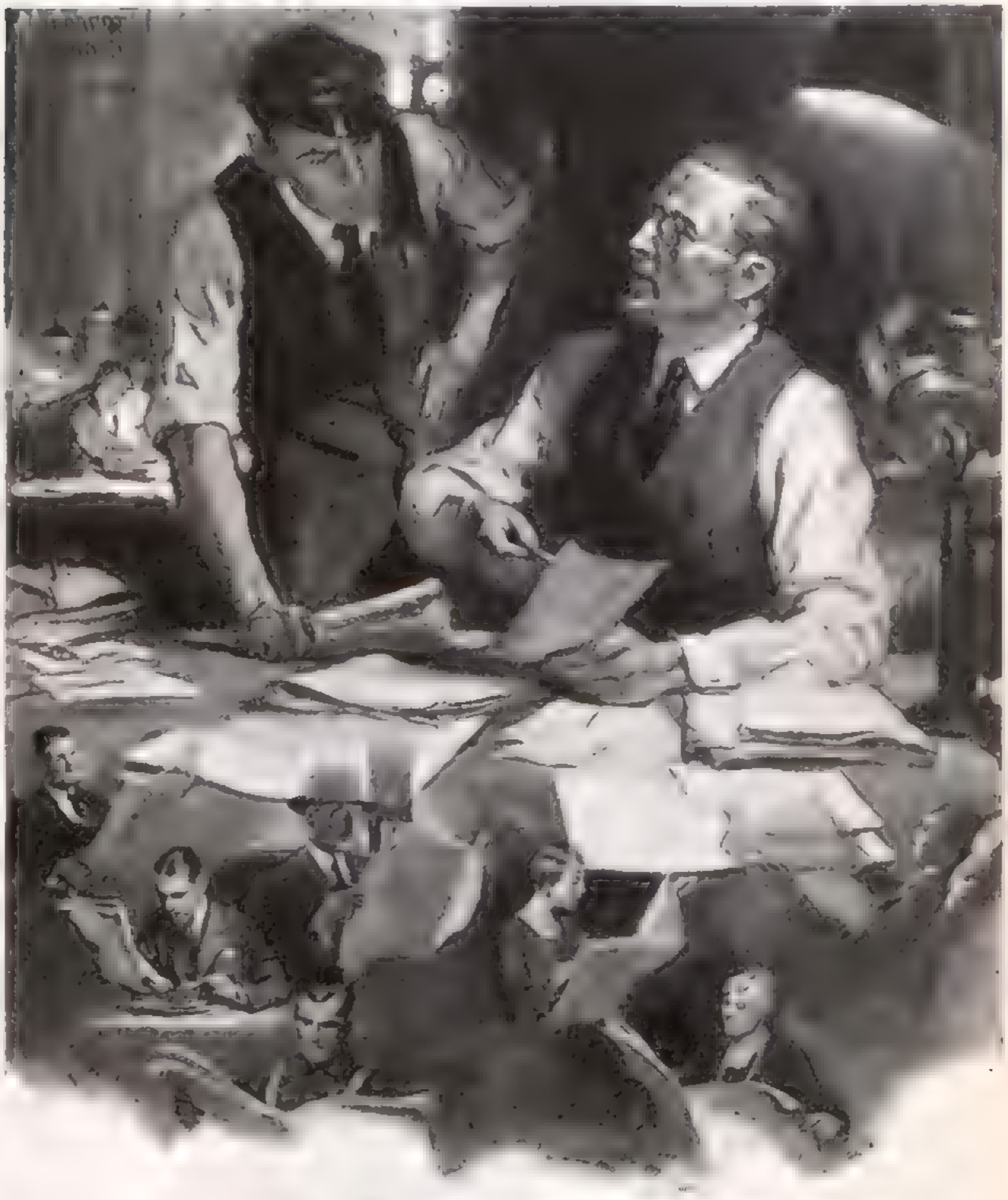
Also Manufacturers of Brownbilt Shoes for Men and Women

16 Great Specialty Factories. Daily Capacity 60,000 Pairs

Buster's Picture in Every Pair

BUSTER BROWN
for Boys HEALTH SHOES for Girls

What *are* the SCRIPPS-HOWARD newspapers?



"I SEE by the newspapers." . . . The authority for nine-tenths of the popular opinion on all current topics of interest!

But *what* newspapers? Are you concerned with the character and the standing of *your* newspaper—of that medium which furnishes the background for those personal opinions by which you are judged?

Scripps-Howard is the hall-mark of NEWS ACCURACY, *sane and constructive* LIBERALISM, *editorial* TOLERANCE *and political* INDEPENDENCE.

* * *

EDITORS of Scripps-Howard newspapers think straight and write straight. Their news columns are *full of facts*, but free from opinion; their editorial columns are *full of logic*, but free from demagoguery and vituperation.

* * *

NEITHER Pollyannas nor journalistic grouches, these newspapers are the focal point of every movement tending to make life more livable for the people of their communities.

SCRIPPS-HOWARD

These newspapers are *good citizens* of their communities. They are always too busy to quarrel with individuals, but never too busy to engage in a good fight for a good cause.

This is truly American journalism . . . Scripps-Howard journalism . . . a journalism which is well rewarded because its editors make their newspapers not only popular, but—*respected!*

AND confidence—the greatest reward which readers can bestow - is given in overflowing measure to the twenty-four Scripps-Howard newspapers by more than a million and a half families.

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS

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Cincinnati (Ohio)	Post	Memphis (Tenn.)	Press
Indianapolis (Ind.)	Times	Houston (Texas)	Press

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manager of the Marconi Company, I submitted a report urging the company to confine itself no longer to the ocean. Waxing prophetic, I visioned a radio music box arranged for several different wave lengths which should be changeable with the throwing of a single switch or the pressing of a single button.

I have that report before me now, for I was so sure its predictions would some day be fulfilled that I kept it in spite of unencouraging comment. I was writing, remember, not as an inventor, for I have never been that, but as an engineer and business man who could not help seeing the trend of the times.

I said: "The radio music box could be supplied with amplifying tubes and a loud-speaking telephone, all of which could be neatly mounted in one box. The box could be placed upon a table in the parlor or living room, the switch set accordingly and the transmitted music received."

I explained that there should be no difficulty in receiving music perfectly when transmitted within a radius of twenty-five to fifty miles.

"Within such a radius there reside hundreds of thousands of families," I wrote excitedly; "and as all could simultaneously receive from a single transmitter, there would be no question of obtaining sufficiently loud signals to make the performance enjoyable. The power of the transmitter could be made five kilowatts if necessary, to cover even a short radius of twenty-five to fifty miles, thereby giving extra-loud signals in the home, if desired. The use of head telephones would be obviated by this method. The development of small loop antennæ to go with each radio music box would likewise solve the antenna problem.

"The same principle could be extended to numerous other fields—as, for example, receiving lectures at home which can be made perfectly audible. Also events of national importance could be simultaneously announced and received.

"Baseball scores could be transmitted in the air by the use of one set installed at the Polo Grounds. The same would be true of other cities. This proposition would be especially interesting to farmers and others living in outlying districts removed from cities. By the purchase of a radio music box they could enjoy concerts, lectures, recitals which might be going on in the nearest city within their radius."

When Radio Went to War

The position of the Marconi Company at that time, as to research facilities, capital and patents, would not permit the carrying out of such a scheme. Furthermore, it seemed a radical departure from anything that had ever been done, and there were many objections from every source as to the technical and commercial nonfeasibility. I had to wait six years to see my dream developed.

As we have seen, radio, in its industrial beginnings, followed the call of the sea. In all ages the sea had been the mystery which man had tried in vain to solve. Beyond its dim edges lay land, peoples and continents strange to early humanity. Even the modern, when he took passage aboard an ocean liner, steamed away into silence until reported from shore days or weeks later.

By 1915, to supplement the shore-to-ship stations, a number of high-powered stations had been built in the United States for transoceanic telegraphy. Only here, unfortunately, the industry had grown in advance of the art. The key to constant reliable transoceanic service had not yet been found by those who controlled the basic radio patents.

That is, existing equipment did not generate sufficient power in suitable form to transmit radio messages continuously across the Atlantic. Industry recognized the situation, and in Schenectady, New York, for ten years the General Electric Company had been working upon the task of designing and building a high-speed, continuous-wave, alternating-current machine which might be used instead of a spark apparatus to transmit signals across the breadth of the ocean.

At last the experiments succeeded. Representatives of the Marconi Company of England hurried to this country to negotiate for the sole and exclusive rights of the Alexanderson alternator.

In the midst of their parleying came the war. Then, that no foreign country might be permitted to control its communications with the air, the United States Government took over the high-powered stations of the Marconi Company of America. I was thrown in with the other liabilities and assets. And so I was privileged to witness the rebirth of radio and the actual preliminaries to broadcasting. Under the stress of a national need, commercial laboratories and individuals poured out their best to the Government. And the Government took what it would, as it must, in the stress of a national emergency.

Retaining American Leadership

The General Electric Company temporarily discontinued negotiations for the sale of the Alexanderson alternator and placed its entire development at the service of the nation. The alternator was installed at the government-operated wireless station at New Brunswick, New Jersey, and remodeled the entire system of wireless transmission. As a result, for the first time continuous and practically uninterrupted communication was made possible through the air with other nations. A later report of the Federal Trade Commission, issued by the Government, called the New Brunswick station the first on the Atlantic Coast which transmitted radio messages continuously and reliably.

Suddenly, thrilled by the knowledge that it could no longer happen, every thinking American awoke to the fact that up to this time the cutting of a cable might nearly have isolated an entire nation. Radio telegraphy took on new significance and became a subject of research and experiment in the great workshop of the Government. One brick was laid upon another so rapidly that an entirely new structure sprang up in a few months.

And then came peace and a problem: Should radio be demobilized? Should the United States relinquish the leadership of the air which American inventive genius, industrial vision and capital had made possible? Should our transoceanic communications by radio pass again under alien control? The patent fight was due to begin all over again. The vacuum tube, an outgrowth of the Fleming tube, was the heart of radio and the heart of litigation as well. The basic patent was owned and controlled by the Marconi Company of America, but many improvements had been added by others, notably Lee De Forest, to the original device. Patents for these were in different hands and the conflicting groups were each refusing to cross-license the other. It looked as if the industry would come to a standstill, because no one person or group of persons held enough patents to go ahead.

Finally, on April 5, 1919, a small group of men came together at the call of Rear Admiral W. H. G. Bullard, of the United States Navy, the Government's senior representative in control of United States radio during the war, and Lieutenant Commander S. C. Hooper, then, as now, head of the radio division in the Bureau of Steam Engineering of the United States Navy. Admiral Bullard and Commander Hooper knew that the General Electric Company was about to conclude negotiations with the Marconi Company of England for the use of the Alexanderson alternator. They thought the situation critical for American interests.

Admiral Bullard pointed out the "dangers that would ensue if the control of the Alexanderson machine should be sold to any foreign government or foreign private companies," and predicted that to turn a system

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My car *stopped* in 45 feet going 25 miles an hour!

A "HONK!" isn't always enough. You cannot always depend upon the agility of the pedestrian. Just *imagine* how you would feel if you struck, injured or killed him! It certainly pays in peace of mind to drive with superior quality, properly adjusted brake lining.

After a series of tests made on Jan. 21, 1925, Mr. Thos. J. Whalen, President, Knight Cab Co., of Toledo, Ohio, signed the following statement: "Our Cabs, with two-wheel brakes, lined with Rusco Brake Lining, can be stopped, going 25 miles an hour, in 45 feet."

That's 10 feet *quicker* than police requirements. Perhaps, thanks to Rusco Brake Lining, the difference between a miss and a crash.

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RUSCO is an all-weather lining. It will stop your car in wet weather just as quickly as in dry. It is treated with a special compound so that water has no effect. It keeps you Safe, rain or shine.

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YOUR repair man pays more for Rusco than for ordinary brake lining. But he doesn't charge you any more. When your brakes need relining, get the benefit of Rusco extra safety. Get the conscientious service of a Rusco repair man who takes less profit to give you a safer job; and who is an expert in using special mechanical equipment that insures correct riveting of lining to brake bands and proper countersinking of rivet heads.

Rusco Brake Lining resists water, heat, oil, dirt and wear. It will not burn. Look for the name Rusco and silver cross-bars stamped on the lining. Have your brakes inspected today at the nearest Rusco Service Station. "Brake Inspection is your Protection." The Russell Manufacturing Company, Middletown, Connecticut. Established 1830. Branch offices at New York, Chicago and Atlanta.

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Emergency Brakes for Fords
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Railroad Locomotive
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Kreolite Block Floors

Any other floor would have crumbled and gone to pieces under the terrific shock and weight of a railroad engine.

This illustration is made from an actual photograph of what happened in this plant.

Notice the groove in the floor made by the wheels of the locomotive after it left the track without injuring in any way the balance of the floor.

This is just one instance where Kreolite Wood Block Floors laid with the tough end-grain up have proven our claim that they insure you the maximum of strength, endurance, and economy. Our Kreolite Engineers will study your needs without any obligation on your part.

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such as was embodied in the New Brunswick station over to the control of foreign interests would be to renounce American leadership in radio. He called it the patriotic duty of American industry to establish a wholly American company to meet the competition of other radio interests in the world.

Reporting his remarks later to the United States Naval Institute, Admiral Bullard said: "I pointed out that our citizens had never played any prominent part in cable communication and that here was a chance to retain in American hands the complete domination of radio communication in the United States, as well as Central and South America. I made reference to a policy of wireless doctrine, similar to the greater Monroe Doctrine, by which the control of radio on this continent would remain in American hands.

"The chairman finally announced that as the matter had been presented to them, it would be a most unpatriotic action to proceed with negotiations with the English company, and so far as the directors then present could do so, they would proceed no further in the contemplated sale of the Alexanderson machine."

In this manner was formed the Radio Corporation of America, with Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of directors, and Edward J. Nally, president. Mr. Young, then vice president of the General Electric Company, now chairman of that company, as well as of the Radio Corporation, saw the value of a move which not only would prevent the control of an important machine from falling into alien hands but would afford an opportunity for building around this nucleus a system of radio communication which would take over the patents and going business in this country of a company controlled from abroad, and at the same time give the American public a competitive method of international communication independent of the accidents of war or peace.

There followed then mobilization of the necessary patents, and the threatened paralysis was averted, but not before the situation had finally impelled the United States Navy Department to write to the interests concerned, appealing for an agreement between the holders of basic patents whereby the public could be freely supplied with vacuum tubes and other radio necessities.

Talking to the Whole World

After its formation, the Radio Corporation began to build a radio central on the north shore of Long Island—a superpower radio system that simultaneously could send messages to and receive them from the great nations of the world. This giant of radio, with its steel towers covering more than ten square miles of land, was opened on November 5, 1921, by President Harding. The President's accompanying message was received simultaneously and directly in twenty-eight countries of the world. It read:

"To be able to transmit a message by radio in expectation that it may reach every radio station in the world is so marvelous a scientific and technical achievement as to justify special recognition. It affords peculiar gratification that such a message, from the chief executive of the United States of America, may be received in every land, from every sky, by peoples with whom our nation is at peace and amity. That this happy situation may ever continue and that the peace which blesses our own land may presently become the fortune of all lands and peoples is the earnest hope of the American nation."

While these stirring events were taking place, I, with all the others who believed in the future of radio, was hard at work. During 1919–20, I was commercial manager of the Radio Corporation, the same position I had held in the Marconi Company. Then on April 29, 1921, I became general manager.

The time was near when radio was to take a definite place in American life, and the men were not wanting who could accomplish this task. Mr. Young was a farmer's boy, born at Vanhornesville, in the state of New York; and Mr. Nally, the first president of the Radio Corporation, had started his career in the communications world as a messenger boy of ten.

It was Mr. Nally, with his experience in communications, who carried out in practical detail Mr. Young's vision of a world-wide system of American radio communication.

He gave me my first opportunity to assist in this program of development and to find my life work. In his kindly way he tempered the ambition of youth by his mature experience.

Gen. J. G. Harbord, who succeeded Mr. Nally, came to the Radio Corporation at a sacrifice to a brilliant career in the United States Army.

The radio art and industry faced virgin problems of production, organization and service, and General Harbord could offer the highest ideals of public duty and a genius for organization. The measure of his success is best gauged by the present position of radio, both as an art and as an industry.

How Radio Works

At this point, by special request, as the broadcast announcers put it, I am going to try to tell in a nontechnical way how radio works. I find it difficult, however, to deal with this subject on a strictly nontechnical basis.

Broadly speaking, radio broadcasting, or radio-telegraph communication, is carried on by an electric-wave motion which, although invisible to the eye, has many analogies in our daily life. Thus, a stone dropped into a pool of water creates a wave motion which travels outward from the point where the stone is dropped. Your cook strikes or vibrates a bell to call you to dinner and the transfer of this signal takes place by sound waves made up of varying degrees of air pressure. These are translated by the human ear into what we call audible sound. Your janitor kindles a fire in the furnace and the energy released by the fuel generates heat waves which are responded to by the nerves of the human body.

The electric waves used in radio communication are projected into space by a group of wires suspended vertically or horizontally which are commonly called an aerial. These electric waves are set into motion by vibratory electric currents, which are made to surge back and forth in the aerial by the radio transmitter.

By the proper form of control apparatus these waves may be radiated outward from the transmitting station in the form of the dots and dashes of the telegraph code, or they may be made to rise and fall in strength by the sound waves created by the human voice or by musical instruments. Thus, in radio broadcasting sound waves are generated by the human voice or by music. These are picked up by a device termed the microphone, which, in turn, causes the strength of the electric wave radiated by the aerial to conform with the variations of the sound waves created in the studio by the artists and musicians. The electric waves now travel outward in all directions at the speed of light—186,000 miles a second—and continue in their passage until they strike the aerial attached to the receiving set, in which they produce very feeble currents having the precise characteristics of the sound waves impressed upon the microphone.

So far, the currents in the receiving apparatus are still electrical. They are so weak, however, that they require amplification. This is accomplished by the use of one or more amplifying tubes, which increase their strength to the point where they will cause the detector to function.

The detector is the device which eventually converts these electrical currents into audible sounds; that is, changes them into

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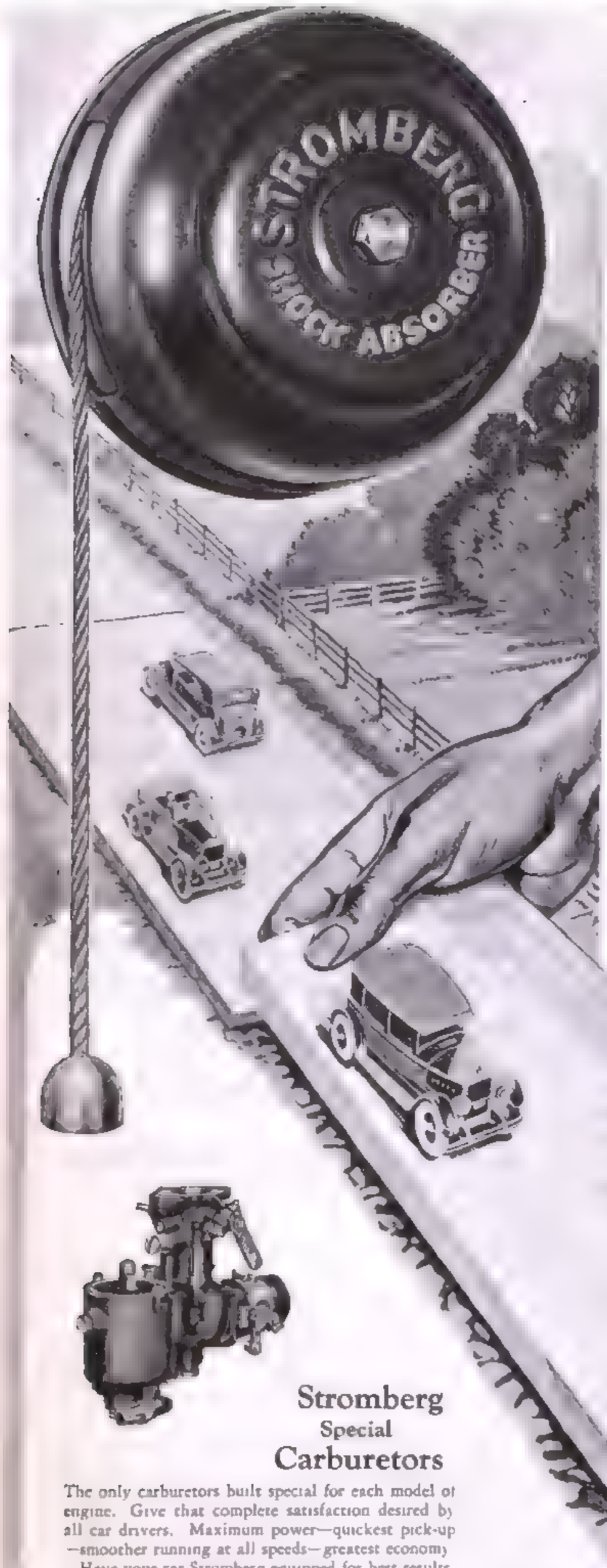

Paves the Way
to Smooth-Easy-Comfortable Riding

When your car is equipped with Stromberg Super Shock Absorbers you will experience the delightful sensation of having rough roads paved as you go; with all bumps and bad spots rolled out and smooth roads made even smoother.

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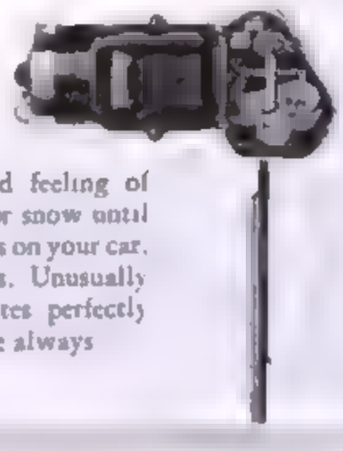
Have your car Stromberg equipped for best results



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You cannot know the satisfaction and feeling of safety while driving in rain, fog, sleet or snow until you have one of these perfect vision wipers on your car. Two speeds. Adjustable pressure on glass. Unusually economical on battery current. Operates perfectly under all driving conditions. Dependable always

No wavy wear

THE tread gives full road contact from one extreme edge to the other.

That's why there is a total absence of spotty, wavy, uneven, irregular wear.

This, with the sturdy, dependable construction—*six* plies and no reclaimed rubber—means traction, safety, and mileage.

Quality—A Pennsylvania Product

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF AMERICA, INC.
Jeannette, Pennsylvania

Pennsylvania Balloons

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a form where they have the characteristics of the sound waves impressed upon the microphone at the transmitting station. These sound currents are further amplified, and finally directed into the loud speaker, from which they emerge in the form of audible sound or music.

One hears much in radio conversation of the term "frequency," but it is simply another way of denoting the number of waves generated in a second of time. Radio has two kinds of frequencies: First, voice, or audio, frequencies, which lie in the range of 16 to 10,000 vibrations a second; and radio frequencies, which vibrate at the rate of 10,000 to 300,000,000 times a second.

The waves which are projected into space by the aerial at the transmitting station are radio frequencies; that is, they vibrate more than 10,000 times a second. The sound waves which are picked up in the broadcast studio and impressed upon the transmitting apparatus by the microphone are voice, or audio, waves, which really represent the notes of the musical scale or the inflections of the voice.

Now in order to receive messages by radio the station of the receiver must be tuned to the station of the sender; that is, the wave length of the receiving apparatus must be adjusted so as to be identical with that of the transmitting station. This involves the process of tuning, and to this end receiving apparatus is invariably fitted with control devices by which the receiving set is tuned to the frequency or the wave length of the transmitter.

We are often asked what we mean by "wave length." In the case of an ocean wave, the meaning of the term is easily understood; for obviously the length of the wave is the distance from the crest of one wave to the crest of the next, or from the hollow of one wave to the hollow of the next. Radio waves, although invisible, also have definite lengths, the length varying with the frequency of vibration. Thus, if we crowd 1,000,000 radio waves into a second of time, it is clear that the distance from the crest of one wave to the crest of another will be relatively short, and actually about 1000 feet. If, on the other hand, we project but 20,000 waves into space in a second of time, the distance from crest to crest will be correspondingly greater, or 50,000 feet. Described in another way, high frequencies in radio motion mean short waves and low frequencies refer to long waves. Broadcasting is carried on at wave lengths from 200 to 550 meters. The frequencies used, therefore, vary from 1,500,000 a second to approximately 550,000 a second.

Who Invented the Radio?

Every now and then somebody wants to know: "Who invented the radio anyway?" The popular idea about any invention is that it must have sprung full-fledged from the brain of some exceptionally clever person. That, of course, is not true; particularly of radio.

I am only a layman myself in the scientific laboratories and can realize how difficult it is for the inventor and the person for whom he invents—that is, you, me and everybody who owns a radio set—to become really well acquainted. Science has its own language—a language usually far too complicated for the rest of us. The result is that radio owners, as a whole, know very little about how the radios they have in their front parlors got that way. Yet the development of radio is as full of romance as the fact of its existence.

We must remember that most of the improvements in radio, or in any other device of the kind, go on, after a certain point, in the great commercial laboratories as part of a daily routine. Bit by bit, new discoveries are made, new refinements added and old principles discarded.

Often, no one person is responsible for these improvements and so it is not quite fair for any one person to get the credit—at least all of it.

Another thing to be remembered is that there are long, expensive steps between the laboratory demonstration of a phenomenon and its appearance on a shop shelf ready to be sold to you.

The history of radio can be adorned indefinitely with tales of the battered hopes of eager inventors. H. G. Wells wrote of a fight in the air. The past ten years have been a continual battle over the air—a struggle for patents among inventors and for air supremacy among nations. The end is not yet in sight. Every now and again some judge makes a new decision and every month or so a fresh suit is filed.

Leaving it to His Subconscious

It is easy to see why this is the case. The process of invention is one of inspiration on the basis of the path which progress is taking. I have never been an inventor, but I have known a good many and I have always been interested in watching the processes of their minds.

Except on the stage or in a novel, it seldom happens that an invention pops full-grown into some genius mind, large as life and only waiting for the proper tools to put it into immediate operation. In other days, before there were so many in the field, it is true that it was possible to credit individuals with certain inventions; such as, say, Whitney with the cotton gin.

At the same time, even these inventions could hardly be said to have sprung full-grown from the brains of their inventors. They were pieced together patiently, almost painfully, throughout years of hard study and thought.

Sometimes, though not so often as romantic writers would have us believe, a man starts out with the definite idea of making one thing, only to end up by getting a result which, though it may be important, is still not at all what he intended it to be.

As a rule, invention comes about—at least modern invention—something like this: The field in which a scientist is interested calls for some specific improvement. He decides to try to work out the problem, or else is assigned to the task. Perhaps a number of persons in his laboratory are set to help him. He experiments along the line laid out, reads everything he can find on the subject, and finally, having gorged himself with his theme, goes about something else for a while, or perhaps even takes a rest cure so that his inventive powers may have a chance to work during a period of incubation.

This leaves everything up to his subconscious mind. Sometimes the subconscious mind is stubborn and refuses to function. Again, it may solve the problem promptly. Obviously, three or four persons working in this way might get the same results almost at the same time. Who is to say which of these has the best right to it? Naturally the law decides that the man who first makes the invention is the true inventor, even if he is only a few days ahead of the others. Then the second, third and fourth men come along, and of course it seems unbelievable to them that somebody has beat them to what they regarded as their very own brain child. Each wants a patent, too, and tries to show a priority claim. And so patent interferences, suits and countersuits begin.

Interestingly enough, since broadcasting officially started in 1920, there have been almost no radio inventions of a revolutionary character. When the war ended, practically all the important inventions for transmitting and receiving messages were in existence. They had only to be refined and adapted and placed in the proper combinations. This had to be done by trained engineers, as the needs of the public were gauged. Early crudities were due more to lack of knowledge of what was necessary in the way of adaptation than to any grave deficiencies in the fundamental principles of the existing inventions.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Sarnoff and Miss McBride. The next will appear in an early issue.

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2. Thousands send their subscriptions direct to us. Many would rather let you collect a profit on them.

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Consider that program, and the fact that Gaulke earned the coveted Phi Beta Kappa key for scholarship. Then this:

"I have never put in a full day at Curtis work, but I cleared six dollars in a couple of hours one afternoon."

Now Gaulke is through college. And through with picking up spare cash by the Curtis Plan? No! Curtis subscriptions sell too easily and the cash profits are too generous! He's making a collection of them to buy a home.

Do *you* want extra dollars—for a home, a car, anything at all? In a few minutes a day, an hour a week, a day a month, you can earn substantially *in your own neighborhood.* Clip the coupon to get the facts.

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You can get the complete outfit, including Clamp and 12 Patch-&-Heat Units, for only $1.50 wherever auto supplies are sold. Slightly higher in Canada and far West.

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Beeston, England, and Montreal

THE SAVING WAGE

(Continued from Page 27)

indices to prosperity increase steadily as wages rise, many of us persist in a fear that high wages will gobble us up and destroy everything.

Recently I have been wondering if this is not because we still regard wages as an item of cost instead of a form of investment. Certainly it is due to a lack of knowledge concerning the economic law of wages, and to the assumptions that normally take the place of specific information. Considered from the point of view of investment, it is possible to show that the expense of high wages is not in the rate of pay, but in the protest and its consequences—the limitation of what we get out of the wage. We are prone now to think of this protest only in terms of strikes and lockouts, the visible limitations of production. Actually they represent only a minor percentage. The major items are to be found in waste and inefficiency arising from the covert disagreement between employer and employe as to what wages are. If we can come to an agreement on this point I am convinced we shall do more in one stroke to eliminate the open and visible rupture of the strike than all we have done before.

The idea that we have been looking at wages from the wrong side of the road has been in my mind for some years. It led me, four or five years ago, into the beginning of a study of the wage problem which has developed a mere theory into a conviction. In my dealings with the labor movement I had become impressed with the thought that our progress in the search for industrial peace was being delayed because of a lack of information. There must, I reasoned, be some law which all might grasp, some starting point to set us on the right track. Here was a problem that had occupied the attention of men for all time. Surely the accumulated experience of employers as set down by the historians and economists should furnish the solution.

A Steadily Rising Wage Scale

So I set out to learn what wages are in the light of economic law, and before long I had made the amazing discovery that nobody had ever taken the trouble to find out. Since then I have delved into all the available records here and abroad, and I have been increasingly amazed at the lack of information. Not only in the matter of wages, but for many centuries in everything that had to do with business and industry, historians and economists alike have ignored the builder to write libraries about the destroyer. We see this reflected to a diminishing degree in our own times in the custom of looking down on the worker—a custom once applied to all business.

In view of this attitude it was only natural that work and its pay should have been ignored for so long a period. Yet from the few scattered references I have been able to find, I have become convinced that the rise of man is nothing but the rise of the wage rate. The parallel is to me the most striking thing in history. All through the centuries wages have been going up, if only an inch at a time. The rise has been so absolutely unbroken over the long pull that it seems like a law of Nature.

The most easily grasped example is to be found in our own relatively recent Anglo-Saxon history, because it applies to conditions we can visualize. Not long after the war a British economist was a good deal interested by the demand then current that wages must go back to the prewar level. Economic restoration, it was thought, would be impossible until that happened. This economist was moved to look back to see if after every great war economic restoration was obliged to wait until wages sank to their prewar level.

While he was about it the economist decided to go very far back. He was lucky enough to find intact the records covering the building of such places as the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, Windsor Castle, and other old public works in England. These records showed him that when the Tower of London was built a British carpenter got five cents a day for his wage. That was probably the average wage in every trade or occupation. By following these and other records down to the present time the economist learned this·

At the end of every period of fifty years the average wage of the British workman in the building trades had advanced from 20 to 40 per cent. The rule never failed to hold good for every period of fifty years, over a stretch of seven and a half centuries. Every great war, like the Wars of the Roses, the Cromwellian War, the peasant wars, the war with Napoleon, had naturally sent wages up by drawing off men and making labor scarce. During the recent World War wages went up more than 300 per cent. The economist was unable to learn whether former wars had boosted wages to the same extent. But this he did find: That wars or no wars, the wage scale never once failed to register its 20 to 40 per cent rise every fifty years.

From Five Cents to Five Dollars

In other words, once the working man had climbed to a new rung in the wage ladder he sawed off all the rungs under him. He never descended again unless all civilization went with him. He always climbed. The rate of the climb was often so slow as to be imperceptible to him, but over the centuries it never stopped. And always the rate advanced. It took the worker 750 years to get from five cents a day to five dollars a day. But if we begin with the first records of slavery, back in the earliest days of Egypt and Babylonia, we may be safe in assuming that it took him ten times as long to reach the nickel.

Doubtless the rate of pay, and even the right to any wage, fell temporarily, again and again, with many civilizations, during that period of 7000 to 10,000 years before the ending of the Dark Ages and the beginning of the present era of enlightenment. But even that far back there is evidence that it rose each time a little higher. Hammurabi, a Babylonian king who lived about the time of Abraham—2200 B. C.—made provision for a slave to buy his freedom under certain circumstances. The Greek workman was better off than his ancestor of 1000 years earlier in Babylonia or Egypt. He was regarded as having no soul, but at least freedom was his, or within reach, and he was known as a manual artist. Although slavery persisted, more modifications appeared when Rome conquered the world. Slaves were freed and set up in business by their aristocratic masters. The worker was conceded a soul, and in token thereof he was permitted to mark his grave with suitable headstones.

It is a grim commentary on early civilization that virtually all we know of the craftsmen of Rome is what we have learned from these tombstones. Hundreds of them have been dug up in Roman cemeteries scattered all over the lands of the ancient Empire, during recent years. The University of Bologna has published more than 1000 monographs on stones marking the last resting places of dyers, saddlers, wheelwrights and other artisans. They are identified by the implements of the trade—a cooper with a cask, a blacksmith with a hammer, the dyer treading his cloth in the vat.

Here was the first evidence in world history of the impulse to glorify one's work, the idea which has made modern America. The fact was passed over by contemporary writers as of no importance. Nobody of any consequence cared for the toiler. The historians did note the formation of associations by men in the same trade, but only

(Continued on Page 153)

This New Washer *does two things at once*

Like human hands the three Vacuum Cups of the Easy Washer move up and down, flushing air, soap, and water through the clothes and back again without wear on the clothes, but everlastingly taking the dirt out of them, at the same time the Easy's dryer is drying a second batch of clothes

Washes while it Dries

TWO TUBS—the large tub washes; the small tub dries

NOW for the first time you can get a washing machine that will wash one batch of clothes and dry another batch at the same time—without a wringer.

The new Easy Washer has two tubs—one for washing, the other for drying. Each tub holds as many clothes as are equal to eight double sheets. While the large tub is washing one batch, the small tub dries another, and so cuts washing time in half. Linens come out of the dryer unwrinkled. Buttons simply can't come off.

Handles all the water

The new Easy makes its own soapsuds in forty seconds. It handles all the water for you without wasting a drop. It recovers the soapsuds from the clothes and returns them to the washtub. It sends the rinse and the blue waters back from the dryer to the rinse and bluing tubs. It even empties itself into the sink when you're all through washing.

The new Easy will thoroughly clean heavy things like blankets and bath mats; yet it also washes and dries fine dainty pieces as gently as your own hands.

FREE Without the slightest cost or obligation you can learn all about the amazing new washday ease the Easy gives women. Just call up any Easy dealer or write us if you do not know the address of one. The new Easy and a demonstrator will be at your home on your regular washday. And if you wish to keep the Easy you can pay for it on liberal monthly terms.

MODEL M

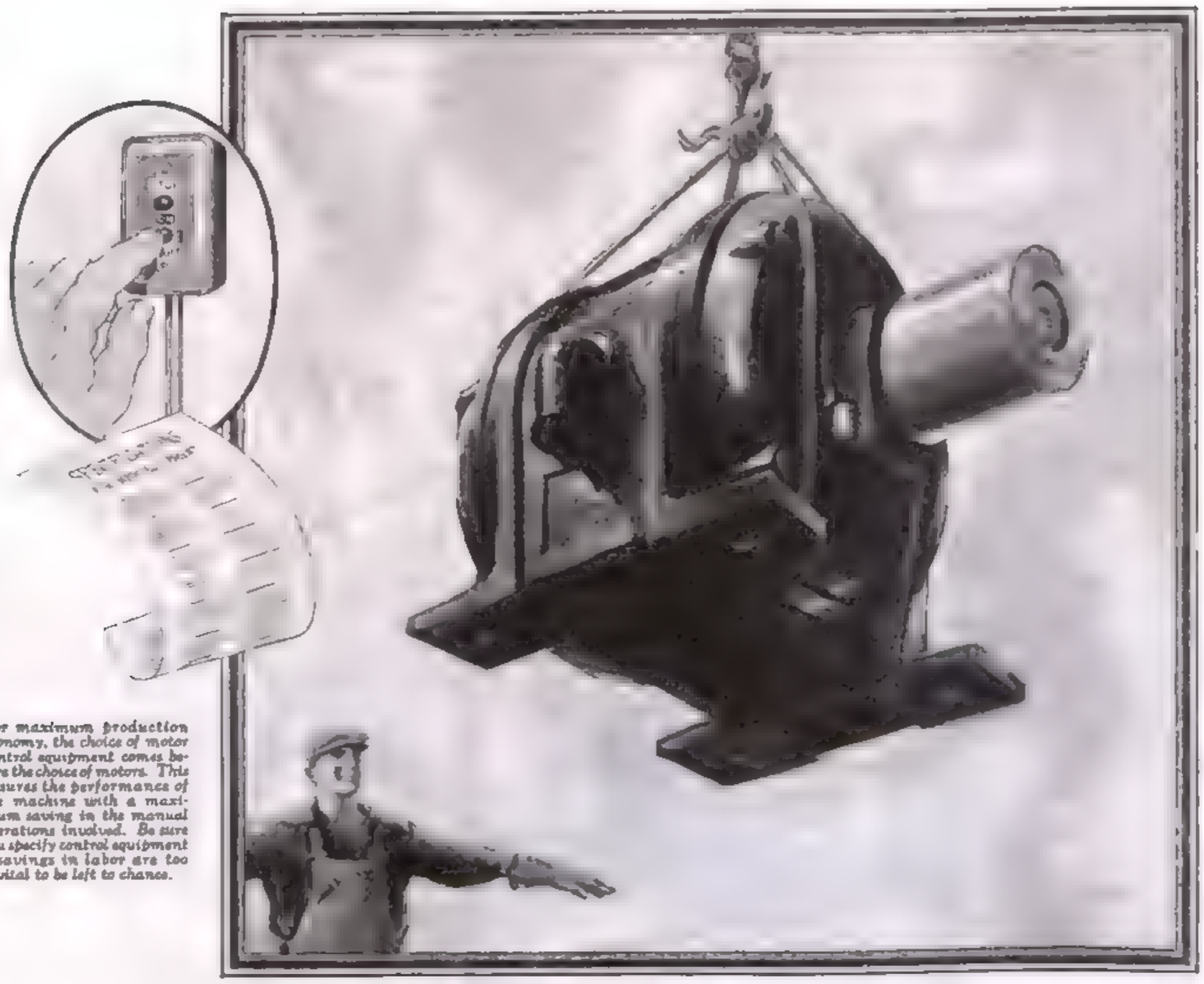
This is the famous Easy Washer with one-piece metal wringer. The hundreds of thousands of these washers in use today have created a permanent demand for this model. We shall therefore continue to make it with the same fine workmanship and materials

ONLY THE NEW EASY WASHER DOES ALL THESE THINGS

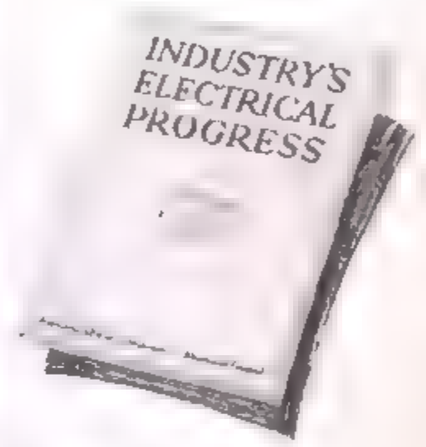
Washes, rinses, and dries all at the same time . . . Dries for line or immediate ironing without wringer . . . No water to lift or carry; not a drop wasted . . . Makes its own suds in forty seconds . . . New water-circulating system returns all soapsuds to washtub . . . Returns rinse and blue waters from dryer to rinse and bluing tubs . . . When through washing, empties itself into drain or sink . . . Does a complete washing faster than any other washer . . . Washes more thoroughly and gently than human hands . . . Dries clothes without wrinkles . . . Saves ironing time . . . Safeguards buttons . . . Special gas heater keeps the water hot . . . Does all these things so simply and easily—touch a button, move a lever and it's done.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION, Syracuse, N. Y.

The EASY WASHER



For maximum production economy, the choice of motor control equipment comes before the choice of motors. This insures the performance of the machine with a maximum saving in the manual operations involved. Be sure you specify control equipment—savings in labor are too vital to be left to chance.



This booklet "Industry's Electrical Progress" puts into concise, interesting form the story of savings through modern motor control. Write for your copy today.

Of course with motors - but HOW ?

THERE is not much question about equipment going into industry today. Quite naturally, it will be powered with electric motors.

For electric motors have proven their worth—their universal use testifies to that. Electric power with its flexibility, its ease of control, has brought a new standard of operating economy.

But when you plan new motor drives, when you purchase new equipment—even before you order motors—remember *why* you are using motors. Remember *why* they have become the universal motive power of industry.

Remember that motors by themselves are only brute force! The savings in labor that you expect—the savings that add substantially to industrial profits—the savings that are the basic reason for the wide use of motors today—these savings come through the effectiveness of correct motor control.

Is the effectiveness of your motor drives left to chance?

So HOW do you use motors? Do you make sure that you get the proper motor for every drive? Do you insist on the most modern control available to afford the maximum time saving in the operation of the machine? Or do you, like they still do in some plants, just order motors and trust to luck that the proper control equipment is supplied?

Competitive conditions today demand the accurate powering of equipment. Your plant cannot afford to leave to chance the labor saving that motors can bring. Plan your drives considering the work to be done—that means the choice of control equipment first—the choice of control equipment that affords maximum speed of production—that ties in closest with the manual operations involved. The proper type of motor can *then* be chosen to give maximum results.

Motor control experience as old as motors themselves

Since the days when a motor was a curiosity in manufacturing plants, Cutler-Hammer engineers have been foremost in the development of motor control. The design of control equipment for every type of motor drive has passed through their hands. And because of their experience, practically every new problem of control that ever arises in industry, is passed along to them for solution.

Such is the counsel now available to help you bring your plant to maximum production efficiency. Either in the proper choice of new equipment or in the revamping of existing drives, the services of these C-H engineers—to counsel with your plant men or consulting engineers—are at your disposal without obligation.

In the purchase of equipment in which motor and control is incorporated as an integral part by the machine builder, you can be sure of the same high operation economy by demanding Cutler-Hammer Control. The familiar C-H trademark on this equipment means that the control has been chosen first—chosen first so that the motor could give maximum satisfaction.

The CUTLER-HAMMER Mfg. Co.

Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus

1259 St. Paul Avenue Milwaukee, Wis.

CUTLER-HAMMER

Industrial Efficiency Depends on Electrical Control

(Continued from Page 150)

because of their possible political and social significance. Some have supposed these were the first trade-unions. Other authorities say they were purely social. Undoubtedly, however, they had some kinship with the guilds which were to flourish 1000 years later, after the Vandal had passed. And they proved that the worker, at least, was learning the importance of his work and learning not to be ashamed of it.

So long as that recognition was confined to the toiler, however, it brought little actual return to the individual of any one generation. It made him determined to get a fairer share of the value he was creating, but the betterment to his own fortunes was so slow as to be negligible. The increase was reaped by his children and his children's children. Even into our own early American days, and much later abroad, we still clung to the idea that work was shameful. To look down on the toil and the toiler had been the symbol of good breeding and aristocracy for so many centuries that man did not discover his error without a struggle.

The beginning of the American Republic laid the foundation for the modern idea that a life without work is useless. It did not happen overnight; many still held to the old idea. But at least the honesty of work had been established. In our early American works of fiction and other writings the references are all to the humble toiler. But after the Civil War, when the imaginations of men became fired by the possibilities of coöperative enterprise by freemen, the historians and biographers began to see something noble in economic effort, mental or manual. And once that idea took hold it spread more rapidly than any other in all history.

Today, for the first time to our knowledge since man began to hire man, we have here in the United States the phenomenon of employers recognizing and admitting the importance of the worker to the whole scheme of things. In rising crescendo during the past quarter century we have been glorifying labor and the laborer. We have painted a picture for all the world to see of America as a place where the newsboy becomes president of the great corporation. And while it is customary for cynics to say the picture is overdrawn, none may gainsay the fact that the vast majority of our most wealthy and influential citizens, trade and professional, were poor boys. Half a century ago and less our rich men were concealing the facts of humble origin and a boyhood of work, and he was in poor taste who referred to these things. Now they boast of their struggles.

Where Wages Go To

The importance of this recognition of work lies not in admiration of a group of men who toiled once upon a time and now live happy in idleness. They have worked their way to the top only to discover that if you are to hold a commercial position in the United States you must work harder than ever. Younger workers are coming along all the time, with keen, resourceful minds and better methods, and they will crowd aside the sluggards. When this new competition first began to make itself felt we had much to learn concerning its economic function. For a time we feared it as we feared the mortgage, and some men tried to stamp it out by restraint of trade. A generation was required to teach us that one does not increase his own income by limiting that of another.

The application of this truth to wages is now being recognized. Wherever it has been accepted as the guiding factor in establishing a wage rate it has been followed by increased production and bigger profits. The number of employers using it for that purpose is relatively negligible, and it is agreed that the principle cannot become fully operative until it is universal. Yet look at its results even from the worst side of the picture. In 1921 we ran into rough financial weather. The business storm lasted two years. Unemployment rose to the highest figure on record. The depression was accentuated by comparison with the period of unexampled prosperity preceding it. During that period workmen got the highest wages in history, and our newspapers were filled with tales of their prodigal and reckless expenditures for silk shirts and other luxuries.

According to all the rules the business depression should have been accompanied by widespread deprivation. Yet we had virtually no distress. There were no bread lines, no soup kitchens. Not only that, but the American worker gave a still better account of himself. It developed that he had not spent all his wartime earnings. He was still able to pay his bills in the vast majority of cases. Few butchers or bakers failed. When the era of deflation started, miraculously there were buyers, even before employment became general again and the pay rolls resumed. The money paid out in the inflated wages of war production began to come back.

Wages always come back. There isn't any other place for them to go, now that we have stopped burying treasure. This is only another way of saying that the worker is the big buyer. There are 41,500,000 people gainfully employed in the United States. About 24,800,000—that is, about 60 per cent of them—are actual wage earners—skilled workmen, semiskilled workmen, day laborers and servants. Add nearly 14 per cent, engaged in clerical work—the white-collar occupations—and you get about 30,500,000 people on a daily or weekly wage, or salary basis. In other words, about a third of the population of the United States lives on the pay envelope.

When the Pinch Comes

The Bureau of Labor Statistics finds that when wages begin to go down below the standard of living a family has set up for itself the first thing to be checked off the list of purchases is furniture. That family stops buying new furniture, new carpets, new dishes. The next thing to be hit is the wife's clothing. She skimps on herself first, because the children must look decent at school. Then the husband must look presentable, especially if he is out of work and has to find a new job. The interrelation of industries is acknowledged by all economists as a general thing. Specific proofs are the ones that get home to us. During low earnings in the coal fields of Illinois and Kentucky, owing to lack of employment, our records show that furniture factories in Grand Rapids have had to close down for lack of business. So did the textile mills in Lowell, Lawrence and other places in Massachusetts.

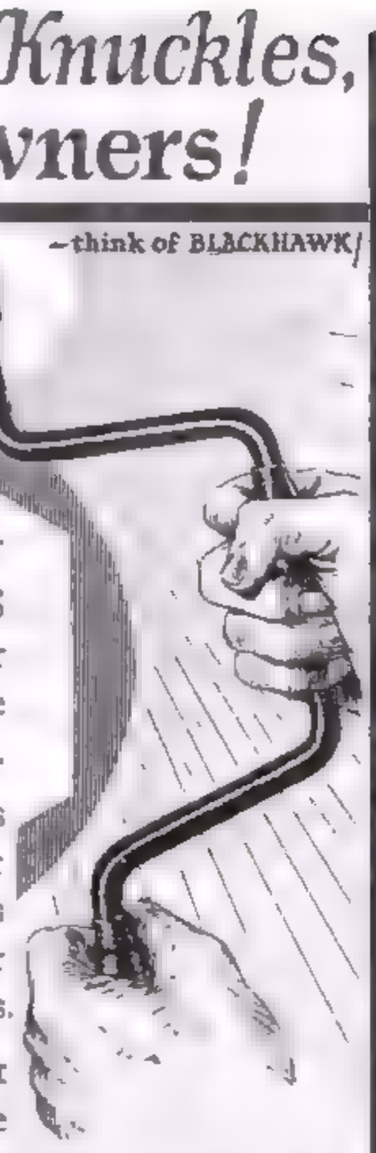
All this is merely another way of saying that low wages in one state mean low wages or no wages in another. A low wage is not a local trouble. It reaches out far and wide. So does the reverse of low wages. Building is one of the most sensitive of our industries to earnings in other fields that seem to be the most remote. Unemployed workers put off their repairs and new building. In normal times the production of cement will run to 86,000,000 barrels. In a time of slack work it will drop to one-quarter of that figure.

Another way to measure the effect of high wages is by population and mass-production figures. The United States Commissioner of Labor Statistics tells me that from 1899 to 1919 the population of the country rose by 39 per cent, but manufactured foods rose in volume by 91.1 per cent. Textiles rose 90 per cent; tobacco 78 per cent; stone, clay and glass products 78.8 per cent; iron and steel 112.7 per cent; chemicals 182.2 per cent; metal goods other than iron and steel 196 per cent; mining 128 per cent; and vehicles, including automobiles, 1273.8 per cent.

These increases mean that more and more people in the United States have added so many comforts, conveniences and pleasures to their life. We export only 8 per cent of our manufactures and about

Save Your Knuckles, Ford Owners!

When you see a "Hex" —think of BLACKHAWK!



USE SOCKET WRENCHES —you'll do neater work, and save time and temper.

Socket wrenches never slip, never chew up the nuts on your car, never bark your knuckles.

That's why expert mechanics use the socket wrenches almost exclusively. Your car was assembled with them.

Socket Wrenches *for All Cars*

Economy Wrench Set for Fords

Speeder brace, offset handle, valve grinder and six sockets that fit all the main nuts on the Ford—a sturdy set for home garage, in fiber case—only $4.50.

Ask the Blackhawk Dealer to show you this. He has sets for all other cars, too. Write us for free catalog.

BLACKHAWK MFG. CO.
Dept. P
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

BLACKHAWK

More Money

What Would You Do With It?

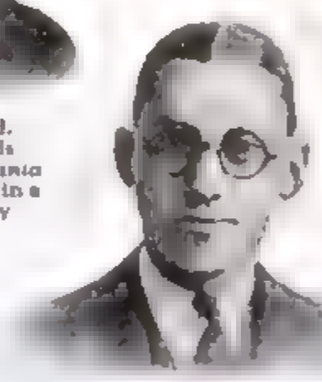
Suppose you could add $25.00, $20.00 or even $10.00 a week regularly to your present income—could you spend it pleasantly and profitably?

Think it over. For if you want more money, there is an easy way to get it—a way that is bringing extra dollars to men and women the country over.

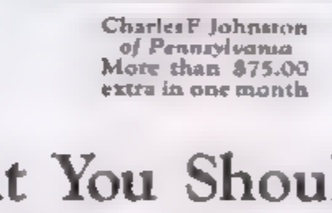
What Others Have Done

All over the land are scattered prosperous, contented representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Many of them, who devote a large part or all of their time to subscription work, are earning $50.00 a week and more—practically all of them receive from us for their spare time up to $1.50 an hour. Yet the popularity of the three Curtis publications is so great that these subscription workers have hardly scratched the surface of the opportunities open to live workers in every community.

Mrs. Fred. L. Mowlds of Pennsylvania $4.25 extra in a single day



Mrs. Inez S. Phinney of Maine $8.00 in one day



Charles F Johnston of Pennsylvania More than $75.00 extra in one month

Howard Baker of New York $3.25 extra in two hours spare time

What You Should Be Able to Do

So here is your chance. If you have even an hour or two a week to spare, you can turn them to pleasant money-making. Age is no barrier to success. Whether you are under twenty or more than fourscore, we have a plan of work that will exactly fit you.

Every Month Profits

Your appointment will be permanent; every month, every year, should bring bigger profits for easier work.

If you want more money, now is the time to learn all about our offer. It costs you just the two cents you pay for a stamp: it may be the means of your earning hundreds of extra dollars.

---------- *Just clip and mail this coupon* NOW ----------

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
446 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'd like to have more money. Please tell me how I can get it in my spare time.

Name _____ *Age* _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

10 per cent of our farm produce. The rest stays here and is consumed. Prosperity is only another word for high purchasing power in the mass, and the only source of that power is wages. Wages in turn are based on work, plus brains—the thing we have learned to call production. Our wage rates have increased with extraordinary rapidity in the United States throughout the history of the country, and particularly during the past few years. But per capita production has increased even more rapidly, save in a few exceptional industries.

Heretofore, however—and again taking note of the exceptions—the responsibility for the increase of production essential to the payment of high wages has been borne by the employer. This is not altogether due to the fact that he is better trained or more intelligent than the worker. In the main it is because he has insisted on it as his right. He has wanted it to be understood that he would do all the thinking. It is probably quite fair to say that in many instances the employer has been compelled to take this attitude because his workers were unwilling to think. Nevertheless, it is equally fair and obvious that the worker should resent it, and the lower his mentality the more this resentment might be expected to show itself in the form of poor work.

Here is where, in my opinion, we are entering a new era of production in the United States. As a result of many developments, notably the exceptional plants where employes have been taken into the management, our old antagonisms are breaking down. Even while the best technical minds of industry are making revolutionary progress in the development of machines to increase production with a minimum of thought on the part of the operator, the superiors of the technicians are devising plans and launching experiments to gain the good will of the worker. It is increasingly recognized that our working population constitutes a vast reservoir of intelligence as yet virtually untapped.

Agreed on Essentials

Out of that reservoir we have taken the self-made leaders of industry, and in it these leaders have been engaged for some years in a frantic search for help. It sounds trite when we say that opportunity at the top is unlimited, yet even those who make the statement glibly are often unaware of the extent of the opportunity. We have built up a national literature on the demand for management men, yet each year the shortage grows more acute and the burden of those in high places increases. What could be more obvious than the redistribution of responsibility which takes place when workers, by one means or another, are taken into some form of partnership?

It will be even more obvious in the future. When, for example, we have an entire industry operating on this basis of complete coöperation between worker and employer the production records will tell their own story. I shall not attempt any prophecy as to how long it will require to bring this about, but I am convinced it is not far off. Regardless of the animosities that still crop up, both worker and employer have made tremendous strides toward a common understanding. Their spokesmen, at least, are in agreement on the two essential points—that wages can come only from production, and that production can be increased by more efficient methods

Both sides are agreed also that the efficiency system alone will not yield the desired results. The worker has resented it all along because it treated him as a machine. Now the employer has discovered that the most far-reaching system ever devised cannot observe and reason from the observation. He has learned that the dullest of workers may, sometimes out of the natural and human desire to lighten his work, hit on a simpler and easier way of performing some operation. When he is working for an employer who regards wages as charity the employe will keep his idea to himself. But when his stake in the business is well defined he will demand the improvement. I think the best proof that some of us went too far with so-called efficiency systems which were not efficient is to be found in the fact that we are beginning to laugh at the efficiency expert.

The Worker's Capacities

The workers are right next to the raw materials. They see where waste can be cut, where improvements can be made. For a long time they could not see, because they did not regard it as any of their business, but that day is gone along with the competition stifler. Wherever the saving—or production—wage has been paid it has compelled the worker to recognize his own interest in the common effort. One wage earner out of every seven owns stock in some industry. The number is constantly increasing.

The element of compulsion is just as evident from the viewpoint of the employer. Sooner or later Europe and the rest of the world is going to get on its feet. That means increased competition with other countries. Wages have gone up in those countries, but I doubt if they will get as high as they are here, or at least not for a long time. That means that we shall have to sell in competition with the products of countries where wages are lower. If we reduce the wages of American workers we cut our markets. Therefore the only way to meet this competition is to make industry more scientific, to run it more economically, to cheapen production by cutting out waste. Our business men have made astounding strides in this direction, but the most successful of them recognize that they are nearing the limit while the burden is borne by the few at the top. Employment of the untouched capacities of the worker is inevitable.

The Temple of Sinawava, Zion National Park, Southern Utah

NOW *for the first time you can~*

The first 500 miles is the most important. Do not go beyond that mileage without changing your grease.

Flush out your gear cases *and* repack with fresh clean grease *In a Jiffy*

Thousands and thousands of useful miles can now be added to all automobiles.

Heretofore cars were often driven from two to four years without ever having the differential or other gear cases cleaned out.

Thus gear filings, steel chips, hardened gritty grease, etc., that had accumulated in the years of constant service, daily caused unnecessary wear and tear.

Now, by means of the Fry Flusher, Flushing Oil or Kerosene is sprayed into the differential or other gear cases; the vacuum nozzle then removes the old grease and filings and the pressure nozzle cleans the gears. New fresh grease is then put in. *All in a few minutes!*

Your car is really renewed and will run thousands of extra miles.

Service stations throughout the country are equipping with Fry Flushers as rapidly as we can turn them out.

Go to the nearest service station operator in your neighborhood. Ask him to explain the ease and economy with which you can put fresh grease in all your gear cases.

MARVEL EQUIPMENT COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO
MARVEL EQUIPMENT COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

You have learned the importance of changing the oil in your crankcase regularly. Now for the first time you can speedily flush out your gear cases and repack with fresh, clean grease. Get the habit. Change your grease regularly — regularly — regularly! Lengthen the life of your car!

FRY FLUSHER DOES IT!

The Country Gentleman carries more advertising than do all the other national farm papers, combined!

	LINES
The Country Gentleman	61,080
2nd NATIONAL FARM PAPER	18,318
3rd NATIONAL FARM PAPER	14,547
4th NATIONAL FARM PAPER	11,562
5th NATIONAL FARM PAPER	10,182
6th NATIONAL FARM PAPER	5,722
Total for 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, & 6th Farm Papers	60,331

If the record is confined entirely to the advertising of those products whose only market is the working farm itself—dairy supplies; farm implements; heat, light, and water plants; nursery stock and seeds; poultry supplies; sprayers; livestock and poultry—*The Country Gentleman's* lead is even greater.

	LINES
The Country Gentleman	14,888
2nd NATIONAL FARM PAPER	4,112
3rd NATIONAL FARM PAPER	3,016
4th NATIONAL FARM PAPER	2,679
5th NATIONAL FARM PAPER	2,140
6th NATIONAL FARM PAPER	705
Total for 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, & 6th Farm Papers	12,652

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Farm Paper

More than 1,200,000 a month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

These figures are based upon an analysis of the June 1926 issues which was made before the figures of Advertising Record Company were available. Some slight differences, therefore, may appear from this statement.

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

The safety of structures on which human life depends is vital...Anyone can lament disaster ... The wise provide safety

"Save the surface and you save all" — Paint & Varnish

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

© Save the Surface Campaign, 1926

MORE than preservers of property, paint and varnish are preservers of human life. Think of the bridge, the steel girder, the ship; the countless structures to which humanity trusts itself so confidently, knowing the safety qualities of surface protection. Where paint and varnish are systematically used, we go and come upon our daily affairs with calm security. Saving the surface is an essential part of safety to life and limb—just as of health, cheerfulness, thrift and prosperity.

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN, 18 East 41st Street, New York.

A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property

When visiting the Sesqui-Centennial, be sure to see the Save the Surface Home

WURLITZER
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Studio Piano

The smallest room has space for this dainty piano

If there's vacant space in your home, your studio, your cottage, measuring 4 feet 8 inches wide, and 2 feet 2 inches deep, you have room enough for a Wurlitzer Studio Piano. Wurlitzer craftsmen have produced an instrument of those amazingly small dimensions that possesses all the fine, full-toned musical qualities for which Wurlitzer has long been famous.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER MFG. COMPANY
North Tonawanda, N. Y.
Wurlitzer Dealers Everywhere

SEND FOR FREE PORTFOLIO

It contains beautiful photos of Wurlitzer Studio Pianos and Players and shows how wonderfully these instruments fit into small rooms.

Studio Pianos $295 *and up. Payments extending over a period of 2½ years.*

Studio Players, $445 and up. • • • • • • • • • Studio Grands, $625.
Other Wurlitzer Grands up to $5,000.
All prices f. o. b. factory

The Poets' Corner

Birthday Greetings

WHENEVER a baby is born
And the child is a girl,
The Cat, on the fortunate morn,
Will contentedly purl;
"Prr-um, prr-um, prr-um,
She will smooth down my fur
As I cuddle to her;
She'll remember that fish
Is my favorite dish;
She will pour me my cream
And will sing while I dream."

Whenever the doctor appears
And proclaims, "It's a boy!"
The Puppy will bark, as he hears
That announcement of joy:
"Ho! Ho! Ho!
He will save me my bone,
For I'll be all his own;
I shall listen to him;
We shall romp, we shall swim,
And no matter what comes
We shall always be chums!"

Arthur Guiterman.

Our Meeting

I THINK that God, leaning far out one day,
From the high window of eternity,
Gazed down compassionate—as is His way
Upon the earth, and fixed His eyes on me.
I think He said, "Behold! She goes alone
Who yet is young and very weak and blind!
See how she stumbles upon every stone!
See how she gropes and yet can never find!
What shall I do?" God thought, and bent His head,
"What shall I do that she may comprehend?"
Silent He was a while, then smiled, and said,
"One whom I love shall be to her a friend."
Did we not meet—that instant—you and I,
Who but for God had passed, unknowing, by?

—Mary Dixon Thayer.

To a Clumsy Lover

YOUR clumsy fingers hurt my heart,
Your tactless words my mind;
You are so blundering, no art
Is in you to be kind.

You touch the sore spots of my soul
When seeking to caress me.
Not all my hordes of enemies
Can quite so much distress me.

Your clumsy fingers hurt my heart—
But even those pains are sweet,
Because I know you worship so
The ground beneath my feet.

Because I know that only you
In all my friends' long line,
If chance or fate should ask you to,
Would give your life for mine.

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Piercing Cold . . . Beating Heat

This amazing lumber builds against them and actually saves money

It makes all indoor life more pleasant and healthful and year after year will save about ⅓ of your fuel bill. Now available for *every* home, new or old.

NO LONGER need you put up with bake-oven rooms in summer . . . cold rooms, draughts and wasted fuel in winter!

An amazing heat-stopping lumber now brings even, comfortable temperatures all year 'round.

In summer, it stands between the scorching rays of the sun and the refreshing shelter of the rooms inside. In winter, it stands between the cozy warmth of your home and the biting cold outside.

It marks the end of dangerous draughts and dampness . . . of wasted fuel.

No wonder home owners everywhere have eagerly accepted it! That more than 80,000 families have built this modern way in five short years. That architects and other building authorities urge its use.

This modern lumber is Celotex . . . produced to meet the great need for a building material that would resist the passage of heat and cold better than wood lumber, masonry and other wall and roof materials.

Celotex Insulating Lumber is not cut from trees. It is manufactured from the long, tough fibres of cane. Celotex is stronger in walls than wood lumber and many times better as insulation. Wind and moisture can not penetrate it. It quiets noise.

Another reason for the tremendous success of Celotex is the economy it brings. Unlike ordinary insulation, Celotex is not an extra item in building.

ACTUALLY *saves money.* It replaces wood lumber as sheathing (see the illustrations), eliminates building paper, gives greater wall strength and adds the insulation needed back of wood, brick and stucco exteriors at no extra cost.

Under plaster, replacing lath, Celotex costs a few cents more per yard at first, but is a great economy. It means less upkeep expense because of no lath-marks . . . fewer cracks.

With the walls and roof of your house covered with Celotex a smaller, less expensive heating plant will keep you comfortable. And year after year, Celotex will save from 25% to 35% of your fuel bill!

NEW COMFORT *for old homes.* In houses already built, a big measure of this comfort and economy is being secured by lining attics and basements with Celotex. That helps a lot and costs but little. There are also dozens of other places where Celotex is the ideal material for remodeling work.

LOOK AHEAD! Now that Celotex has made insulation practical, heat-leaking houses are a poor investment. The authorities say such houses are becoming obsolete: harder to sell, rent or borrow money on.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leaders in these lines advise its use. All lumber dealers can supply it.

Meanwhile, send for the free Celotex Building Book. It explains fully this great improvement in building. Just mail the coupon below.

HOW CELOTEX IS USED IN BOTH OLD AND NEW HOUSES

IN THE ROOF

Most heat beats into houses through roofs in summer, causing hot attics. Most heat leaks out through roofs in winter, causing high fuel bills. Celotex applied over or under roof rafters gives the needed protection. Both uses are recommended.

AS SHEATHING

Celotex supplies the insulation needed back of brick, wood or stucco exteriors. Here it replaces the rough boards formerly used, gives greater strength to the house walls and makes building paper unnecessary.

UNDER PLASTER

On inside walls and ceilings, plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex. This eliminates the use of lath and gives stronger, insulated walls: less apt to crack and free from lath-marks.

FOR OLD HOUSES

In homes already built, a big measure of Celotex comfort and economy may be secured by lining attics and basements with it. In the attic an extra finished room can be made by nailing Celotex to the roof rafters. In the basement line ceiling with Celotex.

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
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S. E. P.—8-7-26

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"Tough as a Rhino"

BUILT for the utmost endurance in heavy bus and truck service, Cupples Extra Heavy Cords offer superlative mileage value to the passenger car driver using high pressure tires. Their eight and ten ply construction is sturdy insurance against the annoyance of tire trouble and delay on the road. In building this massive high pressure model, Cupples provides for *all* motorists the same high standard of value and satisfaction established by the Cupples Diamond Jubilee Balloon.

Every Cupples Cord expresses the achievements of years of tire building experience. Each carries the trade-mark of an institution whose reputation for integrity has grown throughout seventy-five years of progress. Each Cupples Cord is given a fighting heart of honest rubber. It *must* be tough! Insist that your dealer give you the Cupples Cord that's built for your car. Its toughness is a thing you'll not grow tired of.

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A National Institution Since 1851

THE motorist who would temper luxury with economy will find standard value at low cost in the Cupples "EXTON" Line of tires and tubes. Like the Cupples Line, the Exton Line is complete in all popular Balloon and High Pressure Sizes.

Spoonnocuist

Cupples

TIRES TUBES

TRY A RHINO BALL WITH A RHINO CLUB

Cupples RHINO

Do you use Bon Ami Powder as well as Bon Ami Cake?

For years and years, the handy Bon Ami *Cake* has been making new friends daily. Millions of women say it has no equal for cleaning windows and mirrors—and so many things that need just a rub of Bon Ami to make them bright and shiny.

Equally strong in popular favor is Bon Ami *Powder* in its easy sprinkling can!

What short work this soft, scratchless powder makes of cleaning the bathtub and tiles! How quickly it shines up pots and pans of aluminum, copper, enamel and agate ware. It sweetens the refrigerator in a twinkling—cleans and brightens the Congoleum floor, etc.

for refrigerators

for windows and mirrors

Bon Ami *Cake* and Bon Ami *Powder* contain exactly the same magic ingredients. Both blot up dust, dirt, grease and grime without hard rubbing. They never injure the surface they clean—never roughen or redden the hands.

Once you have used these "partners in cleanliness" you'll surely keep them both on hand all the time.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK
In Canada—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Cake or Powder

most housewives use both

Paavo Nurmi
Champion Distance Runner of the World

"In the old country always I have used lemons and in the United States also. They are very refreshing and invigorating. I think they make me run better, and I like your California Lemons particularly well."

Paavo Nurmi

Charley Paddock (Below)
World's Fastest Sprinter

"Just what lemon does for me I don't know, but I wouldn't start without it for it seems to be a help in 'getting going.' Surely—California Lemons for me."

Charley Paddock

Charley Paddock

Harry E. Cooper (Right)
Winner of 1926 Los Angeles $10,000 Golf Classic

"Golf, in championship matches, is a strenuous game. The most refreshing, steadying, cooling influence that I know is a glass of lemonade at the start and in between matches."

Harry E. Cooper

Harry E. Cooper

Tommy Milton (Left)
Famous Automobile Race Driver

"I like lemon before a race, and a good cold lemonade afterward is the best refreshment I know."

Tommy Milton

Jack Dempsey
World's Champion Heavyweight Boxer

"Practically all boxers in training, and just before a match, take lemon juice. In my case, it gives me the feeling of being 'tuned' exactly to the point of efficiency."

Jack Dempsey

Eight Great Athletes Testify for Lemon Juice

as an aid in keeping fit. Read what they say about it. Then let lemons help you, too.

LEMONS are rich in life-giving vitamines, and in organic salts and acids that every active body needs. Scientists and doctors tell us that. Athletes in important competition use the lemon almost universally—not only in training but practically at the moment of *starting* in their trials.

Few of these men can tell you the exact effect of lemons. But trainers have advised their use and other athletes have recommended them. And, therefore, lemon has become *the habit* of the leaders in this field.

But it isn't athletes alone who have found the benefit in lemons. Scores of thousands in the business world take lemon juice in hot water in the morning as a digestive aid and tonic.

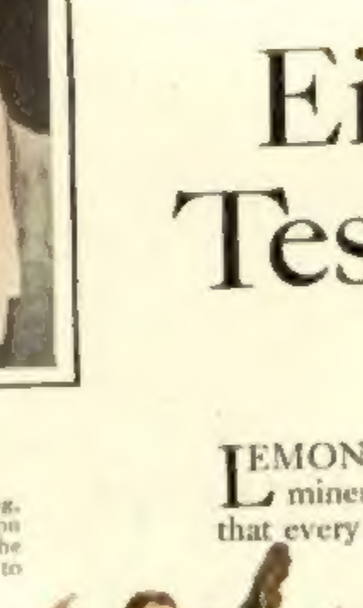
Other thousands use lemons always with oysters, fish and meat as an offset to "acidity."

Cold lemonade is said by millions to be the most *cooling* of all warm-weather beverages.

And millions also drink hot lemonade in winter to ward off colds.

This *wide usage* is itself the strongest evidence of the healthfulness of lemons.

You may find that using lemon juice in one way or another will help *you, too,* in "keeping fit," so we suggest its trial.



George Wilson (Above)
All-American Halfback

"I use lemons at the beginning of every football game, and on every occasion between quarters and halves, and whenever time is taken out, if I can get hold of one. It keeps me feeling fit."

George Wilson

Joe Stecher (Left)
World's Champion Wrestler

"Practically all athletes use lemons before a contest. I do it before and after wrestling, always. It is a regular part of training with me."

Joe Stecher

Duke P. Kahanamoku
World's Champion Swimmer

"I believe speed and endurance are both helped by the lemon an athlete usually takes before a match. It may be 'the vitamines'—I don't know. Anyway, it seems to work."

Duke P. Kahanamoku

Always Use

California Sunkist *Lemons*

Uniformly Good

Look for Machine Illustrated Above

IT is being distributed by the growers of *Sunkist oranges and lemons* to enable cafeterias, restaurants, hotels, clubs and soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orange and lemon juice drinks.

The dealers using the Sunkist (Electric) Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orange and lemon juice drinks made to your order from fresh oranges and lemons. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

Prospective Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this quick, efficient machine. Write us for complete information. Terms if desired. State line of business.

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